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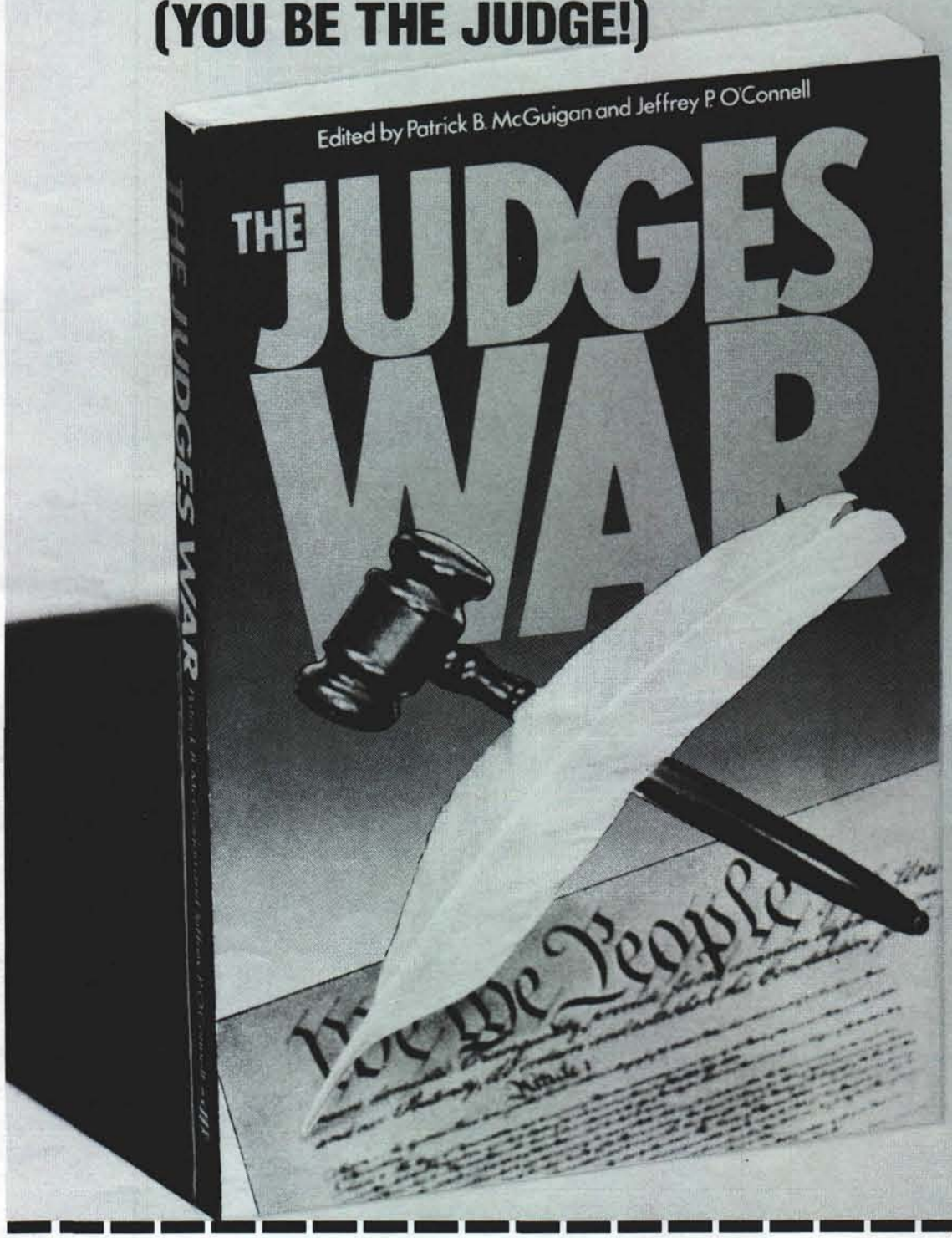

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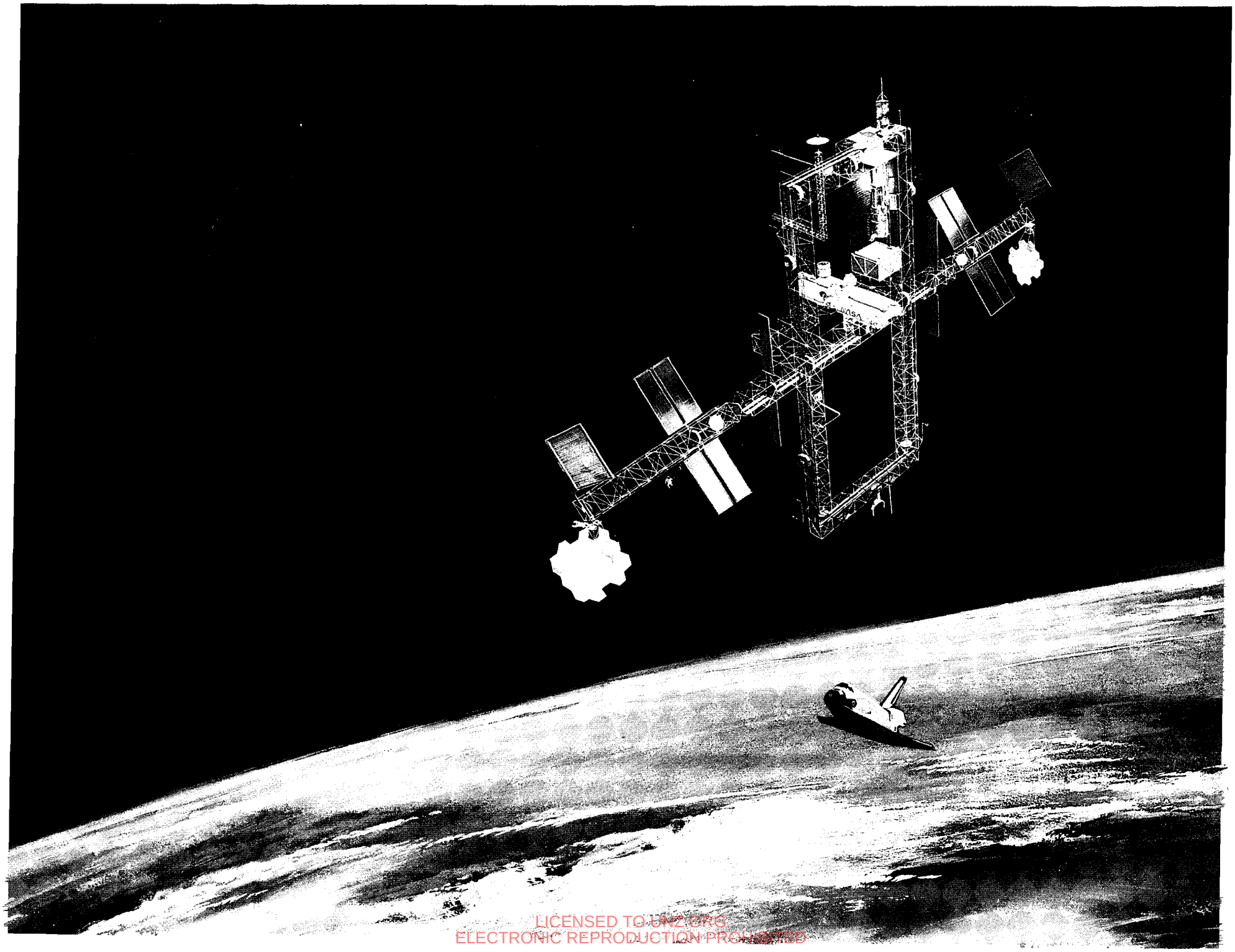

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Joan Andrews Needs Your Help!

She is currently serving a five-year sentence in a maximum security prison in Florida for trying to save the lives of children from abortion. Joan has apparently been singled out for an inordinately harsh punishment in an effort to extinguish the pro-life movement in Florida. The same day Joan was sentenced to five years for not "repenting" her sin of trying to save lives (the judge's words), two men who were accessories to murder were given four years by the same judge. The State of Florida also recently paroled the infamous Murph the Surf, convicted of an incredibly brutal murder. Joan, a Catholic, has not been permitted to attend Mass for over a year, even though Mass has been said in the prison.

What was Joan's "crime"? She walked into an abortion clinic, in broad daylight, and attempted to unplug the abortion suction machine used to dismember preborn children. For this the State asked for life imprisonment and held her ***without bond*** *for five months, contrary to the 8th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. The governor of Florida, Bob Martinez, has remained silent in the face of this terrible injustice. Pro-lifers across the nation are coming under harsher attack by pro-abortionists as the courts seek to uphold the* ***Roe*** *v.* ***Wade*** *Supreme Court decision and protect those who engage in the murder of unborn children for profit.*

Funds are needed to continue this legal battle and heighten public awareness. All donations or requests for more information should be sent to:

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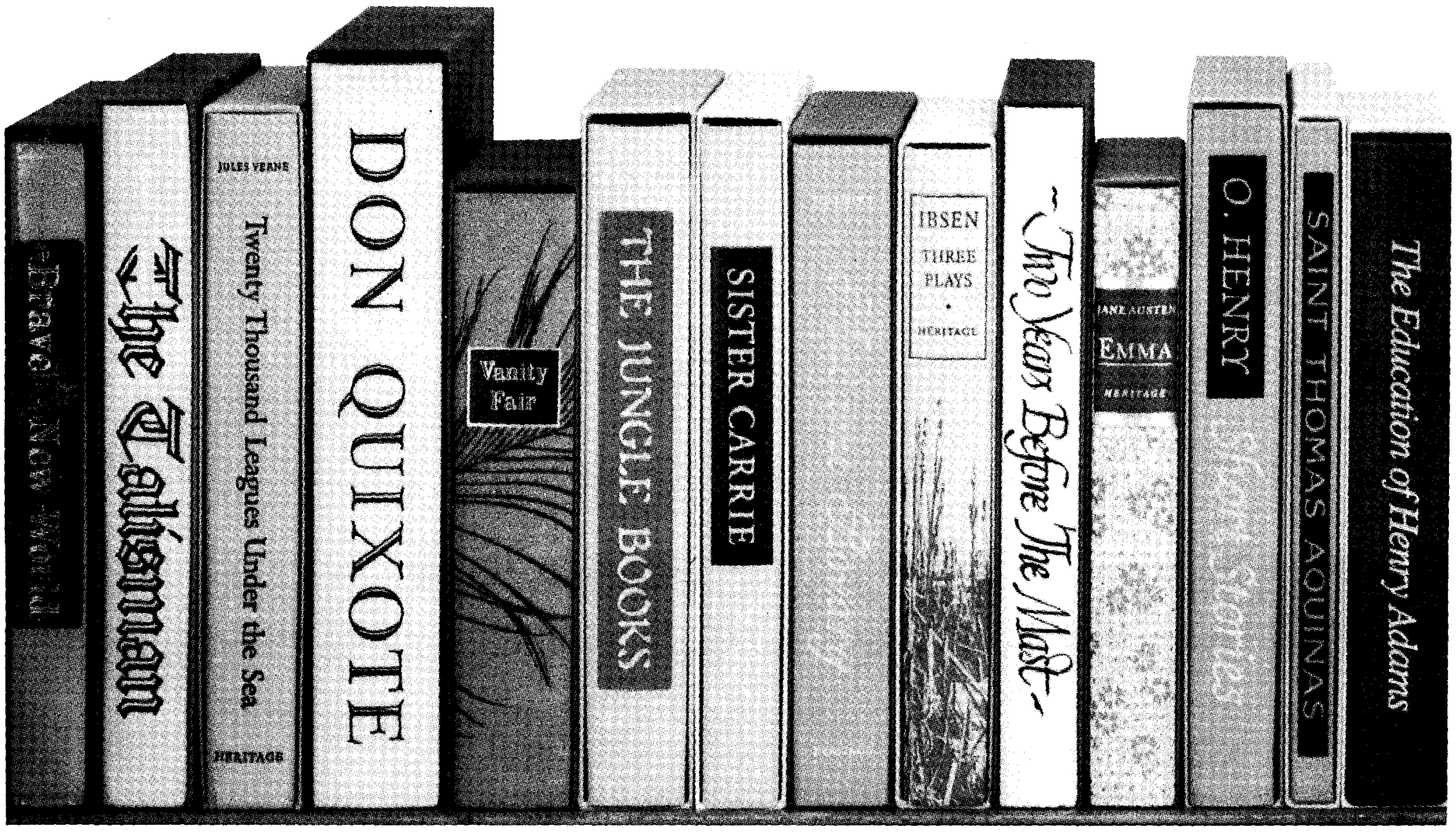

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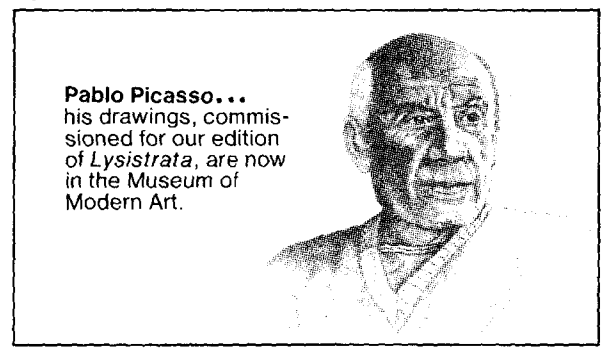

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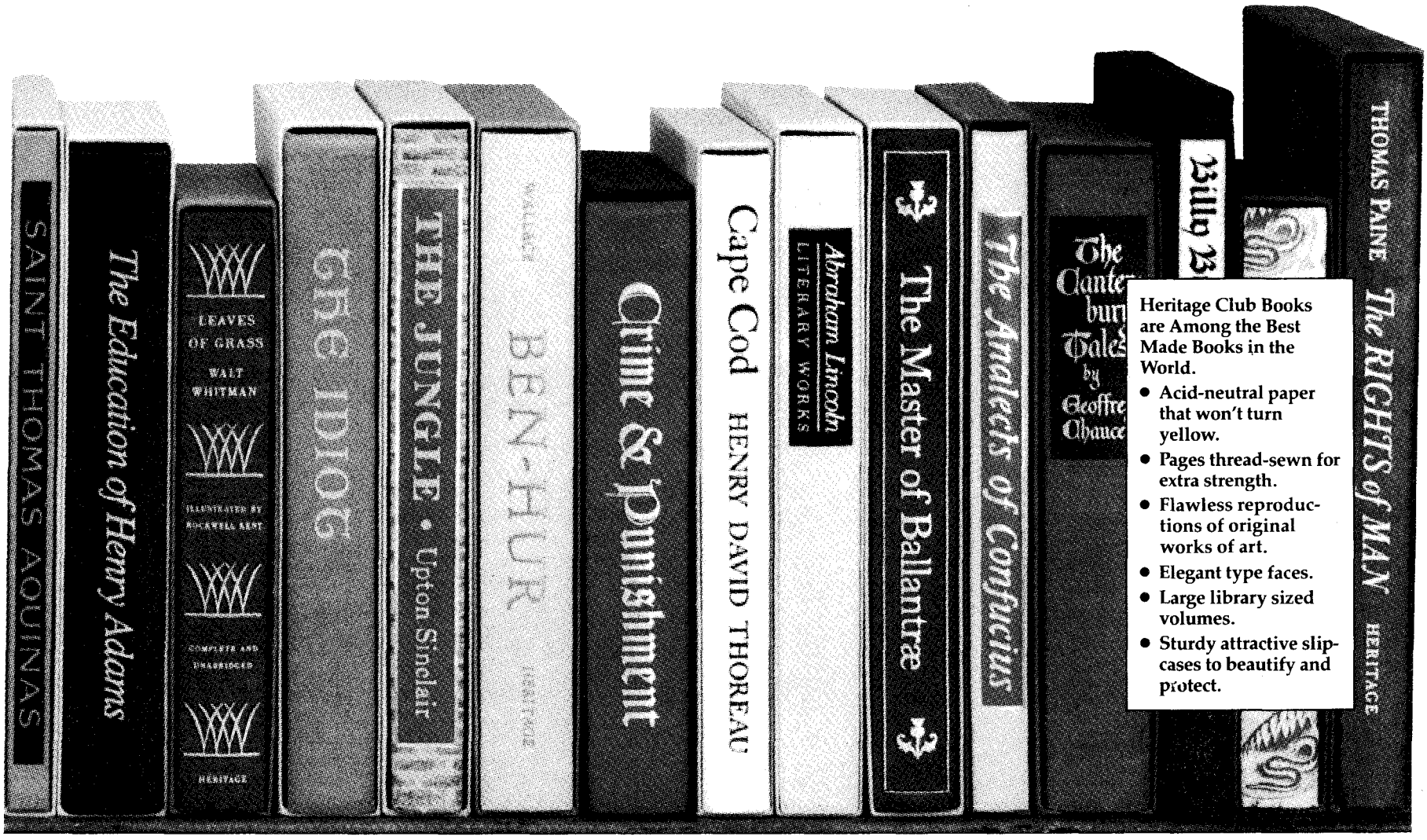

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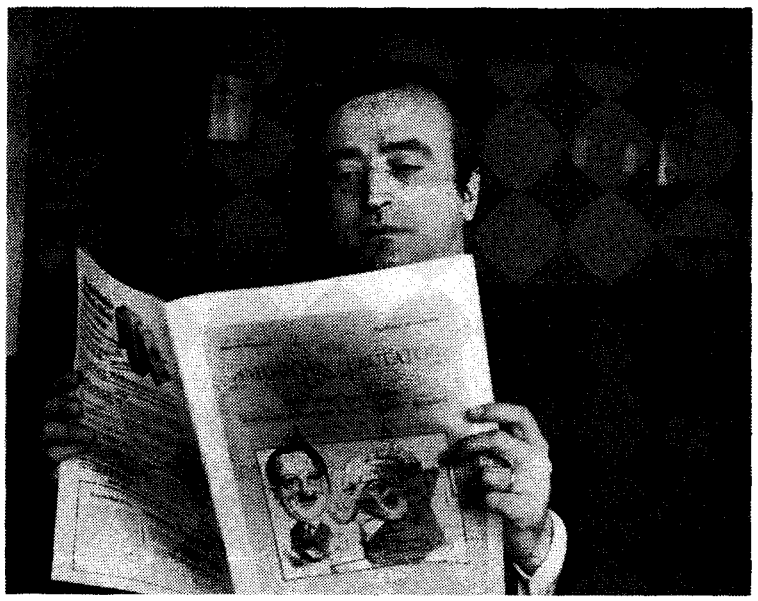

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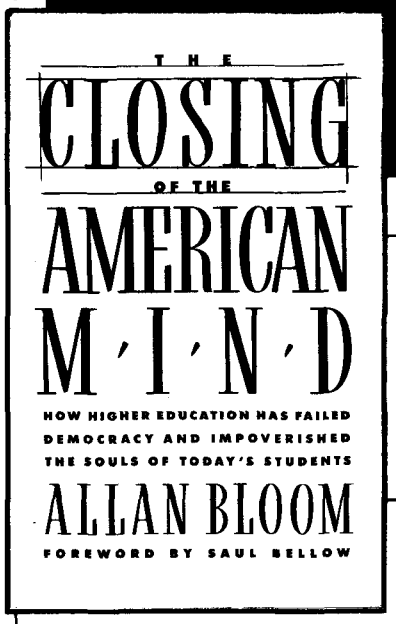

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•August brought unparalleled exultation to thousands of *American Spectator* subscribers. They received their monthly volume of Truth a full two weeks early. The August issue was produced by a new printer, and owing to his proficiency the magazine will now be delivered so rapidly that its ink may still be wet as the postman cometh. We know that deteriorating public health conditions have impelled many of you to wear rubber gloves all the time. That your hands may remain immaculate and free of ink, we recommend that all subscribers purchase these gloves. Incidentally, warn your postman that our twentieth anniversary issue, which will be mailed in November, is going to have over one hundred pages. We cannot be held responsible for personal injuries suffered by transporting it.

•Pietists in holy Iran celebrated a "Day of Hatred" against the United States after 400 people died during unauthorized riots in metropolitan Mecca. A lone African pumpkin fly captured in Los Angeles County was executed by the California Department of Food and Agriculture. The fly of the species *Dacus bivittatus* was denounced by department spokesmen as dangerous to flora; the Rev. Jesse Jackson has yet to scold the department for racism—another sign of his growing moderation. Advocates of safe sex in Cleveland, Ohio remain disconsolate over reports that thousands of volunteers overwhelmed switchboards at the Fran Arman University Hospital to enroll in an experimental program aimed at increasing individual sex drive through an Eli Lilly & Co. drug known simply as LY16350. The binge continues—in accordance with federal campaign statutes, ex-Speaker of the House Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill has admitted that a goodly portion of that $100,000 left to him from his last campaign was spent on dining out. The corpulent defender of poverty actually spent $2,045.75 at a New Orleans eatery, and that does not count the stomach pump!

•At Montana de Oro State Park in California, Mr. Donald H. Baker, 37, apparently a charter subscriber to *Ms.* magazine, was dragged from his hiding place beneath a woman's outhouse where, dressed in plastic clothing and surgical gloves, he was caught girl watching and charged with loitering. Mr. Charles Glass, an ABC correspondent on leave, was sprung from a secret Beirut hoosegow, occasioning an amazing pother. Mr. Dan Rather questioned Mr. Glass's story on the "CBS Evening News," whereupon eminences from the other networks began sounding like disciples of Mr. Spiro Agnew, accusing Mr. Rather of bias and sinking him in black contumely. Reflagged Kuwaiti oil tankers began plying the Persian Gulf under U.S. protection despite the menace of mines and saintly Iranian amphibians. President Ronald Reagan named Mr. C. William Verity to become Secretary of Commerce, and the Dow Jones Industrial Average broke 2700, which is no consolation to our liberal friends.

•A team of seven doctors removed a common skin cancer from President Reagan's nose. A bulldozer operator unknowingly destroyed an unmarked 800-year-old Indian village near Plymouth, Massachusetts as it quietly awaited the ministrations of archeologists who hoped it would provide information about pre-European American (read Indian) culture. The site had been unmarked, as archeologists feared looting. In Indianapolis, Indiana, American athletes accounted for the majority of medals in the Pan American Games, and a nurse convicted of feeding her hospitalized 19-month-old daughter fecal matter through intravenous tubes was given a suspended sentence against the protests of police investigators. The nurse, Miss Elizabeth Lynn Miller, caused illness and enormous suffering for her daughter in the hope that the babe's plight would improve hospital service toward the girl. *National Review*'s irreplaceable James Burnham passed away.

•The State Department suffered embarrassment when hesto presto the presidents of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica signed a pact in Guatemala City calling for ceasefires in Central America and good government. Miss Diana Johnson, that city councilwoman in Kelso, Washington who has been accused of dancing topless at a local saloon, moved to assuage the apprehensions of the Kelso citizenry by confirming, "I know I have a reputation, and some of it is true. I'm always the life of the party, the one who knows all the dirty jokes, the one who makes people laugh. I'm a fun girl. But I'm not a slut." On August 12 President Reagan made a public statement on the Iran-contra affair, taking full blame but again claiming ignorance of diverting funds. His liberal opponents preferred Miss Johnson's statement.

•The safety of commercial airways became a theme of major concern as near misses were reported throughout the system. A crash in Detroit, Michigan took the lives of at least 156, and a Northwest Airlines 747 almost collided with a parachutist over Chicago, Illinois. In Burbank, California, Mr. Gary Stollman, an armed and idealistic young man with many advanced views about the CIA and homunculoses from outer space, had an opportunity to have his views read on the air during a KNBC news telecast when he pointed what appeared to be a gun at consumer reporter Mr. David Horowitz during a live broadcast. KNBC's alert news director cut the broadcast, but not before hundreds of Los Angeles consumerists had their appetites for Mr. Stollman's views whetted. The intruder was taken into custody.

•Mr. William Faulkner, the failed postmaster who went on to become a novelist of stature, is being honored with a commemorative postage stamp. A heart attack took the life of the Amadeus Quartet's Mr. Peter Schidlof, imperiling the life of the quartet as well. In Dublin, Ireland, Mr. Gary Hart scotched rumors that he is reentering the presidential race, but the rumors that he skipped out on a hotel bill and that he was observed urinating in the sink in the men's room of a Dublin pub remain. West German judicial officials have issued papers ordering former Ugandan strongman, the Hon. Idi Amin, to depart his residence in Saudi Arabia and appear in Bonn where his wife Mrs. Sarah Kyolaba Amin is seeking a divorce. Mrs. Amin now resides in a low-income housing project in Bonn with her daughter Daisy.

•South Korea and South Africa both suffered the kind of union strife that is unheard of in egalitarian hot beds such as Cuba. In Moundsville, West Virginia, Mr. John Wood, 48, a resident of the West Virginia Penitentiary serving a life sentence for uxoricide, has asked to be put to death that he might donate all his organs to humanity. Quoth Mr. Wood: "I don't have any quality life. I don't have any hopes or dreams for tomorrow. . . . I really believe I can accomplish more by dying than by living." If only others would share this realism, particularly others roosting among the intellectual classes, so-called.

•Captain Edward Kennedy, the happy-go-lucky senior senator from Massachusetts, ran his 50-foot schooner, *Mya*, aground in the wild waters near Martha's Vineyard after becoming "disoriented." In Italy the Italian Association for the Fight Against AIDS sent condoms to all legislators in the new Italian parliament. PBS announced that Mr. Ron Reagan will be commenting on and demonstrating the use of condoms in a fall spectacular entitled "AIDS, Changing the Rules," and Miss Morgan Fairchild plays a similar role in a video guide for heterosexuals entitled "Safer Sex for Men and Women: How to Avoid Catching AIDS." Yet some Americanos remain in the Dark Ages. After Mr. David Letterman made an on-air drollery about Miss Martha Raye's denture cream commercials ("I saw the most terrifying commercial on television last night featuring Martha Raye, actress, condom user. . . . What the hell is this . . .") she filed a $10 million defamation suit, charging that Letterman's remarks implied that Miss Raye is "sexually promiscuous and un-

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chaste," "has frequent intercourse or relations with persons infected or exposed to AIDS," and "personally uses condoms in some form of deviant, aberrant or socially unacceptable . . . behavior."

•In Spandau prison Mr. Rudolph Hess —no relation to Alger—committed suicide. Miss Joan Rivers's husband, the confusingly named Edgar Rosenberg, took his life after finishing Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind.* Finally, after studying bottom fish for several months in the Bering Sea, Mr. Dimitri Vinogradov, 30, a Soviet zoologist visiting Aberdeen, Washington, ditched his gloomy colleagues and entered a local bar shouting, "America's great . . . I love America." After he has completed his application for political asylum and passed all the requirements for citizenship, have you any doubt as to how he will vote? *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Democrats and Communists

Re: "Democrat Foreign Policy Scandals," by David Brock, *TAS*, August 1987. Department of amplification: Rep. Schroeder resigned her association with Nicaragua Network in October 1985. The Network was originally represented to us in early 1985 as a politically independent, people-to-people organization, and on that basis we agreed to assist them. Several months later, when it became clear that such was not the case, we terminated our association.

That same year, by the way, Rep. Schroeder also lent her name to a fundraising effort for the Committee for a Free Afghanistan Dinner for Afghan Relief.

—Daniel Buck
Administrative Assistant
Office of Patricia Schroeder
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Before I address the lack of substance in David Brock's "Democrat Foreign Policy Scandals," I would like to point out that the graphics which accompany the piece (gentlemen before firing squads) are an excellent example of the violence emanating from the frustrated right in its sad decline. I can only assume that such imagery is meant as a warning for the elected officials and anti-war activists whom Mr. Brock portrays as traitors and communist agents. It should be noted that Mr. Brock's friends, the Contras and Death Squads, prefer more graphic forms of murder, such as dismemberment and mutilation.

The usual right-wing hysteria over communism has dwelled upon its supposed closed and secretive nature. What seems to upset Mr. Brock and his fellow disinformers is the opposite: It is the honest and open way that those of us opposed to U.S. foreign policy in Central America have taken our case before the American people. We of the left did not need to sell weapons to Iran, hand cash through car windows, hire mercenaries, or beg foreign dictators when we raised funds for our truly humanitarian aid to the people of Central America. We cannot afford to keep Archbishops, publishers, and retired Coca-Cola barons in the imperial style they desire, but we can contribute educational materials, medical supplies, and farm implements to a fellow people of the Americas who have shared with us the tragedy of the Reagan years.

—Michael Hersh
National Lawyers Guild
Georgetown University Law Center
Washington, D.C.

The August 1987 issue is a bit out of focus, apparently unable to distinguish between vital reporting and sophomoric satire. Specifically, I refer to the editorial decision to emphasize one of the world's safest, most irrelevant sports—Carter bashing—while at the same time downplaying David Brock's timely and trenchant "Democrat Foreign Policy Scandals," one of the most important essays ever published in *The American Spectator.*

My point about the Carter piece is really three-fold: 1. The Carters are not worth the ink. Everyone already knows about their sublime fatuity. 2. P. J. O'Rourke's prose is breathless and his thinking altogether thin. 3. You should simply have done a special edition of Current Wisdom, devoting the whole to the Carters' compilation of nincompoopery.

In contrast, Brock has brought together a compendium of indictments against some of the most scurrilous knaves ever to get on the congressional dole. This was your cover story, and you shied away from giving it the prominence it deserves.

All of which brings me to the conclusion that the *Spectator* has lost its bite, its capacity to deliberately offend, enthrall, and enlighten. Have you at the ripe old age of twenty become respectable? Has the eastern establishment co-opted you? Have you become chic? Are you going to merge with *Cosmopolitan* or *Rolling Stone*? Maybe you should move back to Indiana, where it is apparently safe to be unabashedly iconoclastic.

Say it isn't so. Send P. J. O'Rourke back to places where people apparently find him witty. Publish more Brock, more insight.

—Harold Alderman
Cotati, California

David Brock replies:

Mr. Buck's letter compels me to review the sordid history of Rep. Schroeder's involvement with the Nicaraguan Network. Mr. Buck told the *Washington Times* in April that Rep. Schroeder agreed to the endorsement of the Network and joined the group's advisory board but had not done her "homework" on the group before allowing it to use her name. His letter here appears to be consistent with that explanation. But Rep. Schroeder, confronted by interviewer Peter Boyles on Denver radio Station KNUS on March 21, asserted that she had never been aware of the endorsements. "I never knew I was on that letter and the Nicaragua Network advisory board," Rep. Schroeder said. "My name was put on the fundraising thing by staff, and when I found out about it I wrote and told them to take it off. I did not give them authority to use it. . . . I feel very angry that they're using my name, but what can you do?" Rep. Schroeder also maintained that Sister Agnes, her Denver aide, was not involved in Nicaragua Network fundraising or lobbying activities. But Sister Agnes was in fact the Rocky Mountain regional director and a national board member of the Nicaraguan Network during the time she served on Rep. Schroeder's staff. As to the Afghan relief endorsement, is Mr. Buck suggesting some sort of moral equivalence between the victims of the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan and the Sandinistas?

Mr. Hersh misses a central point of my argument. The left indeed has conducted an "open" campaign on behalf of the Sandinista junta and the Communist FMLN guerrillas in El Salvador. Such activities proceed in the open because they are overlooked or tacitly endorsed by inquisitors in Congress and the media. But those who were actively promoting democracy in Central America—Oliver North, John Poindexter, Carl Channell—were forced to operate secretly by a political culture that treats anti-Communism as a crime. Further, I find Mr. Hersh's characterization of those funding the Sandinistas and the FMLN as "anti-war activists" and "truly humanitarian" to be "incredible, chilling, mindboggling," to quote Sen. Daniel Inouye from another context.

While I doubt that material about the hapless Carters could ever wear thin, I thank Mr. Alderman for his comments. Further, I would direct him to several other important reports on the "scurrilous knaves" published recently. (This may become a scandal yet.) J. Michael Waller and Joseph Sobran report in the *National Review* of July 31 that, among other instances of malfeasance, "One Democrat who gets furious about shady contributions to the contras is said to have taken a $500 campaign contribution from a pair of Soviet spies on whose behalf he had interceded." And *Newsweek*, in a July 27 dispatch on "The Other Aid Network," says that "agents from U.S. Customs also started looking into several [Sandinista support] groups' operations, investigating a charge that there were weapons in some shipments, but dropped the probe in the face of Congressional complaints."

A Former Communist Corrects

Having just read a review of the book *Cause at Heart: A Former Communist Remembers* (University of Georgia Press) by Harvey Klehr in your July issue, I write not to take issue with a considerate review but to provide a substantial correction of fact. The book is clearly stated to be a memoir—not, as Professor Klehr writes, an autobiography; and two authors are clearly listed, not myself alone. The review nowhere mentions my friend and co-author Richard Nickson, whose collaboration in writing the book, from first to last, was total. A book involving taxing work over many years merits proper credit.

—Junius Scales
New York, New York

Libertarians Are Conservatives, Too

In two recent issues, book reviewers have used the word "libertarian" as if to describe an exotic disease that threatens the health of their own (different) versions of true conservatism. In one case, the main thesis of the book reviewed is grossly misrepresented. The other review reflects a substantial misunderstanding of the libertarian perspective. Let me propose a temporary truce to sort out these issues.

The more egregious of these reviews is William Schambra's review (*TAS*, July 1987) of Robert Higgs's *Crisis and*

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Leviathan. The main thesis of the Higgs book is that the major national crises of this century, combined with a change in political ideology, have led to a progressive increase in the powers of the federal government, a thesis for which Higgs provides substantial documentation. Although Higgs also makes a reasonable case that many of the powers exercised during these crises were " . . . unwise, unnecessary, and, more often than not, unconstitutional" (Schambra's words), his primary objective was to explain the level and character of federal powers *after* each successive crisis. There are some problems with the Higgs thesis, specifically why some crises have not led to a significant increase in federal powers and why some of these powers have not been exercised in the subsequent periods. Schambra, however, does not address the main thesis of this book and ignores these issues. Moreover, Schambra grossly misrepresents this book as a crude Marxist-like explanation of the origins of these crises in the desire for power and profits. There are occasions, as Higgs recognizes, during which a temporary reduction of some liberties is necessary to preserve the potential for future liberty. Schambra, however, appears to rationalize any use of power in the name of duty, honor, and country, and he expresses no concern about the accumulation of these powers over successive crises. One need not view history " . . . through the lens of doctrinaire libertarianism" (again, Schambra's words) to question whether some of these powers were unnecessary or unwise during the crises or to worry about the accumulation of these powers.

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The review by Herbert Schlossberg (*TAS*, September 1987) of Tom Sowell's *A Conflict of Visions* is much more thoughtful. Schlossberg admonishes Sowell, however, for not grounding the "constrained vision" in religion. Sowell's religious beliefs are not obvious, but that is irrelevant. He makes a convincing case, however, that one *may* distill a constrained vision from the lessons of history, a perspective that does not deserve Schlossberg's dismissal as " . . . a sort of ancestor worship." One might also observe that religion has sometimes been the origin, and the church the agent, of an unconstrained vision. Schlossberg uses the word "libertarian" to describe those who share a constrained vision but who do not necessarily come to this vision from a religious perspective. He recognizes that conservatives and libertarians often disagree on some issues, such as defense, abortion, and victimless crimes. He is incorrect, however, to attribute these differences to " . . . the social atomism of that [libertarian] philosophy." Libertarianism is a *political* philosophy about the relation of individuals and the state, not a comprehensive philosophy. As such, it is consistent with a wide range of views on religion, personal behavior, and most other issues. For libertarians, it is important to distinguish between a virtue and a requirement, between a sin and a crime, in part because there is no consensus on what constitutes virtuous or sinful behavior. Libertarians acknowledge the communitarian dimensions of social life but insist that these relations be voluntary, rather than be imposed by the state.

For different reasons, both Schambra and Schlossberg would exclude libertarians from conservative political discourse. For Schambra, libertarians are "profoundly subversive" because they favor limits on the powers of government. For Schlossberg, libertarians are "good pagans" because they do not derive their political views from some true religion. If either Schambra or Schlossberg has his way, I wonder who would be left. Maybe they could argue with each other.

—William A. Niskanen
Chairman, Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

William Schambra replies:
I thank Mr. Niskanen for pointing out some additional, technical difficulties with Robert Higgs's thesis. I still suspect, however, that there may be other, more substantial problems with the book whose chief conclusion is that the American political system is one of "participatory fascism," different "only in degree" from Hitler's Germany, willing—to quote but one additional statement from the closing paragraph—to send "tens of thousands of men to their deaths bound in involuntary servitude as conscripts in the military adventures embarked upon by ruling elites." I did not suggest anywhere that this book was "Marxist-like," though. To have done so would have been to miss one of its wonders—that it could have been written by a non-Marxist.

Herbert Schlossberg replies:
Mr. Niskanen misrepresents both the spirit and letter of my review. Far from thinking of libertarianism as "an exotic disease," I value the contribution libertarians have made to some aspects of the political debate. I'm especially appreciative of the creative use some of them have made of economic thinking, in particular the ideas of the Austrian school, to show the damage that the dominant statist mentality has done to American life. In the past I've been critical of such conservatives as George Will, who link their agenda with the fortunes of the idol state. And surely a piece which lavishes strong praise on Sowell's work and the particular book under review should not be regarded with such hostility by a libertarian spokesman.

Far from excluding libertarians from the discourse, as Mr. Niskanen alleges, I intended to highlight the differences within which the discourse exists, differences which his letter acknowledges. The question is how we can build bridges based on shared convictions with people with whom we also have strong disagreements. To pretend the differences aren't there, which he apparently favors, is not the way to do it.

As to the specific criticisms, I don't "admonish" Sowell for not grounding his convictions in religious ideas. This is careless writing. I point out his skewed selection of sources, speculate on why the bias is there, and place the work in the context of modern cultural history. Surely that's the job of anyone who reviews an important book like *A Conflict of Visions*. What's the beef? I may have made mistakes in conducting that operation, but my critic doesn't point out what they were. And is he adding something new by saying that religion may be the engine of the unconstrained vision? My review made precisely that point in speaking of the World Council of Churches.

The one substantive disagreement between Mr. Niskanen and me that emerges from his letter is the nub of the problem between conservatives and libertarians. He thinks a political philosophy can be abstracted from other philosophical issues and treated in isolation. He doesn't believe a political philosophy is derived from or at least closely related to an anthropology, an ethic, a metaphysic, and so on. That's why he believes "communitarian dimensions of social life" are all voluntary, whereas I would say many of them—family, citizenship, and so on—are not, having an organic quality. We don't need a "temporary truce." We need to have a prolonged conversation with mutual respect and no attempt to sweep differences under the rug, and at the same time work out strategies for dealing with our mutual adversaries. Mr. Niskanen's approach trivializes the importance of the differences and makes it more difficult to capitalize on the agreements.

Hard on Bloom
I write to applaud Charles Kesler's "The Closing of Allan Bloom's Mind" (*TAS*, August 1987). It is the best critique of Bloom's best-selling book I have seen. Part of my problem with Bloom is trying to determine what he is talking about at any given point. He skips up and down the great chain of being like a trapeze artist and talks oracularly of Plato, Rousseau, and Nietzsche. But it isn't clear what he is saying about these worthies; above all, it isn't clear how they are relevant to any reform in education.

But Kesler puts his finger on the basic flaw in Bloom's book when he calls attention to its anti-democratic and, more specifically, its anti-American character. In reading it I was

(continued on page 57)

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Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/Previn. Philips *DIGITAL* 115415

Ravel, Daphnis et Chloé (Complete) Montreal Symphony/Dutoit. London *DIGITAL* 115520

Mozart, Requiem Leipzig Radio Choir; Dresden State Orchestra/Schreier. Philips *DIGITAL* 115039

Music Of Spain, Vol. 5 Julian Bream, guitar. "Electrifying."—Gramophone RCA *DIGITAL* 114746

Handel, Water Music Eng. Concert/Pinnock. Archiv *DIGITAL* 115306

Wagner, Orchestral Highlights From The Ring Vienna Phil./Solti. London *DIGITAL* 115426

Slatkin Conducts Russian Showpieces Pictures At An Exhibition, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 154358

Mozart, Clarinet & Oboe Concertos Pay, Piguet; Academy of Ancient Music/Hogwood. L'Oiseau-Lyre *DIGITAL* 115523

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EDITORIALS

IS IT LIBERAL CONVERGENCE?

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Kitty Hawk, North Carolina

Do my eyes deceive me? Here I am at my annual retreat by the sea. Once again I repair to this historic beach to recharge my cerebral batteries by poring over books and scholarly journals written in many languages. Again my diligence is rewarded by a discovery of significant import to all students of political zoology.

In an English-language journal, misleadingly named *Bon Appetit* (August 1987), who do I see pictured in a full-page advertisement endorsing Rose's Lime Juice but my old pal Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., distinguished historian and a prude who views the commercial impulse as disparagingly as the Rev. Jim Bakker now views the sexual impulse. Professor Schlesinger is a liberal, and so his fall into the capitalist embrace comes as a surprise, and a tip-off that in Ronald Reagan's decade historic changes have occurred.

Some, of course, will fear that Professor Schlesinger has been ill used by the tycoons of Rose's Lime Juice. There he is seated in a book-lined library, a stately old-fashioned typewriter at his side (we progressive conservatives use word processors), and a woman posing suggestively atop his Chippendale desk. She is Miss Tama Janowitz, a trendy authoress of New York lit, and she too urges Rose's Lime Juice upon us.

Doubtless many of the professor's liberal admirers scrutinized the advertisement for evidence of coercion. Was he being used against his will? Are there signs of physical abuse upon his person, his bow tie soiled, his glasses upside down? Is there a furtive signal to notify the authorities, perhaps a rude gesture with a finger, which would be so unlike Professor Schlesinger, perhaps a silly smile? Or his eyes, do they betray evidence of a Mickey Finn? If Miss Janowitz were on my Chippendale I would have to be drugged, I can tell you. Yet in the 1980s we all have our price, eh Professor Schlesinger?

This was not always the case. There was a time when liberals parted company with conservatives over things mercenary. Professor Schlesinger's record in this department is irreproachable. Back in 1954 when one of capitalism's foremost twentieth-century evangels, Professor Friedrich Hayek, came out with *Capitalism and the Historians*, Professor Schlesinger derided its "fiery dogmatism" and admonished against Hayek's absorption with the capitalist act. Ever since, Professor Schlesinger has been repelled by America's crass materialism, and the Reagan decade has evoked his warmest eloquence repeatedly: "Reaganism," he confirmed in the *Wall Street Journal* late last year, "has meant . . . a righteous sanctification of the unbridled profit motive, a worship of the fast buck. . . ."

Yet there he is in *Bon Appetit*, flakking for Rose's Lime Juice, a co-conspirator with Miss Janowitz, and both apparently are advocating vodka-tippling in the hushed confines of one's library and while operating a typewriter. It is all highly irregular, or is it?

The truth is that liberals are no freer from the commercial impulse than conservatives. Political observers have known this for years. Professor Schlesinger is not the first anti-capitalist moralizer to be caught *in flagrante delicto* endorsing capitalism's widgets. Recall, if you will, Lillian Hellman's endorsement of Blackglama mink coats; and Miss Hellman was a left-wing rigorist far beyond the mild hallucinations of Professor Schlesinger.

As the 1980s roll on with wealth spreading and unemployment declining, we are seeing that liberals have the same earthly desires as conservatives. The only difference seems to be that the liberals remain sheepish about admitting their materialism. Perhaps with the passage of time our liberal friends will become more enlightened and come to enjoy capitalism without guilt. Certainly Professor Schlesinger's advertisement gives us grounds to hope.

This is not a call to promiscuous capitalism. Surely restraint must be maintained. But liberal critics of capitalism must be open and positive about the natural human impulse, as they say in the boardrooms, to "cut a deal."

What I believe I have discovered here by the sea might be called 1980s liberal convergence. The liberal publicly scorns the conservative but adopts his values. Democratic presidential candidates promise not to become entoiled by the "special interests," read radicals. Mary McGrory, the liberal columnist, admits to purchasing her first Mercedes Benz. Professor Schlesinger falls in line with the Lime Juice Trust. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

CONSERVATIVES, TAKE HEART

New York

Fellow conservatives and other adepts of humane and normative behavior, take heart. Pay no heed to those popinjays among the intelligentsia who report with unseemly exuberance that the heyday of Reagan conservatism has passed. As has been the case for many years, the current wisdom is mostly flapdoodle, thrilling, compelling, and wrong. It may be more inescapable today, blaring as it does into every corner of life thanks to broadcast media, but that does not make it any truer and should make it all the more tedious.

As for those sad sacks sedated in the current wisdom's idiot vapors, think of how unhappy their recent experiences have been. For nearly seven years they have believed that nuclear war would come on the morrow or economic collapse or the suspension of habeus corpus or worse. In other times and other lands their forebears believed that the world was flat, that the sun revolved around the earth, that a dirty old sock worn around the neck would cure illness. No, today's conservatives have no need to be saddened by the current wisdom. Besides, 1980s current wisdom is usually incomprehensible to an intelligent mind, and no sooner has one familiarized himself with the bogus facts and faulty logic than the intelligentsia has moved on to new absurdities.

Conservatism passé? Come, come! What will the politicians replace it with, a more extravagant welfare state? higher taxes? still more accommodations to terrorists and to the liberators of Afghanistan? As the seven mediocrities now campaigning for the Democratic presidential candidacy are demonstrating daily, antiquated liberalism has nothing to offer beyond the array of extreme policies that almost knocked the Republic off its feet in the late 1970s.

I say laugh off the dirges about conservatism's demise and take heart from the 400-year-old wisdom of that suave Florentine statesman Sr. Francesco Guicciardini, a counselor to princes and popes who upon inspecting the current wisdom of his day observed that one "need not be surprised at our ignorance of things that happened in the past. . . . If you think about it carefully, you will find we do not have

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any true information about the present or about the things that happen every day in our own city."

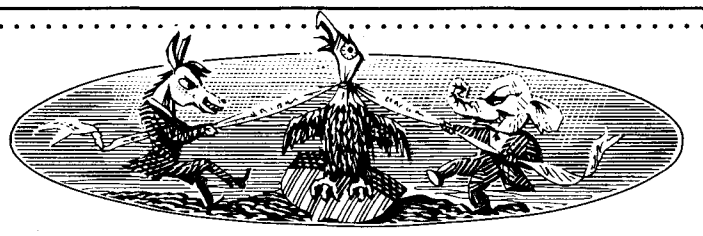
If George Will has already used that quotation, forgive me. It seemed so appropriate to our present anxieties that I had to use it even if it meant braving the abuse Will endures for invoking the thought of one not now an eminence of the Washington press corps or the faculty of Harvard University. Sometimes Will's sources appear in Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* and that brings him even rougher treatment.

Yet to substantiate my position that conservative thought still has miles to go before it sleeps, I bring more than ancient pronouncements and contemporary polemics. I can cite facts. At this very moment New York City is poised to undo still another of the 1970s' reckless enthusiasms. Its visionary Commission of Transportation is banning bicyclists from Park, Madison, and Fifth Avenues in midtown Manhattan between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. The bicycle was to 1970s liberals what the zeppelin was to turn-of-the-century German scientists, the vehicle of the future. It became holy and the object of irrational devotion. Whenever I have reported on its dangerous brakes, its uncrashworthiness, the frightening bravura that comes over many cyclists when they grasp their handlebars, I have received the kind of hate mail generally sent by religious cranks.

Recognition of the bicycle's inappropriateness to the modern city began to set in as early as the November election in 1980. Then Mayor Koch began eliminating the dangerous cycling lanes that had been created in 1979 bringing with them congestion and chaos to many of New York's busiest thoroughfares. Now he is moving against unruly cyclists in Midtown, many of whom do it for money as professional bicycle messengers (and here we see that conservative policy does not always side with the business interests). Soon it is to be hoped that bicycles will be banned from the city entirely. Doubtless they are superb recreational devices on country lanes, but in cities like New York they should be walked.

Conservatism is not dead, my friends. There is much to be done. The universities, drugs, sex, and other objects of 1970s delusion must be returned to the domain of common sense. Do not let the current whoop whoop fool you. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



I'M BACK

by Tom Bethell

After California, Washington, D.C. seemed like a museum diorama of the Carboniferous. The jungle has moved a few yards closer since I left last November, even if the 17-year cicadas have bravely nibbled back the branch tips. Still, the forest continues to encroach. Vines visibly creep, insects and whirring bloodsuckers tap eagerly on the window panes. "Open up there," I hear them chirping over the hum of the air conditioner. I sank into humid hibernation and hoisted a tentative periscope on the third day. The sun was a burning ball in the atmospheric murk. Welcome back to the Eastern Seaboard, Bethell, and stop complaining!

Your Washington correspondent, timely as ever, returned to the capital just as Congress was setting off on vacation and President Reagan leaving for his California ranch. The Iran-contra hearings were over—more or less a waste of time, I suspect. I agree with Jude Wanniski of Polyconomics that the key difference between Watergate and Irangate is that in 1973 the Dow Jones average was 700 and going down, in 1987 it was 2,000 and going up.

Col. Oliver North did show that it's possible to communicate conservative ideas to the American people via television. I'm only sorry the Great Communicator didn't venture to do the same thing before he and/or his aides decided to fund the contras surreptitiously. Reagan should have made the case publicly and then looked forward to the possibility that the Democrats would turn him down, enabling him to call them soft on Communism.

But embracing political conflict as a way of advancing his agenda is alien to Reagan and the timid businessmen around him. They think of "politics" as a danger zone—a minefield to be skirted whenever possible. They are still reluctant to believe that political battles can be won, basically because they would rather avoid conflict altogether. Reagan's behavior in the contra affair suggests that he feared the conservatives would be mad at him if he did nothing, and that the liberals would be mad at him if he did anything. So he took refuge in secrecy. When the subterfuge was exposed the Democrats became indignant because by their lights Reagan was trying to hide an unpopular move from the American people. The pitiful thing, as North showed, is that Reagan was in fact trying to hide a popular move from the American people.

Conservatives that I have spoken to in Washington are pretty much in agreement that Reagan is finished. His great weakness lay in his unwillingness to risk his political capital. Let us hope that in his last year he does not make too much of a bid for the history books by trying to enact the liberal agenda. This at any rate seems to be Nancy's plan.

I went to the annual Salmon Cookout given by Ed Crane of the (libertarian) Cato Institute. Present were some of the more interesting members of the public policy community. Perhaps under the impact of technological changes that are slowly moving us away from a world of separate nation states, libertarian ideas are, I believe, on the rise today, and they are interesting for that reason. Both American liberals (leftists, to be blunt) and conservatives will resist this prognosis; the former because the brave new interconnected world that they for so long envisioned was supposed to be socialist, and dependent in the end on a transformation of human nature (certainly not dependent on contract); the latter because the conservative worldview is disoriented (needlessly, in my opinion) by the prospect of crumbling national borders.

At Crane's Cookout there was a certain amount of murmuring against Rep. Jack Kemp's allegedly undiminished enthusiasm for big government. Peter J. Ferrara, the Social Security expert, feared that a Kemp elected on such a platform would be hailed on arrival in Washington as the guarantor of Big Government. Future privatization would be difficult or impossible to attain. Kemp would in effect saddle us with a massive welfare state in perpetuity. Others were saying that Kemp's advisers, notably Irving Kristol, seem to want to reconstitute the Democratic party of the 1950s and early 1960s. (The party of big government and anti-Communism—Senator Henry Jackson's dream.)

Governor Pete du Pont, however, is promising to privatize Social Security in a Ferrara-compatible fashion, and to do away with farm subsidies, and if he can sprint over the Iowa and New Hampshire hurdles unimpeded by such a platform, then the libertarians will be vindicated. But as George Gilder points out, the problem is that the Republicans who talk about changing Social Security have time and again been demagogued down to defeat by unscrupulous Democrats. Kemp doesn't intend to let that happen to him. We shall see. The race should be interesting.

In the last issue of *The American Spectator*, Aram Bakshian, Jr. defended the candidacy of Vice President George Bush (against my criticism the month before) on the grounds that such a candidacy could "in good conscience" be supported. Rather a weak defense, wouldn't you say? I agree to the extent that my conscience would certainly allow me to support Bush against Rev. Jesse Jackson, say, or

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Senator Paul Simon, or Governor Dukakis, or any other Democrat now running. The question is whether he should be supported against Jack Kemp, or Pete du Pont.

The problem with Bush, I submit, has nothing to do with the alleged wimpishness that has been brought up against him from time to time. His war record negates any such charge. Likewise his protégé Malcolm Baldrige, the Commerce Secretary killed in a rodeo accident, was clearly no wimp. The problem is that Bush (and I think this also applied to Baldrige) doesn't understand that politics entails conflict, and that conflict must therefore be embraced, not shunned. Look at Treasury Secretary James Baker, another Bush protégé. Baker has constantly sought to implement the Democrats' agenda for them by moderating it just enough to forestall a presidential veto. Baker seemingly brings to the job no ideas of his own—certainly no conservative ideas.

Since Reagan was re-elected in 1984 we have seen just how rudderless Republicans in Washington can be once they no longer have the electorate to steer by. In this political vacuum they tend to follow the advice given by Permanent Washington (the bureaucracy, media, lobbyists). And this advice has and always will land them in trouble.

What's unfortunate about having Republican businessmen running the country, which almost certainly is what a Bush presidency would entail, is that such people have very little interest in ideas. In fact, they think of a political alliance as something that is based not on ideas but on, well, membership. They think that the Republican party is just one more club you can join: probably with a complicated handshake to learn, dues to pay, and then you make friends with all the other members. Membership itself is the basis of the alliance.

That, by the way, is why so many Republicans talk such nonsense about the "11th Commandment"—not speaking ill of other Republicans. They really do think that differences of opinion about ideas (which is what politics ultimately is all about, of course) should be subordinated to the bonds of club or party membership. As Reagan has shown recently, such people are quite incapable of engaging in political combat with a Democratic opposition that very much is based on ideas, however misguided those ideas may be.

I fear that a similar misinterpretation of alliances may have underlain Andrew Ferguson's interesting article last month on the Unification Church ["Can Buy Me Love: The Mooning of Conservative Washington"]. Five months ago, William Cheshire, the editorial page editor of the *Washington Times*, and four of his assistants, quit the paper alleging editorial interference by the paper's owners, whose leader is the Rev. Sun Myung Moon of Korea. Later it turned out that there was no substance to the charge of interference. Cheshire, I was told by a journalist on the *Washington Times*, had been involved in a feud with the editor in chief, Arnaud de Borchgrave, and in the end took the opportunity (occasioned by a quibble over an editorial on South Korea) to base his resignation on anti-"Moonie" principle rather than office politics. Andy Ferguson, I hasten to add, did not make his case against a conservative alliance with the Unification Church on the Cheshire matter.

Incidentally, and quite beside the point, I'm not reassured, as some seem to be, by the much-vaunted "ironclad agreement" signed by the *Washington Times*'s owners, promising that they won't interfere with the editorial content of the paper. Does this mean that if Arnaud de Borchgrave goes soft in the head and decides to give the paper a liberal tilt, there would be nothing that the Rev. Moon or Col. Bo Hi Pak could do about it? I would hope not! And I would hope that conservatives

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everywhere would agree with me. Let us hope that in such an emergency Arnaud would either fall on his sword or the Rev. Moon would move swiftly to remove the renegade editor, ironclad agreement or no. Down with ironclad agreements, I say.

Ferguson's point was that the Moonies are only ostensibly conservative. Their real agenda is hidden. Anti-Communist the Unification Church may be, but Ferguson poses the question: Is a "deceptive, anti-family, socialistic, utopian, theocratic one-worlder who thinks he's God a plausible ally, a reliable ally, in the conservative cause?"

Some of these charges ("anti-family, socialistic") may not be warranted, I suspect. The church is only "anti-family" and "socialistic" within the context of a voluntary organization that members can presumably leave. You could say that Catholic monasteries are socialistic, and the Catholic Church anti-family in requiring celibate clergy. But of course you don't have to sign up.

"Under other circumstances," Ferguson says, the Unification Church would be condemned as subversive of conservative values. What are these "other circumstances"? He doesn't say, but I believe what he must have in mind is a world in which Communism no longer exists, since there is no dispute that the Rev. Moon is anti-Communist and that this is the real cement in the Moonie-Conservative alliance. In these "other circumstances," then, it would become clear to all that the Unification Church had another agenda, and one that was incompatible with conservatism.

I am quite prepared to believe this is true—that the church does have a hidden agenda. But why not worry about it when Communism is finished? Frankly, I'm more worried right now about Mikhail Gorbachev than I am about the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. The "other circumstances" that Ferguson posits are quite remote from the world situation today, unfortunately. In the here and now it does indeed make sense to put Mikhail's ICBMs before Moon's utopia in the hierarchy of one's concerns, and it is logical to form an alliance with those who feel the same way, even if we may not relish, or know very much about, the world that the Rev. Moon has in store for us. To worry more about Moon's imagined utopia than Gorbachev's real military might is not only to order one's priorities oddly. It is to impute enormous powers and influence to the Rev. Moon. In fact it is to diabolize him, since the Soviet regime he proposes to supersede is already pretty diabolical (as I am sure Ferguson agrees).

In fact, Ferguson's article suggests that conservatives may be divided between those who don't mind taking Rev. Moon's money because they don't believe he is going to change the course of world history—and certainly not change it for the worse; and those who do mind because they think that he might change it—and certainly for the worse. (And remember, we are talking about a Gulag-free world.)

Meanwhile, what are we to make of the *Washington Times*? For some years the problem with news coverage in the capital had been a conspicuous, ideologically derived lacuna. Discretionary news (all that is not unavoidably in the headlines, such as plane crashes) tended to be congruent with the socialist worldview. Sometimes it seemed (and still seems) that the *Washington Post* news division would go to considerable lengths to avoid embarrassing the Soviet Union. That ideological gap has now been filled by the *Washington Times*. The paper is undeniably anti-Communist. And you could read it for a year without knowing it was owned by the Unification Church. So what is the problem?

Now if only we can get Mary Lou Forbes to stop "jumping" all those columns in the "Commentary" section, so that you have to turn the page five times to read all the columns . . . □

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Fred Barnes

SENATOR JELLO

The trouble with Paul Trible is that he isn't Dick Cheney.

When Lt. Colonel Oliver North completed his testimony in the congressional Iran-contra hearings last July, members of the investigating committee had several options. They could rush to get interviewed by omnipresent TV and print reporters, a temptation many found irresistible. They could bolt for North to embrace him publicly, in full view of live television cameras, as he departed the hearing room. (To be honest, this was an option only for Republicans.) Or they could return sourly to their offices. This was appropriate for committee members, mostly Democrats, eager to put North's shaming of the committee and its tactics behind them.

Representative Richard Cheney of Wyoming, the senior House Republican on the committee, did none of the above. Instead, he unobtrusively drifted toward the doorway of the hearing room and stood there, quietly and alone. North, meanwhile, was surrounded by a cluster of bodyguards, friends, lawyers, well-wishers, and family. The North party moved toward the doorway, but at a snail's pace. Cheney waited. Time passed. Cheney stood by patiently. Finally North reached the doorway, and Cheney stepped forward. There were no histrionics. He shook North's hand, thanked him, and left.

An understated gesture like Cheney's would never have occurred to Senator Paul Trible, a Republican from Virginia. Trible turned sharply against the Reagan Administration in the hearings. He upbraided General Richard Secord, the first witness, for making money on the arms sale to Iran and in supplying weapons to the contras in Nicaragua. He insisted that Secord was a profiteer as well as a patriot, and he made it clear he was merely giving Secord the benefit of the doubt on the patriot part. Soon Trible was getting favorable press treatment for his performance in the hearings. He provided a perfect man-bites-dog story for liberals: Reaganaut pits himself boldly against the Reagan Administration.

All that changed when North, from the opening moments of his testimony, captivated the nation. Trible retreated in terror. Before North's appearance, Trible had been highly critical of him. "He's a man who lives in a world somewhere between reality and fantasy," Trible had told the *Washington Post*. After hearing testimony in June that North had gotten an expensive security system installed at his home without paying for it, Trible had declared that North was suffering from "a confusion of the public interest and the private interest." But North's popularity was too much to buck. Midway in North's six days of testimony, a reporter spotted Trible preparing for a television interview. "Are you going to be as tough on North as you were on Secord?" the reporter yelled. "No way," said Trible. "You wimp, you wimp," the reporter shouted back. An uncomfortable look crossed Trible's face. Senator James McClure, an Idaho Republican, was standing beside Trible. He laughed uproariously at Trible's embarrassment.

Cheney and Trible, both conservatives, weren't the most visible Republicans on the committee. Senator Warren Rudman of New Hampshire and Representative Henry Hyde of Illinois logged more TV time. Where Cheney and Trible stood out was as examples—of how and how not to conduct yourself during an important congressional hearing. Cheney, 44, never panicked or pandered and always kept his attention on larger issues. He wasn't an apologist for the White House, but he didn't abandon the Administration either. Trible, 40, was the opposite. Faced with re-election in 1988, he played the hearings for political gain. He oozed insincerity. During one of the brief homilies that Trible regularly delivered after questioning witnesses, a reporter caught the attention of Senator William Cohen, the Maine Republican, and gestured as if he were about to vomit at Trible's remarks. Cohen rolled his eyes.

I have four criteria for measuring how a member of Congress performed during the Iran-contra hearings. Cheney scored well on all four. Trible was hitless: 0-for-4.

First, did the committee member put the Iran-contra affair in broad context or was he transfixed by minutiae? Cheney concentrated on exploring the circumstances that prompted the Reagan Administration to sell arms to Iran, establish a private aid pipeline to the contras, and decline to inform Congress about either. Trible focused obsessively on how much money Secord and his associates made, an issue of no public policy significance.

Second, was the member evenhanded and fair or did he run hot and cold? A test case here is the treatment of North. Before North testified, Cheney refused to be stampeded into making a negative judgment on him. Trible was stampeded. Cheney treated each witness the same. Depending on the witness's popularity at the time, Trible was prosecutorial or sycophantic. With Secord, he was hard-nosed. To Secretary of State George Shultz, he offered sweet talk. "Your appearance before the committee is an eloquent refutation of a doctrine of political cynicism," Trible told Shultz. " . . . For your leadership, for your service, and for your wise counsel, every American should be grateful." With Donald Regan, the former White House chief of staff whom the committee treated indifferently, he dished up another Tribleism—a question that needed no answer. Did Secord & Co. handle the

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic. *Kevin Warmath provided research for this article.*

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arms proceeds in a business-like fashion? "Just asking the question gets the answer," said Regan.

Third, was the committee member predominantly seeking to help himself politically? Cheney wasn't. He's already second in the line of succession to become House GOP leader, and his re-election every two years in Wyoming is a cinch. Cheney didn't have to concoct a personal strategy for the hearings. He played it straight. Trible didn't. He went with the political flow. When the hearings began, it appeared the Administration would take a beating. Trible joined critics of the Administration. When North's testimony put the Administration in a stronger position, Trible was suddenly less the critic. He had reacted with disgust (or mock disgust) to testimony that North got a free security system. But when he got a chance to question North, Trible didn't ask about it. In short, he always took what seemed the politically safe course.

Fourth, did the member balk at the cheap tactics used by some committee members, or did he indulge in them himself? Cheney once stopped the committee from recessing for lunch so he could challenge a statement that Senator Daniel Inouye, the Hawaii Democrat and the committee co-chairman, made on "Face the Nation" the day before. This took courage. Inouye had stated that a White House memo showed President Reagan had been briefed as to how profits from the Iranian arms sale might be used for projects other than the contras. Cheney said the memo didn't say that. "We need to be very, very cautious before we make statements that, in the opinion of this member, Mr. Chairman, aren't justified or supported by the evidence," Cheney said. Inouye hastily backed down.

After going easy on North, Trible was tough on the next witness, Admiral John Poindexter, who was less telegenic than North and didn't have the public rooting for him. He accused Poindexter of an "unapologetic embrace of untruth," and read a section of the U.S. Naval Academy honor code about truth and honesty. Poindexter was incensed at this tawdry ploy, knowing of course that the Annapolis honor code isn't applicable to carrying out American foreign policy and protecting the national security in a hostile world. "I think the actions that I took were in the long-term interests of the country and I'm not going to change my mind," he told Trible. "And I'm not going to be apologetic about it." By the way, both Poindexter and North are Annapolis graduates. Trible didn't raise the honor code with North.

Not surprisingly, Trible inflated the committee's mission and his own role. In his opening statement in early May, Trible said the hearings "involve far more than people and arms and policy and law." Rather, the committee's job was to restore "faith in our institutions." The hearings, he said, "will have immense consequences for public opinion, for the proper role of Congress in overseeing the executive branch, for the conduct of foreign policy." Naturally, this put a heavy burden on him. When he questioned Robert McFarlane, the former national security adviser, Trible said, "I know the last several days have been difficult for you, and I want you to know that these days are difficult for all of us." He took the same oily approach with North. "The last week has not been an easy one for any of us," he said. Well, it was a lot easier for those who weren't being hounded by the special prosecutor. Trible didn't mention that.

Cheney popped the committee's balloon of self-importance in his closing statement. "We've heard talk of a 'grave constitutional crisis,' listened to expres-

100TH CONGRESS
1ST SESSION

S. 255

To repeal the windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

JANUARY 6, 1987

Mr. BOREN (for himself and Mr. BINGAMAN) introduced the following bill; which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Finance

A BILL

To repeal the windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

That (a) chapter 45 of the Internal Revenue Code of 1986 (relating to windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil) is hereby repealed.

(b) The repeal made by subsection (a) shall apply to oil removed from the premises after the date of the enactment of this Act.

○

Since early 1986, the so-called windfall profit tax has been largely academic since oil prices were so low the tax produced no revenue. In fact, no revenues from this tax are in this or next year's federal budget. If oil prices continue to increase, we and other oil companies may eventually start paying such taxes on some of our oil. But whether it raises money for the federal coffers or not, the windfall profit tax should be repealed. Here's why:

● If, indeed, the government is worried about the U.S. becoming too dependent on imported oil and its effect on national security and the balance of payments, a special tax on domestically produced oil is the wrong way to go. Such a tax acts as a disincentive to exploring for and producing more oil in the U.S. at the precise moment when we should be increasing our capacity as much as we can.

● We've always referred to this impost as the "so-called" windfall profit tax because it isn't a tax on profits at all, but an excise tax on production. We've also wondered how a tax on oil not yet discovered can be a windfall. It is, pure and simple, a punitive tax levied on a single industry. It was enacted in an emotional, anti-oil environment for unjustifiable political reasons. Even worse, its very existence has a chilling effect on future investments in U.S. oil exploration and production.

It's time the tax were repealed. The bill shown above would do just that, and should be passed.

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sions of moral indignation and outrage, and even been treated to talk about 'a coup in the White House,' a junta run by a lieutenant colonel and an admiral," he said. "My own personal view is that there has been far too much apocalyptic rhetoric about these events, most of it unjustified. If there ever *was* a crisis—which I doubt—it ended before these committees were ever established. And to the extent that corrective action was required, the President took it *unilaterally* before these committees had taken a single word of public testimony."

The inescapable impression that Trible left was of a man bent on wallowing in the picayune, the irrelevant, and the peripheral, probably out of fear that toying with bigger things might bring political harm. At the start of his questioning of North, Trible noted, "President Kennedy used to tell a story that I believe captures the spirit of these hearings. In June of 1780, there was a total eclipse of the sun . . ." Tom Shales, the acerbic TV critic of the *Washington Post*, called this "a nadir of sorts" in the hearings. Trible specialized in asking about the profits—the "residuals"—made by Secord and his associates. He denounced the "privatization" of foreign policy. Trible was undeterred when witnesses such as North couldn't answer his questions about details of Secord's finances. In fact, he was so consumed about the trivialities of the money issue that he pursued a line of questioning that even Secord couldn't follow. It went like this:

Trible: Turn, if you will, to the back where you see handwritten several pages that project operations and sales for American arms.

Secord: This is not my handwriting, so I am not familiar with it right now.

Trible: Let's you and I review it together. This is part of a document you are familiar with. It talks about two phases of this project, 4,000 arms before the government deadline, phase two relocation of plant. Then it sets forth in the first phase the pricing of guns, selling price per unit, comes out to 7,200,000 cost per unit, 1 million, projected—

Secord: What is the up of all this, senator? I don't follow you at all.

Trible: Just listen, general.

Secord: I'm trying to listen.

Trible: We will get to that. The bottom line is $6.2 million. Again, substantial sums of dollars projected from these activities, is that correct?

Secord: That is what the notes say. They are not my notes.

And so it went with Trible. Contrast this with Cheney's questioning of—you could pick almost any witness—North. "A key point for me," Cheney told North, "is to try to place the events of the Iran arms transaction and the support network for the contras within a broader context so that we understand the way that some of these decisions were made and why the President and his key advisers made the decisions they made." He asked about North's and the President's meetings with hostage families, about the fate of CIA agent William Buckley and the efforts to free him, about why the National Security Council had taken on added duties, about North's ties to Israeli officials, about whether North might have kept the contras alive only to have them abandoned in Washington once his efforts on their behalf were revealed. And so it went with Cheney.

Now, the sad footnote to all this. A month into the hearings, the "CBS Evening News" did a puff piece on Trible. He was treated as "a sort of Clark Kent without the horn rims," a guy unlikely to emerge as an Administration critic because that might jeopardize his re-election, but who emerged nonetheless. CBS didn't get the political equation quite right, but never mind. The piece included kind words about Trible from Charles McDowell, the witty and respected columnist for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. Trible came off as "cool, calm, aggressive, informed" in the hearings, McDowell said. But there's worse. WJLA News 7 in Washington and the Journal Newspapers did a poll on Trible at the end of the hearings. A whopping 59 percent gave him a favorable rating, 10 percent said he was fair, and only 5 percent rated him poor (26 percent were undecided). Politics, like life, isn't fair. □

ARTHUR LIMAN'S PAST

by Dennis Teti

As a senior at Harvard, Arthur Liman wrote a thesis supervised by Samuel P. Huntington (currently President of the American Political Science Association) on the threat to limited government from what he termed the "New Investigation." His careful study of the behavior of the Nye, Kefauver, McCarthy, and other investigative committees shows that the Iran-contra hearings, conducted under Liman's direction, were not the first to utilize certain forensic techniques. A few samples:

•Because of Independent Counsel Walsh's investigation, two target figures, Lt. Col. North and Admiral Poindexter, refused to testify to the select committees on self-incrimination grounds. The committees first delayed action in order to give the Independent Counsel maximum time to gather evidence, then forced North and Poindexter to testify by giving them limited "use immunity." In 1954 Liman understood perfectly well how such public testimony might undermine the right to a fair trial:

> [T]he Kefauver Committee exposed individuals while they were undergoing investigation by a grand jury. How individuals who have been pilloried by congressional investigating committees can be guaranteed a fair trial before an unprejudiced jury is hard to see, unless the jury be illiterate.

•The Iran committees' method of choice was to interrogate witnesses for long hours behind closed doors, dismiss those who did not help their case against Ronald Reagan, and use their own testimony in public against those who spoke for the Administration. Brendan Sullivan's refusal to have his client Oliver North undergo the private ordeal showed that he understood what Liman had learned from the anti-subversive hearings of the 1950s:

> In putting the spotlight on subversives in these areas, the New Investigation has made great use of the preliminary closed session. Witnesses are weeded out so that only those considered subservice [sic, i.e. subversive] by the committee will have to undergo public testimony. . . . The preliminary closed hearing was used in order to separate the good from the bad for public display.

•Were these committees created to find facts or attack Republicans? As Liman explained decades ago:

> [Congressional] investigation has always been a tool of partisan politics, and has been used with equal avidity by all factions when the opportunity presented itself. . . . Investigations have always been utilized to defame or to defend some person or some cause.

•An essential part of Liman's plan for the hearings was to parade the witnesses before the television screens in very specific order. He believed that by presenting their testimony in cumulative fashion, he could build a case against the Administration's faulty foreign policy "process" which would demonstrate that there was a conspiratorial "government within Reagan's government," ending in the exposure of Oliver North, the undermining of the Reagan foreign agenda, and perhaps the destruction of Reagan's presidency. Over thirty years ago Liman recognized the value of television as an ally of Congress in the struggle against the executive branch:

> Television has become a great asset of the congressional committee. It is difficult to see how this new media [sic] can be utilized as effectively by the Presidency as it has been by the Congress. Even Cabinet meetings do not have the dramatic qualities of a *well-planned* congressional hearing [my emphasis].

•North justified his actions, partaking of executive authority, on a broad reading of the President's constitutional power over foreign policy and the privilege of withholding information from Congress. North referred to a 1936 Supreme Court case, *United States* v. *Curtiss-Wright Corp.*, in which the Court favorably cited George Washington's withholding of certain documents from Congress. Senate Counsel Liman argued the same precedent for executive privilege in 1954:

> The other important way of checking aggrandizing congressional committees is for the President to refuse them access to information on the grounds that disclosure would be detrimental to public interest. President Washington set the precedent for such a refusal in 1796 by declining to lay before the House of Representatives papers relating to the negotiations for a treaty with England. Such refusals are in the shadowland of constitutional law because of the lack of delineation between the powers of Congress and the Presidency.

•Liman saw clearly, in 1954, that the President is duty-bound to fight against investigations designed to destroy the executive:

> If the investigative power of Congress is unlimited, the separation of powers, and system of checks and balances must break down. . . . The Founding Fathers were much too fearful of legislative tyranny not to anticipate situations like this. . . . It will be the ambition of the Presidency alone that will protect the independence of his branch from unwarranted interference by the New Investigation. . . . Whether the New Investigation will jeopardize the independence of the executive, and destroy the separation of powers thus seems to depend on whether the Presidency will mobilize all the forces at its disposal to resist it.

Liman's interest in congressional investigations from the time of his college thesis suggests that he was long preparing to lead a "new investigation" of his own.

Dennis Teti was a staff member of the select committees investigating the Iran-contra events. The opinions expressed in this article are his own.

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Elie Kedourie

CRUISING FOR A BRUISING: THE U.S. IN THE GULF

The ayatollahs know what they want—but what do we want?

The downfall of the Shah at the beginning of 1979, the seizure of power by divines, and the establishment of an Islamic Republic under the control of the Ayatollah Khomeini have had sequels and reverberations which are far from being exhausted. The invasion of the U.S. Embassy in Tehran and the seizure as hostages of its occupants had a direct and powerful effect on the internal politics of the U.S. and greatly influenced the outcome of the 1980 presidential elections. The attempt, undertaken in 1985-86 by officials of the National Security Council, to re-establish relations with the Islamic regime by supplying Iran with small quantities of arms, has also had consequences which may prove as deleterious to the Republicans in the 1988 elections as the hostage crisis had for the Democrats eight years before.

Khomeini's triumph in February 1979 directly led to the Iran-Iraq war in September 1980. For if the Shah's regime had still been in existence we can safely assume that it would not have occurred to Saddam Husayn to attack his neighbor. He thought, or was persuaded to believe, that Iran under Khomeini was in dissolution, and a military expedition a simple walkover. Some seven years and hundreds of thousands of casualties later, there is no end to the war in sight.

The Islamic Republic sent a powerful wave of ideological fervor over the Middle East. Tehran became the center whence a vast propaganda for the purification of Islam, and for the assertion of its rightful superiority over Christians and Jews, began zealously and systematically to be spread. This was possible because the ecclesiastics now in power had at their disposal all the resources and facilities of the state, including control of the newspapers, radio, and television. And the money from oil, in prodigious amounts, was theirs to spend as they liked.

Iran also became the center and active patron of terrorism, designed to destabilize neighbors and increase the reach of the ayatollahs. These terrorists were meant to operate chiefly where they could find help and refuge among sympathetic Shi'ite populations whose disaffection from their Sunni regimes could be exacerbated and exploited: Bahrain where the majority is Shi'ite, Kuwait where Shi'ites are a sizable minority, Saudi Arabia where Shi'ites predominate in Hasa, the oil bearing province, and Iraq where, again, the majority is Shi'ite. This threat of destabilization may indeed have been one of the reasons which led the Iraqis to attack Iran. But in these countries the Iranian terrorist threat has been contained (the harsh Saudi response this August to the Iranian-directed riots in Mecca being a case in point), and their regimes have so far survived.

It is in another country with a very large Shi'ite population, Lebanon, that Iranian-inspired activism and terrorism have had most success. This is because Lebanon has been, since 1975, in the throes of civil disorder and its government in dissolution. The Lebanese Shi'ites had earlier been radicalized by a religious leader, Imam Musa al-Sadr, who proved to have some of Khomeini's power to rouse the masses. Sadr was murdered by Qaddafi in Libya in 1978, but he had prepared the ground which, unexpectedly, Khomeini's emissaries began shortly afterwards to till. In this they were very successful because the Syrians had occupied the Bekaa in Eastern Lebanon, with its large Shi'ite populations.

Out of enmity towards Baathist Iraq, Baathist Syria became the ally of the Islamic Republic and allowed the establishment of terrorist bases there. From the Bekaa the terrorists have been able to organize an activist and aggressive following both in southern Lebanon, which is the main Shi'ite area, and in West Beirut, which had become full of Shi'ite refugees, driven from the south by the insecurity resulting from continuous warfare between Israel and the PLO. It is in Lebanon that the Islamic Republic hopes to establish a solid following and create a duplicate of itself to combat the Jewish usurpers of Palestine, and spread Khomeini's ideals through the whole region.

The consequences of the Islamic revolution have been, of course, most marked in Iran itself. A new constitution has made Khomeini the unchallenged ruler on whose directives everything depends. The Westernized legal system has been dismantled and Islamic norms and methods reinstated. In schools and universities, likewise, Islamic teaching is supreme. Given that Shi'ism has the allegiance of the great majority, in city or countryside, the abjuration of the West and all its works has elicited little if any opposition. Seldom in Iranian history has a government been able to depend, as the present one does, on both the administrative and the religious network in controlling the country. When Robert McFarlane visited Tehran in May 1986, he sent to Washington his impressions of the manner in which Iran is governed:

> It may be best for us [he wrote in a cable quoted by the Tower Commission] to try to picture what it would be like if after nuclear attack, a surviving Tatar became Vice President; a recent graduate student became Secretary of State; and a bookie became the interlocutor for all discourse with foreign countries.

His conclusion was that the officials he was dealing with "really are rug merchants." There is little doubt that McFarlane's judgment is correct, but it does not follow that this threatens the regime or will even diminish its stability, since what he describes has traditionally been the standard of government in Iran, and the population expects nothing different. The regime

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would come under threat only if it sustained a serious military defeat, or the economy were utterly ruined. Neither is likely.

What is in prospect, however, is a struggle for the succession when Khomeini goes. It will be a struggle between various ecclesiastical figures and their factions. Others may join in, such as the regular army and the Revolutionary Guards. And beyond these domestic elements, there looms the possibility of intervention in the local political struggle by a neighboring superpower, namely the Soviet Union. It is such a prospect, rather than the Iran-Iraq war taken on its own, or Iran's encouragement of activism and terrorism outside its borders, which must give us pause. Activism and terrorism as such, unpleasant as they are, have not, it must be said, achieved much when tried among Iran's neighbors. Only in Lebanon is there wide scope for it, but this is because it is a polity in dissolution, where other groups also engage in terrorism, and because Syria has facilitated the establishment of terrorist bases in areas under its control.

Thus for the United States to concentrate on the issue of terrorism and the related one of the hostages is to adopt the wrong priorities. The prime issue is strategic, namely whether Iran risks falling within the Soviet orbit, whether this risk can be obviated or, better still, whether the country can be made again to adopt a friendly stance towards the U.S., more or less in the manner which obtained before 1979. It is to the credit of Robert McFarlane and William Casey that they came to see this clearly. In a memorandum of June 1985 cited by the Tower Commission, McFarlane defined immediate U.S. interests as, principally, to prevent the disintegration of Iran and to preserve it as a buffer between the Soviet Union and the Persian Gulf, to limit Soviet political opportunities in Iran, to maintain access to Gulf oil, and, lastly, to end Iranian sponsorship of terrorism.

The manner in which the U.S. attempted to secure these interests, of course, left much to be desired. More particularly, the release of the hostages seized in Lebanon and the financing of the contra operations in Nicaragua were allowed fatally to interfere with these overriding aims. But this in no way diminishes the great importance of these interests, or makes them any less vital today than they were in 1985. The policy became discredited following leaks from Tehran which led to further revelations in Washington, which in turn set in train congressional and criminal investigations. In these circumstances not only has it become impossible to pursue some such policy as that adumbrated by McFarlane and Casey, but just as impossible for the issues to be considered coolly and rationally, and for the great dangers to Western interests lurking in the Iran-Iraq war to be weighed and guarded against.

When Iraq invaded Iran in September 1980, the U.S. diplomats who had been captured by Khomeini's followers in November 1979 had still not been released. The United States therefore felt very hostile to the Ayatollah's regime, and had no reason to support a state which had so recently formed a pillar of U.S. policy in the region, but was now controlled by a group proclaiming its undying enmity. The resulting situation, which had not been sought, made for a paradox: both the Soviet Union and the United States were ranged, to a greater or lesser extent, against Iran. It is true that the United States did not supply arms to Iraq as the Soviet Union did, but it did, as the term goes, tilt towards it. This was justified not only by Iran's open hostility to all things American, but later also by the fear that an Iranian victory would encourage Iran to pursue aggressive policies in the Gulf and beyond and would release a great wave of Islamic fundamentalism which would endanger friendly Arab regimes.

But an Iraqi defeat would not necessarily mean an irresistible fundamentalist upsurge in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Bahrain, or the United Arab Emirates. All these areas are governed by Sunni regimes already on their guard against Shi'ite subversion, and there is no one on the horizon who can play the same role as Khomeini did in Iran. As for the Sunni varieties of fundamentalism, as propagated by the Muslim Brethren and its offshoots in Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere in the Arab world, these are much older than Khomeini's movement. Their success or failure does not depend on the outcome of the Iraq-Iran war, and their challenge to established regimes has so far been contained or defeated. This was the case in Egypt following Sadat's assassination in October 1981, and in Syria where an uprising in Hama in February 1982 was crushed with much bloodshed.

Fear of Iranian activism has, however, led to the view that Iran must not win, and that the best outcome would be either a continuous stalemate or a settlement in which there are no winners and no losers. These are superficial conclusions. A settlement with no winners or losers will not herald a return to things as they were in September 1980. Both Iraq and Iran will emerge much weaker and more unstable from this long and costly war, and their regimes may sustain dangerous shocks in the transition from war to peace. A stalemate again is by its nature an unstable state of affairs, which one side or the other will continuously try to upset to its own advantage. It is to these prospects rather than the possible spread of fundamentalism that thought has to be directed.

Today the United States and the Soviet Union are, so to speak, unnaturally conjoined in the support of Iraq. But the Soviet Union is much better placed, both geographically and politically, to exploit sudden changes on the ground and to effect swift changes of policy. The reversal of alliances as between Somalia and Ethiopia in 1977-78 is very much a case in point. Should a stalemate appear to be moving in Iran's favor, the Soviet Union would be well placed to secure the friendship or the goodwill of the regime. As things are, with the failure of the National Security Council initiative, the United States could do little to hinder such a development.

Again, if the stalemate is broken to Iraq's detriment, its new protector the United States would be facing a country likely to be in dissolution, with Shi'ites, Kurds, and others seeking revenge for years of heavy-handed and cruel Baathist rule. The turmoil might be such as to tempt, or force, Iraq's neighbors to intervene: Turkey to safeguard its southern border against Kurdish militancy; Syria to give its quietus to fellow-Baathis, hated with the sectarian hatred which ideological politics so well nourish; Iran to exploit the sympathies of the Shi'ite majority for Iranian fellow-Shi'ites now seen to be triumphant. The course and outcome of such turmoil is impossible to predict. What can be said with some certainty is that here too the Soviet Union is better placed to exploit such opportunities as may occur.

This would also be the case if the long war were to come to an end through the Tehran regime cracking up. If this were to happen, the ensuing struggle for power by various clerical factions, by the Revolutionary Guards, by the army, and by various ethnic groups (Baluchis, Turkomans, Kurds, etc.) would be an invitation to outsiders to intervene, and the United States is obviously not in a good position to do so.

It is not at all clear that these by no means agreeable possibilities have been considered in Washington and plans made to cope with them. Action is indeed being taken to protect ships in the Gulf flying the United States flag. However, it is only against Iranian attacks that action is being taken. Since the Iraqis also attack shipping—indeed it was the Iraqis who began such attacks in 1984 and have drawn no objection or protest from the United States—it must be assumed that the primary object of the United States is not to protect shipping, but to intervene in the Iran-Iraq war in favor of one side. What the object of such a policy is, and whether naval action in the bottleneck of the Persian Gulf can achieve this object, is extremely obscure. Iran has threatened that United States action here will result in the same fiasco as the expedition to Lebanon in 1982-83. The reason for that fiasco was precisely that the policy behind the expedition was ill thought-out, or the means to carry it out were insufficient, or else that there was no policy at all, but simply improvised reactions to unfolding events. If this is so in the case of the Gulf as well, it will not have been Iran's doing if the United States sustains yet another defeat, just as it was the United States which was the author of its own defeat in Lebanon, and not the terrorists who murdered the Marines in Beirut.

The prime issue is strategic, namely whether Iran risks falling within the Soviet orbit, whether this risk can be obviated or, better still, whether the country can be made again to adopt a friendly stance towards the U.S.

In a conversation with United States officials, reported by the Tower Commission, Manucher Ghorbanifar said that the United States should not become hostage to the Beirut hostages. Whatever the arms dealer's motive in giving this advice, the advice itself is wholesome. But it is even more important that U.S. policy should not become the hostage of what Iran, Iraq, or Kuwait regard as their own interests, or what they may choose to do or not to do. This would be an even worse repetition of the failed policy, adopted at the beginning of the seventies, to rest the safeguarding of U.S. interests in the region on the "twin pillars" of the Shah's Iran and Saudi Arabia. Far from acting as a shield for U.S. interests, these regimes themselves had to be supported. When support for the Shah was not forthcoming in the crisis of 1978, his regime crashed to the ground.

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The lesson of that crisis, fully applicable today, is twofold. First, that U.S. policy must be formulated in terms of U.S. interests, which today require not that Iraq or Iran win, or that neither win, or that Kuwaiti tankers escape Iranian attack. U.S. interests require that Soviet power or influence not be extended to the Persian Gulf. To ensure this, the United States cannot rely on the power or goodwill of any state in the region. How little it can so rely is indicated by the inability of the U.S. minesweeping helicopters to use Saudi or Kuwaiti territory, even though they are in the Gulf to protect Kuwaiti ships.

In the second place, therefore, U.S. policy must not be dragged in the wake of what Iraq or Iran or Kuwait may choose to do. The defense of U.S. interests must be carried out by the United States itself. Such an undertaking is no doubt very expensive and troublesome, but what is necessary to do for oneself cannot be delegated or left to others. Only when the United States is seen as able and willing to bring its considerable power to bear can it prevent its rival from exploiting the opportunities which may arise in the wake of the Iran-Iraq war. For such a policy to succeed, however, requires time, single-mindedness, and patience—all of which are in short supply. □

Charlotte Low

THE PRO-LIFE MOVEMENT IN DISARRAY

Lessons in political ineptitude.

The hullabaloo over the nomination of Robert Bork to the U.S. Supreme Court is in many respects a referendum on the continued life of *Roe* v. *Wade*, the 1973 decision in which seven out of nine Supreme Court justices said they found a "fundamental" constitutional privacy right that allows women to have abortions during the first six months of pregnancy for any reason. The court not only removed the abortion issue from legislative purview but rejected arguments that an unborn child is a person subject to the same protections the Fourteenth Amendment offers those already born.

With resignations and replacements over the past fourteen years, the number of justices who can be counted on to reaffirm *Roe* is now down to four. If Bork, a federal appellate judge who has criticized the Supreme Court for inventing constitutional rights, is confirmed, there could well be five votes for sending *Roe* v. *Wade* the way of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, the famous 1896 Supreme Court ruling that upheld the principle of separate-but-equal.

Americans as a group are highly ambivalent about abortion; they were so before *Roe* was handed down, and they remain so today. The polls vary, but it can be safely said that about 20 percent of the population favors a total ban on abortion and another 20 percent favors no restrictions whatsoever. In the middle are the remaining 60 percent, which seems to approve of legal abortions, but only during the first trimester of pregnancy and then only for such "hard" reasons as rape, incest, threat to the mother's life or health, and severe deformities in the fetus. "Soft" reasons for abortion—the mother's youth, embarrassment, stress, marital problems, commitment to zero population growth, staying on the career fast-track, or poverty—are not in favor with most of the American public, according to polls.

A solid majority of Americans, moreover, do not want to fund abortions with their tax dollars, polls likewise show. Currently, only seven states and the District of Columbia voluntarily pay for free elective abortions with state taxes (five others are under court orders to subsidize abortions, and a sixth, Michigan, is in limbo as state courts decide whether to uphold a legislature-imposed funding ban). So-called "Hyde Amendments"—named after their chief sponsor, Illinois Republican Rep. Henry Hyde—have passed Congress every year since 1976. These appropriation amendments bar federal Medicaid spending for abortions, with certain "hard case" exceptions, usually just to save the mother's life. Even lawmakers who would not vote to overturn *Roe* regularly cast their ballots against federal funding.

The Supreme Court upheld the Hyde Amendments' constitutionality on a 5-4 vote in 1980, in one of its few decisions agreeing to some restriction on abortion. According to Hyde's office, the amendments have been a fiscal success as well as a legal one: the federal government paid for about 300,000 Medicaid abortions (at a cost of about $50 million) in 1975 but only 227 in 1986.

This raises a question: Why hasn't anything been done to date about *Roe* v. *Wade* and its endorsement of the clearly unpopular idea of abortion on demand? There are plenty of factors to blame, but one of them is the pro-life movement itself. Dissension and infighting in pro-life circles was probably the prime reason congressional efforts to nullify *Roe* became derailed and died during the early 1980s. The movement split down the middle on two competing Senate measures offered by North Carolina Republican Jesse Helms and Utah Republican Orrin Hatch. Hatch favored turning the issue back to the states, while Helms wanted a sweeping declaration that a fetus is a "person" under the Constitution, entitled to the same legal protections as a human being already born.

This philosophical (and tactical) difference, which Hatch and Helms could not resolve and which the U.S. pro-life movement itself has never been able to resolve, meant death by suffocation for both measures in 1982 and 1983 when they came up for votes on the Senate floor. The fighting among pro-life lobbyists was so bitter that, according to one lobbyist close to all sides, "the pro-life movement is now dead in the water as a political element." Members of Congress such as Delaware's Joseph Biden, a Democratic presidential candidate, who took their anti-abortion

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constituents seriously and voted 100 percent pro-life before 1982, "threw up their hands in disgust," says the lobbyist, and now vote unpredictably on abortion-related measures.

Biden, like all Democrats who seek national office these days, is currently courting the ferociously pro-abortion National Organization for Women and has vowed to fight the Bork appointment. Even some Republicans (who, as a party, have a more consistent anti-abortion record than the Democrats, who must contend with vociferous pro-choice groups in their ranks) began to waver, most notably Arizona's Barry Goldwater before his retirement last year and Delaware's Harry Roth. The Hatch-Helms controversy "was a real disaster," says the lobbyist. "Politicians discovered that they need not fear the pro-life movement. There have been no serious efforts to placate it ever since."

The pro-life lobby in Washington is divided into three major camps that do not speak to one another. The most prominent is the National Right to Life Committee, founded in 1973. As a national entity, the committee is somewhat analogous to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce; it is an umbrella organization for local and state affiliates in all fifty states. The organization says it has no figures on its total membership including affiliates, but estimates the number to be "at least 2 million." Its political action committee raises about $1 million a year, partly through direct mailings. National Right to Life's president, John Willke, M.D., is probably the most quoted right-to-life spokesman in the press. An annual national convention open to the entire anti-abortion movement draws big-name politicians and (Republican) presidential hopefuls.

The National Right to Life Committee tries to appeal to the broadest base of supporters it can find. It concentrates on just three issues: abortion, infanticide (such as the "Baby Doe" killings of defective newborns), and euthanasia, active and passive. It ignores all other social issues, such as birth control, promiscuity, AIDS, teenage sex, and homosexuality, and takes no stand on capital punishment or nuclear war. Although many of its leaders are religious, it has no particular religious orientation. The atheist-socialist-lesbian-pacifist is presumably as welcome in National Right to Life as the devout Catholic Republican father of nine. "We're a single-issue group," says David O'Steen, National Right to Life's executive director.

Dissension and infighting in pro-life circles was probably the prime reason congressional efforts to nullify *Roe* became derailed and died during the early 1980s.

Its attempt to maintain broad-based support has garnered the organization criticism for lack of adventurousness. National Right to Life condemns abortion clinic bombings and sit-ins, but it also declines to endorse such legal forms of activism as picketing clinics and trying to talk prospective clients out of abortions (although local affiliates engage in some of these legal activities); the Committee confines its efforts to public education and lobbying. National Right to Life has also refused to join the rest of the anti-abortion movement in condemning the erstwhile pro-life Surgeon General Everett Koop, who said he would refer women with AIDS seeking abortions to doctors willing to provide them. "He doesn't favor abortion for AIDS victims and he won't do one," says O'Steen. "Koop has been a very good friend of children for the last few years."

Lack of adventurousness is one charge that cannot be leveled at the American Life League, Inc., a 1979 spinoff from the National Right to Life Committee that has become its chief opponent on the anti-abortion front. "If the National Right to Life Committee is for something, the American Life League is sure to be against it," says one pro-life activist. The League's president, the 43-year-old Judie Brown (or "Mrs. Judie Brown," as she always calls herself, "because I'm very proud of the fact that I'm married and have three children"), was once director of public relations for the National Right to Life Committee.

In 1978, says Mrs. Brown, the Committee ousted its then-president, Dr. Mildred Jefferson, now a pro-life activist in Boston (the Committee says Dr. Jefferson simply failed to win enough votes for re-election). Mrs. Brown was devoted to Dr. Jefferson, and when the doctor left, the Committee bureaucracy "challenged my loyalty" to the incoming president, Dr. Carolyn Gerster. Made to feel highly uncomfortable, as she tells it, Mrs. Brown quit. Her husband Paul, who was running a political action committee for National Right to Life, also pulled out, with plenty of bad blood flowing on both sides. The Browns and some others started the American Life Lobby, and later the League, its tax-exempt affiliate.

The League doesn't just battle abortion but also its "underlying causes," as Mrs. Brown sees them: promiscuity, contraception, pornography, divorce, homosexuality, and so on. Her proposition that loose morals and abortion are intertwined seems unimpeachable, but the American Life League's distinctly religious perspective automatically limits its membership to those who share Mrs. Brown's entire congeries of views. "We're very Christian-oriented," she says. "We feel it is necessary to be very up-front about our religious beliefs." And those beliefs can be aggressive. If a new poll shows most Americans favor abortion under some circumstances, Mrs. Brown will promptly buy an advertisement in a religious periodical questioning the whole science of statistical sampling.

Using advertising and direct mailings from her home in Stafford, Virginia, about forty miles south of Washington, Mrs. Brown has built up an impressive number of fiercely loyal supporters who can be counted on to flood Congress with letters at her request. They are not just Catholics; her no-nonsense style also appeals strongly to fundamentalist and evangelical Protestants. Today she claims more than 240,000 members for the American Life League, down somewhat from the 300,000 the group said it had late last year but still many more than NOW's 160,000. (The National Abortion Rights Action League, however, claims 280,000 members.)

Her political approach is simple: no compromises whatsoever. The American Life League used to support the Hyde Amendments. No more. The reason: the exceptions allowing funding for abortions to save the life of the mother. "We discovered that thousands of abortions were being performed under the exception," she says. It may not be politically practical to push for a law telling mothers they might have to die in order to bear their children; anti-abortion laws have historically contained life-of-the-mother exceptions. But Mrs. Brown says these are no longer necessary with today's advanced obstetrics, and, anyway, "you can't base a law on hard cases."

Mrs. Brown claims she is routinely snubbed by the National Right to Life Committee, which refuses to invite her to its meetings and won't send representatives to hers (the Committee denies this). She wishes the pro-life groups, including her own, would stop airing their differences in public, as they did during the Hatch-Helms controversy, when the American Life League sided with Helms. From Mrs. Brown's point of view, this means that Hatch, not Mrs. Brown, would have caved in. "We could have explained to Hatch how much trouble we were going to cause him," she says. "This organization is very powerful."

Mrs. Brown's husband Paul is an even more quixotic figure. In 1978, his political action committee scored a significant victory by helping to unseat ultra-liberal Democratic Senator Dick Clark in Iowa, but in 1980 the PAC took an eccentric turn, promoting Morton Downey, an Irish-American poet and songwriter, for the Democratic presidential primary in Massachusetts (Downey subsequently abandoned his presidential aspirations and is now a talk-show host in Chicago). Brown, a Democrat, also organized pickets opposing the Senate confirmation of Sandra Day O'Connor for the Supreme Court in 1981. O'Con-

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nor had cast some ambiguous votes on abortion issues as a member of the Arizona legislature. "In retrospect, that might not have been a good idea," says Brown of the picketing. O'Connor was confirmed and later "surprised" the League by consistently voting to uphold abortion restrictions.

Brown has since pretty much abandoned lobbying. In 1986, he endorsed pro-life Democrats in the Alabama, Louisiana, and Nevada senatorial races. Playing a "spoiler role," as he calls it, he also took out advertisements urging Californians to vote for Democratic Senator Alan Cranston over Republican challenger Edward Zschau on the theory that the 72-year-old Cranston, who has never cast a pro-life vote, had a better chance of a short tenure than the younger, apparently equally pro-choice Zschau. Brown currently devotes most of his efforts to running a financial consulting firm for the American Life League and similar operations.

The Browns support what they call the Paramount Human Life Amendment, versions of which have been knocking around Congress since 1974 without ever actually being reviewed by any committee. This proposed constitutional change would declare that the right to life, starting at the moment of fertilization, is "paramount" over all other rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Observers universally agree that any constitutional amendment on abortion, which would require two-thirds majorities in both houses of Congress and ratification by three-fourths of the states, would be virtually impossible to pass given current public attitudes, and that the high-standard Paramount amendment would be the toughest of all to pass. The Browns agree and are staking their hopes on a future, far-reaching religious conversion, perhaps prompted by AIDS devastation.

The third major pro-life player on Capitol Hill is the Ad Hoc Committee in Defense of Life, Inc. Strictly a lobbying organization, the Ad Hoc Committee is a largely one-man operation started in 1973 by James McFadden, a longtime *National Review* staffer. It raises money from a mailing base of 20,000 to 30,000 and distributes an acerbic, savvy Hill newsletter called *Lifeletter*. McFadden is a conservative Catholic whose other newsletter, *Catholic Eye*, blasts dissident theologians and clerical liberals and yearns nostalgically for a return to fish on Friday and the Latin Mass.

McFadden calls his Ad Hoc Committee "anti-abortion" rather than "pro-life" because the term "pro-life" suggests associations with the "seamless garment" theories of Chicago's politically liberal Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, who believes opposition to abortion should be part of a general crusade against capital punishment and nuclear war and in favor of more government welfare programs. McFadden has no use for the seamless garment or for liberals; he is a Reagan loyalist who supports aid to the contras and other aspects of a tough foreign policy.

McFadden is also a staunch Hyde loyalist, and his newsletter regularly blasts the American Life League and others who don't care for the Hyde Amendments because of their exceptions. "They're so pure, they can't stand it," says McFadden of the Hyde opponents. "This is the kind of thing you have to do piecemeal. You have to settle for what you can get and try to save some lives. The purists are simply killing babies. They're very pure about what they're doing, but they haven't accomplished much."

Nonetheless, back in the early 1980s, when the Helms and Hatch measures competed head-on for congressional support, McFadden took a somewhat purist high-ground of his own. The Helms bill, put together by the senator and his fellow North Carolina Republican, the late John East, was a product of the elation that swept the anti-abortion movement with Reagan's victory in 1980. East and Helms drafted a bill that would have stripped federal courts of their power to issue injunctions against enforcement of state anti-abortion laws. The bill had some precedent—the Norris-LaGuardia Act of 1932 limited federal injunctive power in labor disputes—but strong opposition from constitutional scholars, including Bork, led to a revamping of the bill. The final product, called the Human Life Bill, declared that a human life begins from "the moment of conception." Jim McClellan, then chief counsel for East's separation of powers subcommittee and now head of the Center for Judicial Studies in Lynchburg, Virginia, says the Human Life Bill rested on the power that the Fourteenth Amendment gives Congress to enforce its provisions; he admits, however, that "there was no precedent for this position."

In late 1981, Hatch, like East a member of the committee, decided that the lawmakers had no authority to supersede the Supreme Court, and launched his own strategy for overturning *Roe* v. *Wade*—a constitutional amendment declaring that there was no federal constitutional right to abortion. That would have thrown the matter back to the states, which could then devise their own abortion restrictions or not. (All fifty states limited abortion in 1973, although some of the laws were extremely permissive.)

The Hatch amendment is said by some critics to have been the brainchild of the U.S. Catholic Conference, the secular arm of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. Earlier versions contained provisions for Congress to oversee abortion legislation, but the final version was a pure states-rights creation. The bishops enlisted the support of the National Right to Life Committee, which pushed the amendment vigorously. Several observers say that during that period the National Right to Life Committee more or less became a Catholic Conference–front for pushing the Hatch amendment. (A Catholic Conference spokesman declines to comment on the issue.) The clerical bureaucrats who staff the Catholic Conference tend to be politically liberal, and many undoubtedly felt embarrassed by their church's anti-abortion stance, so at odds with the position of the more "progressive" clerics of mainline Protestant denominations. The Hatch measure allowed the group, which does not cotton to conservative "hardliners," to distance itself from Helms and his allies.

Although the Hatch amendment, being a constitutional measure, would have been difficult to pass, it had broader appeal in that it did not attempt to ban abortion but merely remove it from federal purview—analogous to the repeal of Prohibition. As a procedural matter the Helms bill would have been easier to get through, requiring only a simple majority of votes in Congress and a presidential signature; but it would also have meant a sweeping national prohibition on abortion. Neither, some say, had the votes to succeed, but each running in competition with the other meant doom for both.

Trouble began when Hatch, a member of East's separation of powers subcommittee and a crucial pro-life vote, declared he would not vote to clear the Helms bill from committee unless his own amendment received priority treatment. Other anti-abortion groups, including the Browns' American Life League, McFadden's Ad Hoc Committee, and the 40,000-member Protestant-oriented Christian Action Council, weighed in against the Hatch amendment. "The problem with the Hatch amendment, from a movement point of view, is that it was a compromise," says McFadden, "and when you start with a compromise, it goes downhill from there." McClellan, East's former aide, says the amendment's flaw was that it specifically "constitutionalized" abortion.

The fight got nasty. One former member of the National Right to Life Committee board says board members received calls from Catholic bishops threatening to withdraw church support from the Committee and to stop sending Catholic representatives to its convention if it supported Helms's Human Life Bill. The Committee's Willke then threatened to muster a Senate filibuster to defeat the Helms measure. On the other side, the American Life Lobby, not on the best

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terms with Willke to begin with, condemned the National Right to Life Committee and declared that it had no authority to speak for the right-to-life movement. Members of Congress were faced with the anomalous spectacle of pro-life groups actually battling to defeat pro-life legislation.

Both measures went down in flames. The Hatch amendment got to the Senate floor, where it failed to get the two-thirds majority it needed; the vote was 50-49, with Helms abstaining. Then came the Helms measure, attached as a rider to a debt ceiling amendment. The Senate voted 47-46 to table it.

That was the end of serious congressional efforts to outlaw abortion. Hatch tried to drum up interest in a school prayer amendment, then got out of the constitutional amendment business. The Catholic Church leadership got out, too. In 1983, Bernardin formulated his seamless garment theory, which has become the prevailing U.S. Catholic Conference ethos and, critics say, an artful way for liberal clerics to get themselves off the hook on the abortion issue. (To be fair, some seamless garment advocates, such as the JustLife political action committee in Washington, valiantly strive to live out their no abortion/no nukes/no poverty ethic, but they have trouble finding many pro-life liberals on the national scene to support.)

The right-to-life movement lost face and momentum as a national force. To this day both the National Right to Life Committee and the American Life League, in their competing literature, claim to be the only true spokesman for the anti-abortion movement. Some right-to-lifers were left permanently shaken by the 1982 contretemps. "I just walked away from all that," says Curt Young, executive director of the Christian Action Council. "I decided I would never be involved in internecine fighting again. I decided that in the future I would concentrate on constructive action rather than bloodying the other pro-life groups."

Part of the pro-life movement has turned, along with random verbal sniping at Willke, to more desperate measures, clinic bombing being the most extreme example. A substantial number of pro-lifers have lately gone in for civil disobedience (or "direct action," as they call it), courting arrest by blocking the doors of abortion clinics or dismantling clinic equipment. Without broad public and media backing, however, such activists tend to be classified in the public mind with Amy Carter rather than Rosa Parks.

McFadden calls his Ad Hoc Committee "anti-abortion" rather than "pro-life" because the term "pro-life" suggests associations with the "seamless garment" theories of Chicago's politically liberal Joseph Cardinal Bernardin.

Worse still, 1982 could easily replay itself with a slightly different alignment of players. A White House-initiated bill introduced earlier this year—the first launched by Reagan during his presidency—would make the Hyde Amendments permanent. It would also bar federal family-planning funds to any organization that performs or refers clients for abortions, settling a dispute that resulted in the recent firing from the Health and Human Services Department of abortion foe Jo Ann Gasper, who refused to renew grants to Planned Parenthood because it performs abortions in a number of its facilities. The bill, whose House version was introduced on April 9 by Hyde, also contains several preliminary provisions suggesting that unborn children are living human beings and that *Roe* v. *Wade* was wrongly decided. The language, deliberately vague, is clearly designed to pull in everyone who can be persuaded to cast a vote against abortion funding, whether for fiscal or moral reasons.

The most enthusiastic promoter of the bill to date has been McFadden's Ad Hoc Committee, although the Christian Action Council, conservative activist Paul Weyrich's Coalitions for America, and the Moral Majority have also signed on. The National Right to Life Committee also says it backs the bill, but some critics say the Committee's support is less than enthusiastic. "If something doesn't originate with them, they're not going to be involved," says a lobbyist. The U.S. Catholic Conference has kept entirely mum. A conference spokesman says this is not unusual for a bill in early stages. The bill is anything but a sure winner; although it may be a good litmus test for the abortion views of 1988 congressional candidates, it will have a tough time getting through the Senate, most agree.

The primary pro-life opponent to date has been Judie Brown. Her complaints: the bill does not go far enough and its funding prohibitions contain life-of-the-mother exceptions. Furthermore, says Mrs. Brown, "the bill doesn't say exactly when life begins. It only says that life begins in the womb, and that could enable the Supreme Court to say when life begins." Mrs. Brown insists she does not intend to lobby against the measure. But she has circulated a statement of objections to her supporters, leading the National Right to Life Committee to charge that her opposition has made it difficult for the Senate version's Republican sponsor, Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire, to find a Democratic co-sponsor. (Only ten senators, Republicans all, have signed on to date.) "The Judie Brown group is for perfection or forget it, and that might have scared some Democrats off," complains Hyde.

Meanwhile, Weyrich went to Rome and persuaded Edouard Cardinal Gagnon, head of the Pontifical Council for the Family, to write a letter endorsing the notion of "imperfect" anti-abortion legislation that Catholics can legitimately support. One longtime Brown ally, University of Notre Dame law professor Charles Rice, who earlier wrote a column in the conservative Catholic newsweekly, the *Wanderer*, opposing the White House bill as too weak, recently changed his mind and now says he will support the measure.

If Bork wins confirmation and *Roe* v. *Wade* falls, that will, of course, be a de facto endorsement, at least for a while, of the states-rights approach to the abortion question. Even Judie Brown is giving the Bork nomination her "cautious" endorsement. State legislatures might be the best place to resolve the divisive issue, which many members of Congress wish would simply go away. Ever since *Roe* came down, state legislatures have looked for ingenious ways to get around the ruling —banning abortions for minors without their parents' consent, requiring cooling off periods, and so forth.

The Supreme Court has used *Roe* to strike down most of these laws, but still they keep coming. For one thing, bipartisan support for state restrictions is easier to obtain; the pro-abortion interest-group pressure on state Democrats is not so severe. In California, for example, a Democratic-dominated state legislature has approved a ban on state-funded abortion for the past six years, only to have the ban overturned each year by Chief Justice Rose Bird's liberal state supreme court. (Bird and three other liberals were ousted last year, making possible an about-face in that court's attitude towards abortion.) A parental consent law for California is also in the offing.

In the state forums, Americans might have the chance, denied them for fourteen years, to figure out what to do about the moral unease it is clear most of them feel about abortion. It's highly unlikely that their concerns will result in complete abortion bans in most states (most Americans have a soft spot for the hard cases), but it is likely that some—perhaps even a large number—of them will vote to decrease substantially the number of abortions. Grassroots pro-life groups may learn something from the dithering of their Capitol Hill analogues over the last decade and a half. They may learn that politics is not only a moral activity, but also the art of the possible. □

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Franz M. Oppenheimer

DON'T BANK ON THE WORLD BANK

Treacherous waters ahead for a once august institution.

If you were born to walk the ground,
Remain there; do not fool around.

•

But very soon his friends began
To doubt if he were quite the man.
—Hilaire Belloc

On August 7, 1987, the *Financial Times* carried an inconspicuous news item, "World Bank places Peru loan on non-accrual basis." According to the story, Peru had fallen more than six months in arrears on payments of $69 million of principal and interest, bringing its total debt to the Bank to $1.03 billion. Peru thus became the fifth and largest debtor country to be in default on its debt service to the Bank for more than 180 days; the other countries are Nicaragua, Guyana, Syria, and Liberia. Three other countries, whose names the Bank has not disclosed, have also been in default for more than 75 days.

This news item should not have been reported so casually. Almost since the Bank's establishment forty-one years ago, international financial experts had accepted the axiom that the World Bank's bonds were safe investments, not so much because of the supposed security provided by the Bank's callable capital, but because of the comfortable assumption that no debtor country would dare default on payments to the Bank, no matter how desperate the debtor's situation. Since a default to the Bank, the experts believed, would destroy a country's credit, the country would give payments to the Bank absolute priority.

The *Financial Times* reported in the same story that there had been rumors, denied by the Bank, that World Bank bonds were about to be downgraded by U.S. rating agencies. Those agencies might well ponder the asset side of the Bank's balance sheet: as of June 30, 1986, the following countries—each of which owed to the Bank, on principal actually disbursed to them, more than half a billion dollars—accounted for about 62 percent of the $103 billion in loans made by the Bank: Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Egypt, India, Indonesia, the Ivory Coast, Mexico, Morocco, Nigeria, Peru, the Philippines, Romania, and Yugoslavia. This is hardly a roll-call to cheer a portfolio manager's heart. Sixty-one billion dollars had been disbursed to the Bank's borrowers; in turn the Bank owed its security holders on medium- and long-term borrowings about $66 billion. The capital subject to call by the Bank when needed to meet these obligations amounts to $71 billion; but the portion of that amount subscribed by the five countries with the largest subscription and among those inspiring the most confidence—France, Germany, Japan, the United Kingdom, and the United States—amounts to only $31 billion, just about half of what the Bank owes.

When looking at these figures a portfolio manager might well also bear in mind that no country has pledged its full faith and credit to the payment of the Bank's securities. Indeed the Bank's charter provides: "Every security . . . issued by the Bank shall bear on its face a conspicuous statement to the effect that it is not an obligation of any government. . . ." And a portfolio manager might wonder how long it would take the various legislatures, even those of responsible governments, to appropriate the money needed to meet a call.

Yet none of that was given much attention in the newspapers. The Bank appeared in the headlines only when its new president, Barber B. Conable, sired a major reorganization calling for the dismissal of several hundred employees, just a few months after he was elected last year. Now, in response to that initiative, the headlines screamed: "The blunders and ineptitude that have deepened the crisis faced by the World Bank" (the *Guardian*, May 18, 1987); "Pessimism grows as World Bank leadership stumbles" (*Financial Times*, May 28); "Back Bencher paralyzes World Bank; Chaotic Conditions after Changes in Personnel; When will Conable be replaced?" (*Die Welt*, May 29); "Reorganization of the World Bank; In Disorder and Doubt" (*Le Monde*, June 24); "President of World Bank criticized over shake-up" (*Financial Times*, July 7); "Job Merry-go-round instead of Aid for Development" (*Handelsblatt*, July 15); "The World Bank without Compass" (*Le Monde*, July 25). And so on.

There is in fact much to scream about. But in appraising the blunders of Mr. Conable, the media, as usual, ignore history. However incompetent Barber Conable has proved to be, the problems he encountered were not of his making. They were principally made by Robert McNamara, who was president of the Bank from 1968 to 1981.

McNamara came to a vibrant institution that owed its vitality primarily to a great man, Eugene R. Black, who was the Bank's president for thirteen years, from 1949 to 1963. Under him the Bank was a *bank* that stuck to its Charter mandate that "loans made or guaranteed by the Bank shall, except in special circumstances, be for the purpose of specific projects of reconstruction or development," and that in "making . . . a loan, the Bank shall pay due regard to the prospects that the borrower . . . will be in position to meet its obligations under the loan;

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and the Bank shall act prudently. . . ." The Bank's staff was still relatively small, approximately 1500 employees, and had a sense of mission. The limitation of the Charter—that loans must be made for the financing of such specific projects as a hydro-electric plant, the establishment of an agricultural bank, or the building of a railroad—served as a check on prodigal lending. Well thought-out projects in less developed countries cannot be found for the asking; and it was many months, at least, before the Bank's missions in member countries could select, evaluate, and submit to the Bank's management a specific project for financing.

Robert McNamara chafed at these constraints within days after his arrival. Like President Mitterrand of France, who decided on principle to hire 350,000 new civil servants as soon as he became President, McNamara decided to expand the Bank's staff before he could have understood what those new staff members were to do. (He insisted, for example, that virtually every country, even those with the most limited capacities for absorbing loans, have assigned to it a full-time staff member who spent his days in Washington reading the country's newspapers—or newspaper.) By the time he left in 1981, McNamara had inflated the staff to just a little under 6,000.

The only way to put all these new people to work was to change the Bank's loan policy. The Bank, McNamara proclaimed, was to be less a bank than a "development institution." And as such it should pay more attention to macroeconomic problems that could not be solved by the time-consuming process of financing specific, and often relatively small, projects. The way to solve these problems was to make bigger loans faster, which could be done by what was in 1968 called "program lending" and today "structural adjustment" and "sectoral adjustment" lending. Under these heady headings loans are made, in the words of the Bank's Annual Report for fiscal 1985, "to help developing countries carry out the difficult process of policy and institutional reform." Such lending "focuses on major macroeconomic issues, as well as major sectoral issues (trade policy, resource mobilization, efficient use of resources, and institutional reform)." Financing for such grandiose, and essentially *political*, purposes can easily be abused. It is difficult enough for the Bank to make a borrower comply with conditions assuring the proper construction of a cement plant; to assure comparable compliance with "policy and institutional reform," an area exposed to every political change of wind, is well nigh impossible.

Fortunately such broad program loans did not, and, though increasing at a significant rate, do not yet constitute more than a small part of World Bank lending, and the potential damage caused by them would be more manageable were it not for another one of McNamara's follies. The pragmatic lending under Eugene Black—a cement plant here, a pipeline there—seemed unacceptably messy to one of the original whiz kids who had brought systems management, the TFX, and body counts to the Pentagon. Order was introduced by establishing five-year lending programs for all client countries of the Bank. Under those programs every government knew in advance how many millions a year McNamara was going to give it. It was a method akin to that of body counts in warfare: the certainty it promised and its effects were nefarious. The five-year lending programs undercut whatever beneficial influence the Bank may have on a country's economic policy.

Indeed those programs, whose rate of disbursement was already programmed on the computers, undercut the considerable influence the Bank did have in the days of Eugene Black. Apart from the ability and persuasiveness of the staff, that influence resulted from a country's uncertainty about how much it could borrow from the Bank in the future. A loan officer negotiating a railroad modernization loan, for instance, could strongly suggest that the railroad be recompensed by the government for its policy of allowing old people, children, members of parliament, or government officials to travel on free passes. He could insist that future lines be built only on the basis of studies of the market and other aspects of cost effectiveness. And he could include covenants assuring a reasonable tariff structure in the loan agreement. If the country's negotiators were unwilling to accept such suggestions or conditions, they risked not getting the loan.

In short the project approach gave the Bank leverage. By contrast, under McNamara's five-year plans government negotiators needed only to procrastinate: they knew that their country's annual lending quota had to be met by the end of the fiscal year, and that, at least in McNamara's reign, if the quota was not met McNamara would know what to do with the hapless loan officer who had been too slow with the spigot.

Defenders of the McNamara lending policies assert that they are necessary because even the best planned specific project is no good when the whole economy is collapsing. Even if a new Bank-financed electric power project can export energy and earn foreign exchange, the loan will go sour if the country's other foreign exchange earnings dwindle, or if there are no more domestic buyers for energy because of an economic depression. Nor, so McNamara's defenders say, can a specific project flourish if the social and institutional environment is stifling it.

These arguments are specious. The Bank's project loans were never made in a macroeconomic vacuum. In addition to the reports on projects, there had always been reports on the country's economy, which were discussed with governments particularly during the Bank's annual meetings, and the governments knew that unresponsiveness would result in fewer, if any, bank loans.

However incompetent Barber Conable has proved to be, the problems he encountered were not of his making.

Institutional reforms were brought about in the framework of negotiating loans for specific projects. Indeed when a loan is made for modernizing a specific port, for instance, it is easier to press for an independent port authority than it would be to do so in the context of a "sectional adjustment" loan for the "transportation sector." Obstacles to even such a relatively small institutional reform can only be discovered and removed when attention is focused on the specific project; such obstacles are likely to remain submerged when the focus is on the "transportation sector." Moreover, in a more modest context, there is far less political exposure, and hence less risk of knee-jerk resistance to the Bank's political proposals.

When port employees, for instance, want to remain civil servants, and fear that they would lose that status as employees of an independent, autonomous agency, and consequently a government is afraid of introducing legislation for establishing such an agency for fear of opposition by the unions, a small Bank mission on the spot, concerned with that port only, can find out what the trouble is. And once neutral outsiders with a low profile have diagnosed such a problem, they can often solve it by bringing all parties around a table and helping to find a compromise, such as giving port employees the option to remain civil servants, or if they prefer a new status, guaranteeing certain benefits. But such modest achievements were not enough for McNamara and his followers, who, without confessing it, envisaged the bank as a sort of superworld government. Moreover, they virtually blocked the possibility of negotiating institutional and macroeconomic reforms as a part of loan negotiations for specific projects, by keeping project loans and "structural adjustment loans" in separate compartments and by preserving attempts to influence long-term policy for negotiations of the latter loans.

McNamara's influence went beyond the World Bank. After the first oil crisis in 1972 his computer-happy Bank predicted that within a very few years all the money of the free world would be owned by the oil producers. It followed that the foremost duty of the banks was to "re-channel" Arab money. And since the explosion of the price of oil was accompanied by a steep rise in the price of all commodities, even the non-oil producing underdeveloped countries suddenly increased their revenues. With more money in their pockets, they found a plethora of schemes on which to spend it. In the judgment of bankers, moreover, those countries had become more credit-worthy. All this reinforced McNamara's faith in delivering the world from misery by lending money. Instead of preaching caution, McNamara preached expansion. The private bankers needed little encouragement to lend at high interest rates. The idea that a bank could *refuse* to accept deposits from the *nouveaux riches* potentates occurred to no one. If the Bank had lent at a slower pace in the seventies, it would have been in a better position to expand its lending in the eighties, when the private banks virtually ceased lending to the poorer countries. Thus it happened that today the Bank has become a part of the international debt problem, and is poorly positioned to become a part of its solution.

Given that history, the bloated size of the World Bank's bureaucracy and of its lending, and the international debt crisis, even a Eugene Black would have found the job of running the World Bank in 1986 frightening. Obviously, nothing can be done overnight to the balance sheet. The loans have been disbursed or promised, and the bonds have been sold. Commitments must be met, and still more bonds must be sold to enable the Bank to meet them. The pace of lending

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could be reduced, but it would ill behoove Barber Conable, elected by the grace of the United States Treasury, to defy the mandate of the Baker Plan for the solution of the debt crisis, which calls for more not less lending by the international public financing institutions.

Therefore it is not surprising that Conable, new to finance, rushed to attack the one inherited problem of the Bank about which he thought he could do something: the bloated bureaucracy. That something needed to be done is beyond debate. When I once sought to tackle a routine problem of skullduggery arising as part of the international bidding for a project financed by a World Bank loan, I found it necessary to talk to more than nine people, not counting the executive directors for the United States and for another country involved. The people I needed to talk to had such titles as "Chief, Procurement Unit," and "Procurement Adviser (Equipment)" in the "Office of the Vice President, Operations Policy (OPSVP)," "Director, Industry Department," in the "Office of the Vice President, Energy and Industry (EISVP)," officers of the "Country Programs Department" and of the "Projects Department" in the "Office of the Regional Vice President (EMNVP)," and "Legal Adviser, Procurement and Consultant Services" in the "Office of the Vice President and General Counsel (VPG)." These people were scattered over several buildings, and every one of them claimed some responsibility concerning the problem I raised and every one of them denied having authority to do something about it. And while most of them were able, intelligent, and as helpful as they could be in their Kafkaesque labyrinth, one of them—a subaltern who arguably was the one with the initial authority to do something—treated me as if I were a Moonie missionary calling on the Pope for the purpose of converting him.

If Conable had possessed some experience managing large international institutions, or any large institution, he would have known that he could not safely rush to solve the obvious problem of the bloated bureaucracy. But neither his law practice in Batavia, New York, nor his honorable service as a congressman on the House Ways and Means Committee could have prepared him for running the World Bank. Probably it would have been best for him and the Bank if he had declined the job. The next best thing would have been to spend at least a year to educate himself before advancing any major changes. Instead, the first result of his rushing in where he should have feared to tread was the "Report to the President From the Steering Committee On the Reorganization of the World Bank," entitled "Reorganizing the Bank: An Opportunity for Renewal," a report the recommendations of which were put into effect with indecent haste.

The report contains some nuggets of good sense. Its drafters rediscovered that the planning of specific projects and analysis of overall economic programs of a country should not be done in isolation from one another. Second, the report recognized the related necessities of delegating responsibility for decisions and of reducing the number of clearances required for them. And third, the report advocated reducing the volume of interoffice memoranda and encouraged informal, oral communication.

Today the World Bank has become a part of the international debt problem, and is poorly positioned to become a part of its solution.

In every other respect the report fails. It does not recognize that reshuffling slots in an organization chart is a sterile exercise. The very makeup of the Steering Committee and its three "Task Forces," comprising thirty-three people, including nine of the "Support Units Task Force," belies any faith in individual responsibility. Paradoxically, Robert McNamara, the creator of the Bank's bureaucracy, was made an "external member" of the Steering Committee. Like the speeches of Gary Hart, the report abounds in calls for new ideas, intellectual and moral leadership, initiative, efficiency, and technical excellence. The report exhibits the telltale tic of the uneducated: the touching belief that the problems of the day are unprecedented. The Bank must respond to a "changing world," "problems faced by developing countries have become more complex, diverse and intense." Other bromides abound: "The future thus seems likely to hold both promise and threat for the Bank. . . . Global integration and the rapid advance of technology are moving the world forward in relatively unfamiliar and unpredictable ways." And so on.

At least the bromides are comprehensible. This is more than can be said for the bulk of the report which, belying its belief in excellence, attempts to hide its poverty of ideas in indigestible prose beset by every conceivable violation of the elementary rules of English composition: "quality assurance mechanisms . . . line management integration in the regional structure . . . process approach to decision making . . . translating overall institutional policy decisions into specific operational guidelines . . ." My favorite is the reference to the president as the "senior-most manager of the Bank."

Unfortunately, verbiage and pious hopes were not all the report contained. The recommendations that produced the instantaneous havoc, reflected in the headlines from the international press quoted above, implied a reduction of staff. Originally Conable proposed firing 600 international civil servants, a number subsequently reduced to 390 (so as to lessen the impact of termination benefits) by the Bank's board of executive directors. Such wholesale firing would have been enough to shake the foundations of any international public institution. The Bank must seek to recruit the best and the brightest from around the world, and before leaving their homes promising candidates must be reasonably certain that once in the Bank they will be able to stay there to the end of their careers, short of gross incompetence or misfeasance.

The firings shattered that reasonable certainty. Worst of all was the way those to be fired or demoted were selected. The selection—called the "massage parlor" system by one observer—was not entrusted to a disinterested and impartial group of wise men. Instead, every chief, starting with the four newly created senior vice presidents, was to select his own sub-chief, and every sub-chief his own head Indians. Even before the plan or reorganization became public, rumors flooded the Bank, and the cleverest—not necessarily the most competent—operators were the first to stroke the right people and to cover the right part of their anatomy. As a result senior officers of silent merit and long experience were fired or demoted while lesser men escaped.

Moreover, the executive directors, who represent the Bank's member countries on the board, were permitted to participate in the witch hunt by protecting their own favorite nationals. It is characteristic of Barber Conable's innocence that, when a senior staff member complained that Conable had interfered to save an intended victim from the axe at the behest of an executive director, Conable replied: "But he is one of his constituents."

After weeks of rumors and uncertainty, the Conable Plan was communicated to the staff last May in a booklet containing a shortened and jazzed-up version of the steering committee's report. The booklet was prefaced by a letter from Conable to the staff, the fatuousness and mendacity of which should remove any sympathy that one might have had for him. He characterized the reorganization as the product of a "joint effort" of the steering committee, the task forces, the staff association, and the Bank's shareholders, and as having been distinguished "by a continuing spirit of cooperation, enthusiasm and hard work." He wrote: "I am determined that it [the reorganization] be conducted in a fair and transparent manner," a sentence that was written, one hopes, before he had heard from his directors about their "constituents." The final grace note of this one page missive in praise of excellence and efficiency is the mistyping of the word "provide" as "provie," in the third of five paragraphs. Excellence indeed!

After all the unsavories had hit the fan, the operations of the Bank had come to a virtual stop and the morale of the staff, even of those promoted, had collapsed. Barber Conable blamed others. "The reorganization has been produced by the team of the Bank, not by me," he said in an interview with *Le Monde* last July. Last May, however, his tune was different. He told Hobart Rowen of the *Washington Post* that by sticking to the decisions that affect so many careers he had been challenged "to prove my manhood." "And so he did," commented one seasoned observer, "he screwed the Bank." □

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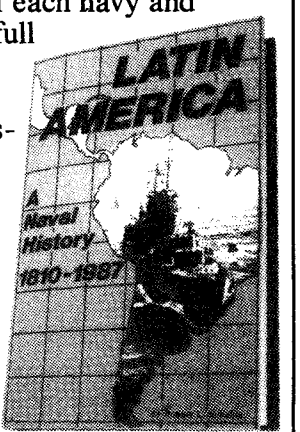

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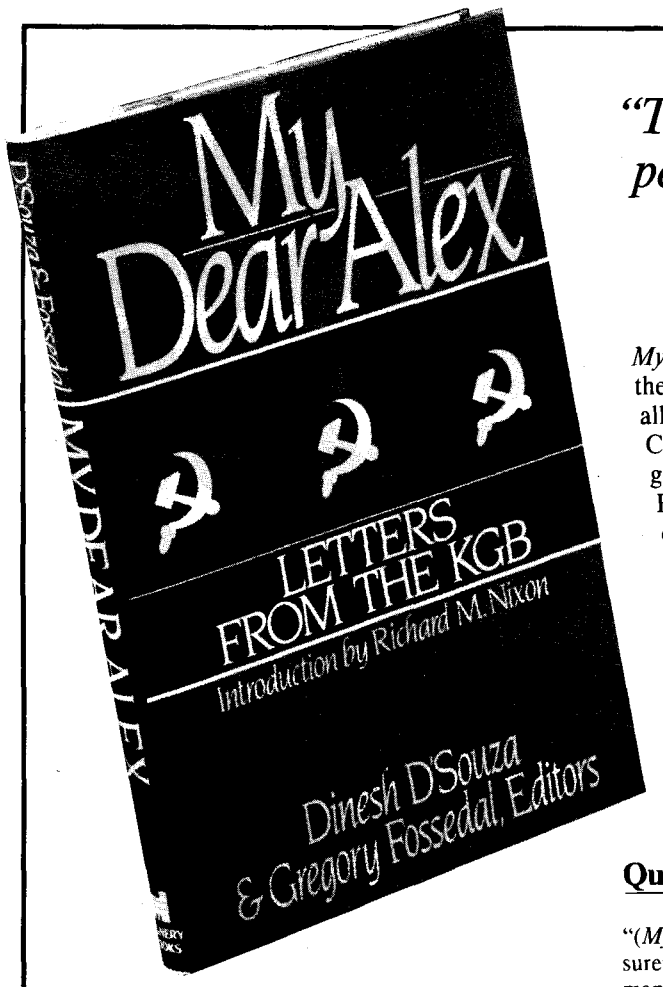

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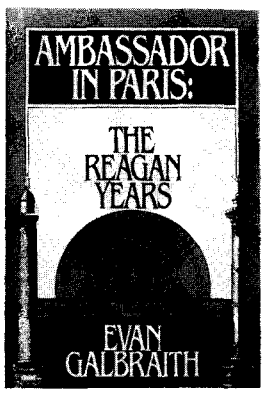

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CENTRAL AMERICA'S HIDDEN REFUGEES

by Richard E. Burr

For the past few years, the American public has been inundated with reports about refugees fleeing Central America. The attention has concentrated on Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees, smuggled into the United States by the so-called sanctuary movement, who tell of hardship and repression under their authoritarian, U.S.-backed governments.

Meanwhile, the press has not shown much interest in the plight of another, growing group of exiles. Their government also has committed many human-rights violations. They are Nicaraguans, Central America's silent refugees—silent, because few reporters and human-rights groups have aggressively investigated how many Nicaraguans are refugees, and why.

Now the Puebla Institute, a New York-based lay Roman Catholic human-rights group, has challenged this indifference with a report titled, "Fleeing Their Homeland."[1] The most important discovery in the Puebla report is the magnitude of the Nicaraguan refugee problem. After talking to refugee officials in Honduras and Costa Rica, the Puebla delegation (Nina Shea, the Institute's Washington director, and Ronald Radosh, a City University of New York history professor) found that about 314,000 documented and undocumented Nicaraguans have fled their country since 1979, when the Sandinistas came to power—57,000 to Honduras, 107,000 to Costa Rica, and 150,000 to the United States. This represents at least 10 percent of Nicaragua's population of three million (as estimated in 1979); it does not include Nicaraguan refugees now living in El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico, Canada, and other countries, whose numbers are harder to estimate.

For this and other reasons, Shea writes that the 314,000 figure is a conservative estimate; indeed, the State Department says that as many as 500,000 Nicaraguans may have fled since 1979. Whatever the precise figure, Jose Esteban Gonzalez, the exiled founder of Nicaragua's Permanent Commission on Human Rights, has said unequivocally, "There are now more exiles than in all forty-five years of Somoza." In fact, said Serge Male, a French administrator of the U.N. High Commission on Refugees program in Honduras, "Nicaraguan refugees now compose the majority of refugees fleeing from countries in Central America."

Some specifics will convey the difficulties encountered by those trying to enumerate the refugee problem. The Honduran government had registered about 24,000 total Nicaraguan refugees by 1986, the most ever and up 39 percent from the year before. The number of arriving Nicaraguan refugees even surpassed the number of Salvadoran refugees, who had formerly made up the largest migration into Honduras during the 1980s. The same holds true for Costa Rica, where already in 1983 refugees from Nicaragua exceeded those from El Salvador. Over the next two years, the number of registered exiles arriving from Nicaragua increased to more than 6,000 a year. By 1986, the Costa Rican government reported a total of approximately 22,000 registered Nicaraguan refugees.

Most Nicaraguan exiles, however, live in these countries illegally and are unregistered by the government. This allows the refugees greater mobility and a better chance to find work, particularly on farms. Thus in Costa Rica, government, press, and relief agency *total* estimates swing from 85,000 to 200,000; in Honduras, the range is from 30,000 to 100,000. The *Washington Post*'s Julia Preston, in a break with the media's general silence on the issue, reported in February that as many as 24,000 Nicaraguan exiles live outside the U.N. camps along Honduras's southern border alone.

The Honduran numbers are made more ambiguous by the great flux in the Miskito Indian population as it moves into and out of Nicaragua. When the Sandinista army attacked Indian villages along the Rio Coco in late March 1986, more than 10,000 Miskitos fled to Honduras. According to sources Shea considers reliable, however, between one-third and one-half of these Indians later returned to Nicaragua for a variety of reasons, including a Sandinista peace proposal. Miskitos have always made up the largest number of Nicaraguan exiles in Honduras, easily exceeding the documented number of Spanish-speaking *ladinos*. But the mix has been changing rapidly. In 1983, there were about 13,800 Miskitos compared with about 2,500 *ladinos*, a more than five to one ratio. But by last year, the number of *ladinos* had grown to about 8,200 compared with 16,000 Miskitos. This apparently reflects a growing Sandinista crack-down on the rest of the population, which is suffering more human-rights abuses than before. For example, while several non-Indian refugees told the Puebla delegation that the government wanted to confiscate their family-size farms and resettle them, the Sandinistas in 1985 partially reversed their policy of forcibly relocating the Indians from their homes into government-controlled camps.

No official consensus exists on the number of Nicaraguan exiles in the United States. Officially, only 4,360 Nicaraguans have received asylum since 1979. But Shea says the press frequently reports that 100,000 Nicaraguans alone live in the Miami area, which is also a haven for Cuban exiles. These refugees and others may now become documented and the official figures increase, because of the Supreme Court's *Cardoza* v. *Fonseca* decision this year, which relaxed the standard of proof for asylum applicants. In response, Attorney General Edwin Meese recently directed the Immigration and Naturalization Service to encourage more Nicaraguans to seek refuge here, because a high proportion of Nicaraguan applicants for asylum in the past have proved that they have a well-founded fear of persecution if they were to be deported.

The cause of this hemorrhage of people from Nicaragua is Sandinista persecution and harassment—including, according to Shea and Radosh, restrictions of freedom of religion and conscience, military draft evasion, and economic hardship and reprisals. But their interviews with more than one hundred randomly selected refugees, mostly *campesinos*, revealed some previously unreported and under-reported human-rights abuses. Of the group surveyed in the four U.N. camps in Honduras and Costa Rica, Shea writes: "None of the refugees . . . testified to contra abuses or said that they had left for that reason." This despite the fact that some of the refugees did not support the insurgency (although certainly some were sympathizers). So the contras may not be their own worst enemy, turning the people against the insurgency with alleged atrocities, as some experts have been recently suggesting. (Nevertheless, newspaper reporters need to get into the countryside to confirm whether this is a trend or an aberration. Even neo-Stalinist Alexander Cockburn of the *Nation* has complained, from New York, that some journalists cover the Nicaraguan war from their hotel rooms in Managua.)

What does seem to be emerging, according to the exiles, is a pattern of Sandinista military attacks over the last

[1]Available from the Puebla Institute, 44 W. 36th St., New York, NY 10018.

Richard E. Burr is an editorial writer for the Detroit News, *where he also edits the op-ed page.*

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three years against civilians in the sparsely populated central and southern Zelaya region, where the contras actively operate. "Approximately 50 adults, representing nearly every refugee the Puebla delegation interviewed in the Costa Rican camps," Shea writes, "told of fleeing from surprise strafing or bombing attacks by the Sandinista Popular Army."

In all, the exiles recounted thirteen such incidents since 1984, with six coming in the last year. "Refugees from the same village were able to corroborate each other's accounts," Shea writes. "In some cases, the same story was reported by former neighbors who were now in two different camps, each locked and guarded by armed Costa Rican Security officials and separated from each other by a 45-minute drive over rough rural roads." It is almost impossible to confirm the accuracy of the reports further since the area in question is inaccessible.

The attacks usually would begin without warning, the refugees told Radosh and Shea, with aerial bombing and automatic fire that seemed designed to destroy everything: homes, workers, livestock. Soldiers sometimes would follow with mop-up operations, in the process apparently making no effort to distinguish between military and civilian targets, or even between the young and old, or men, women, and children. "Most of the refugees said that armed rebels had either passed through their villages or were several miles away," Shea says. Contras weren't present during the attacks, the refugees said, and there apparently was not any crossfire or return fire during the attacks, which might excuse some killings as being accidental or the result of combat.

The most recent assault confirmed by the Puebla delegation occurred on December 9, 1986, in Punta Gorda, a town on the Atlantic Ocean coast. Teofilo Garcia Garcia, a preacher and farmer, recalled the attack to the Puebla delegation just four days after he and 56 other villagers arrived from their six-week walk to the Costa Rican refugee camp:

> I saw bombing with six helicopters. They used grenades and automatic weapons. . . . There was no warning, they only wanted to kill us. If they warned us, we would have fled before. We left quickly, but we saw people who were killed in the river, including a 70-year-old man I recognized, named Gilberto. I took my wife and eight children and left the same day. We had to leave everything we owned behind.

These assaults have continued into the spring, refugees recently told James LeMoyne of the *New York Times*, with soldiers even firing on a group of refugees attempting to cross the San Juan River on the Nicaragua-Costa Rica border. They say at least seven unarmed peasants were killed.

Before the assaults, some refugees said, Sandinista officials had called them "contra collaborators" who provided food, shelter, or information. "It is possible that some may have collaborated with the contras and that their farms had provided the contras with a source of food," Shea says in the report. "That some may have given food to the contras or that some contras may have been mingled with the villagers does not justify lethal military assaults on a peasant community at large."

The human rights organization Americas Watch followed up the Puebla delegation and also heard stories of atrocities from refugees in Costa Rica. The group detailed more than ten reported incidents in which the Sandinista security forces shot, wounded, and abducted unarmed civilians. But Alita Payne, an associate at Americas Watch, emphasized that the accounts have not been confirmed, something the group, rather naively, has asked the Sandinista government to do.

The Sandinista army's acts seem to reflect a government counter-insurgency strategy aimed at undermining any contra network that may have sprouted in the villages. Support or potential support for the insurgency is being eliminated by killing people or causing them to flee elsewhere with meager, if any, belongings. This would seem to account for much of the massive refugee movements into Costa Rica.

Those who aren't fortunate enough to flee to safety face the very real possibility of arbitrary arrest or detention. Almost one-third of the about 80 adult men interviewed in the refugee camps had been imprisoned by the government during the past six years. One exile from Nueva Segovia, Jose Esteban Marin, said he has been detained six times between 1980 and 1983 without facing a judge.

Most former detainees did not know why they were held, insisting they were not actively involved in any labor union or political group. Indeed, the fact that they weren't involved in any other groups, especially such government organizations as the Sandinista Defense Committees, may have aroused the government's suspicion. Many of the men, predominantly farmers, said others in their area were arrested simultaneously, perhaps in a coordinated roundup. They were held as long as fifteen months without charge in the State Security detention centers, where detainees are held before being charged or tried and where, according to confirmed reports, a number have been tortured.

It is impossible to verify the prison conditions the refugees complain of because the government won't even let into its State Security facilities the International Committee of the Red Cross, which routinely visits prisoners and detainees over the world in confidential agreements with host countries. Nicaragua's state of emergency also prevents the ascertaining of a detainee's well-being through *habeas corpus*. Rounding out these practices, which Amnesty International classifies as "preconditions of torture," is the frequent incommunicado interrogation of detainees for periods of two to four weeks or longer. Taken all together, these detention practices easily amount to violations of international human-rights standards against arbitrary detention and torture.

Meanwhile, the Sandinistas' resettlement programs, similar to that employed against the Miskitos in 1981, have proceeded even though, some refugees said, no fighting had occurred in their area; without explanation, they were ordered to move into state-run farms and settlements. There are signs of internal protest of these abuses—a new movement has recently been formed of 4,000 Nicaraguan mothers and other relatives of prisoners, which recalls similar movements in Argentina and Guatemala where the people protested widespread atrocities. Unfortunately, in Nicaragua the situation doesn't promise to improve.

Refugee officials told the Puebla delegation that they have little hope the Nicaraguan exile population will significantly decline soon. In fact, as Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sanchez noted ominously in February, the number of Nicaraguans in his country would double or triple if the fighting continued—or, more significantly, if Nicaraguans lost all hope of having "a pluralistic regime that respects individual liberties." As the Puebla figures on Nicaraguan refugees suggest, the Sandinistas' suppression of democracy and human rights has prompted voting of a different sort—voting with the feet. □

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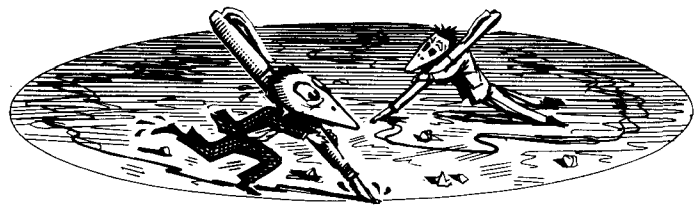

A NEW AGE LOBBY UNREPENTANT

by Chester E. Finn, Jr.

One might well have expected, as leaders of the National Education Association gathered in early July for its 125th annual meeting, that sheer self-interest would dictate a shift in the thinking that has guided it in recent years. Only an impulse toward self-destruction would induce a teachers' union knowingly to allow itself to become—and then to remain—the nation's premier defender of the educational status quo at a time when the public is responding to the boldest and farthest-reaching school reform movement in memory.

Yet here is some of what the 8,000 delegates did in Los Angeles:

•Rejected the idea that all new teachers should be obliged to hold the "national certificate" that a Carnegie-sponsored panel is now developing in order to foster higher standards and greater professionalism among teachers. Any such certification, the delegates made clear, would have to be voluntary—on the part of the teacher.

•Insisted that NEA members, to serve on the board that will confer those national certificates, must first undergo "training" at the hands of the NEA. (This is professionalism?)

•Endorsed the distribution of birth control devices by school clinics.

•Opposed mandatory AIDS testing for teachers and other school employees and also opposed drug-and-alcohol testing of students. (The NEA, one recalls, has long fought testing teachers and students for knowledge and skills, too.)

Not everything the delegates worked on had to do with schooling. They also voted to oppose the confirmation of Judge Robert Bork; to lobby for a degree-granting "peace academy" in lieu of the military academies; and to denounce efforts to make English the official language of the United States.

Less widely reported was that delegates received studies and pondered recommendations from various committees. The "Standing Committee on Peace and International Relations," for example, urged increased efforts to "enhance member understanding of the operation, programs and value of the United Nations and its specialized agencies in achieving peace and improved quality of life throughout the world."

Perhaps most brazen and least credible, the "Standing Committee on National Public Relations" asserted that "recognition of the Association as a positive force for quality education has increased," that "NEA's investment in advertising and public relations has returned big dividends," and that "efforts to heighten the positive image of the Association among the public and members should be continued and strengthened." Among the committee's specific PR recommendations: a "class size offensive action plan" (sic) organized around the theme that "small classes lead to better education." Though this proposition is "debated among 'experts' and education reformers," the committee acknowledged, the fact that it is surely unproved and quite possibly untrue ought not slow the initiative. After all, it "has credibility on face value."

The convention could have been worse. Delegates declined to urge that the United States provide "economic reconstruction" aid to the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua (but the union persists in its unyielding opposition to any aid to the contras). And they referred to the organization's executive committee a decision on whether to endorse a "gay rights" march on Washington.

But it was bad enough. Lots more bricks were piled onto the walls of militancy and mediocrity. Resolution after resolution added rights and benefits, threw more issues into collective bargaining, narrowed the discretion and flexibility given to administrators and policy-makers, and sought to close loopholes whereby something the association dislikes might turn up with a different label. For example, the NEA cannot abide any sort of "merit pay" or differentiation among teachers on the basis of performance. So the convention stipulated that national certification (even though voluntary) could not be used for salary differences. And that the "mentor teacher" programs being installed in some states and localities, to scrutinize novices and offer them advice from veterans and to confer added status and pay on the best of those veterans, may be used "solely for the development of professional expertise," i.e., not for performance evaluation.

Similarly, while the NEA's hatred of education "vouchers" is well known, more and more communities are adopting such mechanisms as "magnet schools" whereby students and parents may not come into possession of an actual "chit" but can in fact choose their schools on the basis of differences and preferences, with some schools gaining and other schools losing students in consequence. Though such arrangements typically function within public education and thus don't raise the specter of aid to private schools, the NEA remains implacable. Hence it modified its old anti-voucher resolution to incorporate opposition to "funding formulas that have the same effect as vouchers." And faced by the new (though minuscule) menace of parents who prefer to teach their own children at home, the Association declared flatly that "home instruction programs by parental preference cannot provide the child with an adequate educational experience" and that the only tolerable kind would involve a state-approved curriculum and be taught by "persons who meet state education licensure requirements."

We all know what a splendid form of instructional quality control those state licensure requirements are, consisting primarily of methods courses taken in colleges of education. But this is characteristic of the NEA. For all its radical posturings on national and international issues, its fundamental stance regarding educational practice is profoundly stodgy: don't change a thing and, if you must, then change it only by doing more of the same.

The 1988 presidential elections loomed on the horizon in Los Angeles, too. Four Democratic hopefuls (Babbitt, Gephardt, Jackson, Simon) turned up to greet the delegates and kiss the ring of the union whose members occupied some 270 delegate (and eighty-five alternate) chairs at the 1984 Democratic convention. Nary a Republican showed his face.

Presumably any candidate endorsement will come next spring—or sooner, if the powerful executive committee makes a decision without consulting members. Following the pattern established in 1976, the candidate of choice will surely be a Democrat, though according even to NEA surveys only 43 percent of teachers are Democrats (while 29 percent are Republicans, 28 percent unaffiliated). Perhaps more noteworthy, two-thirds describe their political philosophy as conservative or tending toward conservatism.

NEA support for a candidate is not inconsequential. Besides serving as convention delegates, NEA members are influential in state primaries and caucuses—as schoolteachers, they are marvelously well distributed across the country—and the NEA's "PAC" is among the richest in the country. Jimmy Carter's obligation to the NEA for its endorsement in 1976 (the first year the association endorsed a presidential candidate) resulted in the Department of Education.

Because the present reform movement is not "Potomacentric," there is not much opportunity (outside of presidential elections) for the NEA to make mischief for the whole country all at once. But the NEA and its intertwined affiliates cast their spells in the state houses, where most serious matters of education policy are decided: whether to raise standards of achievement for students, whether teachers have to pass basic literacy tests, whether

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good teachers should be paid more than bad ones. And not only does the union oppose sound proposals at the time of their initial airing when they are most publicized; it will relentlessly chip away at a policy long after it is underway and the public, presuming the change permanent, has turned to other matters. A particularly egregious example has lately occurred in Tennessee where former Governor Lamar Alexander's celebrated "career ladder"—by which teachers can advance in status and pay on the basis of their performance—has been seriously undermined, largely due to the efforts of the Tennessee Education Association. No longer, for example, are new teachers obliged to climb that ladder; it's optional, like everything else the NEA doesn't approve of but cannot defeat outright. And now the licenses given to teachers aboard the ladder will last for ten years at a time instead of five. Under consideration in Nashville is a further change that would allow teachers to ascend the ladder (and salary scale) simply by engaging in in-service training rather than by demonstrating skill in the classroom.

So far as one can tell, the NEA's leadership neither reflects the views nor represents the interests of the association's members. This is not, of course, the first union in history of which this could be said. But it's a particular problem at a time when the United States needs better education and when teachers need more exacting standards. On all counts, the NEA leadership invites just the opposite. Why does the membership tolerate it? It's likely that most teachers are not especially political and are a good deal more involved with what is happening in their classrooms, schools, and communities than with their union's antics at the state and national levels. Indeed, save for what they read in the NEA's colorful, upbeat, and slightly puerile monthly magazine,[1] most members probably don't know a great deal about such things as resolutions passed, positions taken, legislation influenced, and candidates financed by their Association. Those who relish these activities gravitate to conventions and board memberships, and thus end up making decisions on behalf of their far more numerous—and less radical—colleagues.

The follies of this latest convention produced at least one flicker of latent revolt. "NEA resolutions tick off N.D. teachers," read a headline in the *Bismarck Tribune* on July 7. A number of Bismarck-area teachers were dismayed by accounts of what their union had done in Los Angeles. One high school teacher, Tim Erhardt, for example, was concerned about "the direction the NEA is going." "It's becoming too political," Erhardt said. "What's NEA doing sticking its nose in those issues? It's getting away from what they should be addressing." As for distributing contraceptives in schools, North Dakota NEA members disapprove. "I'm definitely against it," said Bismarck teacher Esther Sipes. But of course she is only a member, not a delegate. "You had to be in Los Angeles to understand," responded Bismarck Education Association president Barbara Livermont, who naturally was present at the convention and voted for the resolution, though she conceded, "I don't think many of our local members would advocate it here."

Dakotan discontent is itself not enough to change the NEA's direction or remake its leadership. This union of more than a million members is a behemoth now quite set in its baleful ways. But most American teachers are sensible folk who truly deserve better representation than they are getting from the NEA. American students, parents, voters, and taxpayers need better than they are getting from their largest association of educators. □

[1]See my "Teachers' Tabloid," *TAS*, March 1985.

Orthodox Catholics: DON'T DESPAIR!

Anne Roche Muggeridge, daughter-in-law of convert Malcolm Muggeridge, has said in her recent book, *The Desolate City: Revolution in the Catholic Church* (Harper & Row): "Because the integrity of its message has been betrayed, the Catholic Church is in ruins. Yet even now there are converts, of exceptionally high quality, and their number is increasing with the tenure of the present Pope. Catholics watched with a mixture of pity and amusement as the excellent Anglo-Catholic *New Oxford Review* argued and agonized itself into the [Roman] Catholic Church. I know a substantial number of recent converts like this and am much edified by their purity and ardour. Seven of them are my godchildren, and I must confess that some of us, to our shame, earnestly tried to delay them, on the grounds of the growing disorder in the Catholic Church. They forced their way past us anyway, thank God. They come because at the highest level of Catholic teaching, the doctrine of the faith, though much embattled, remains uncompromised and is as fearlessly proclaimed by John Paul II as by Peter, Paul, Ignatius, or Augustine. These new Catholics and the extraordinary Pope to whom they belong are a very present comfort when one is tempted to despair."

Over the last quarter century, the number of converts to Roman Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now, a new wave of converts is entering the Church. What's more, contrary to the shibboleth that Catholicism is a superstitious religion for the ignorant, an unusually high proportion of the new Catholics consists of writers and intellectuals. Among them, it may be hoped, is another Chesterton, another Maritain, another Newman, another Ronald Knox, another Dorothy Day, another Gerard Manley Hopkins, another Edith Stein – converts all.

The new converts are not attracted to the diluted Catholicism of the Hans Kungs, the Charles Currans, or those who sign ads favoring legal abortion. No, they are attracted by the Catholicism of the ages, the Magisterium, and the inspiring leadership of the current Pope.

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine that takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England. Today there is a new Oxford Movement afoot in America. Among the converts to Roman Catholicism who write for the REVIEW are Paul C. Vitz, George William Rutler, Sheldon Vanauken, John C. Cort, Walker Percy, Thomas Howard, L. Brent Bozell, James J. Thompson Jr., and Peter Kreeft. But the REVIEW isn't just for converts. Most of our writers are cradle Catholics and a significant minority belongs to various other churches. Amazingly, while the REVIEW is a lightning rod for "papist" pilgrims, it is also ecumenical in spirit. And we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's reflective and believing Christian.

If you want to recapture the excitement of when you first really believed, if you feel inundated by "bad news" about the Church, if you despair of all the moral laxity and doubt and dissension within her portals but seek a remedy for that despair, or if you're searching for a "face" of Catholicism that is spiritually vibrant, solidly prolife, doctrinally sound, and socially engaged, it's time for you to subscribe to the NEW OXFORD REVIEW!

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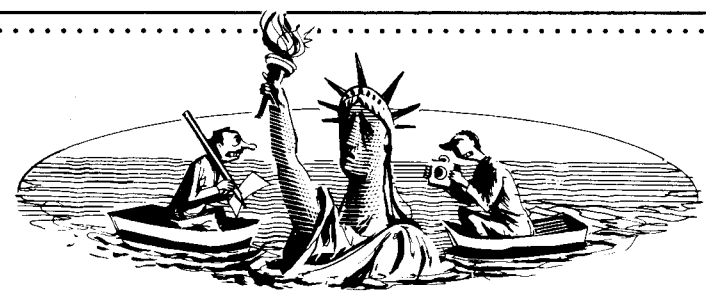

HOT TIMES ON THE POTOMAC

by Michael Ledeen

We are all suffering from withdrawal after the Iran-Contra Committee hearings, which thankfully lasted until the vacation season set in. But those journalists whose vacations didn't coincide with the end of the hearings let out a plaintive cry: Why stop now? For some days, many of our leading newspapers occupied themselves with something that didn't happen—no more witnesses—and they tried to uncover some nefarious purpose behind the quite understandable decision of committee senators and congressmen (not a single female, by the way) to call it quits and head for the beaches.

The *Wall Street Journal*—which, it must be said, has generally distinguished itself in its coverage of the Iran-contra story—set the pace by speculating, with the help of the usual unnamed committee sources, that Senator Inouye and his colleagues didn't want to delve too deeply into Israel's role in the affair. The *Journal* pointed out that Inouye had received more campaign contributions from pro-Israel PACs than any other member of the committees (although the grand total of such contributions to all committee members was barely $250,000, not much in modern campaign terms), and speculated that fear of information damaging to Israel was perhaps one reason why *I* had not been called.

This was a new twist on my own imagined role in the Iran initiative, for heretofore the nastiest stories about me were those suggesting that I was some sort of Israeli agent; now I was someone with such nasty things to say about Israel that the committees dared not hear me out.

For once I rally to the support of the committees: as the record of my depositions will show, I didn't (and don't) have any particularly sensational information about Israel. What I had to say was, so far as I can tell, already on the public record. If anything, my experiences with the Israelis suggested that there was precious little in the way of a hidden Israeli agenda, and I suspect the most useful thing I had to say to the committee staffers who took my depositions was to remind them that the Israeli government was as divided as the American Administration.

Still, at this time of year, with the hearings over, almost anything becomes newsworthy.

Looking Backwards

With the passage of time, we can now look back at some of the more spectacular journalistic excesses, and try to take stock of where we stand. My candidate for Most Egregious Sin in the coverage of the Iran-contra story was the suggestion, originating in a hitherto-unknown rag (the Lowell, Massachusetts *Sun*), that money raised by Oliver North and Carl "Spitz" Channell for the contras had been funneled into conservative political campaigns. This story made the front page of the *New York Times* in December, and ran, if my memory serves me well, on every major radio and television network. I think we can conclude by now that the story was false, since no one has been able to confirm it.

In singling out the *Times* we should recognize that that publication has been uniquely good about admitting error, and correcting the record. The same cannot be said about other leading newspapers. I give you a simple example, from my own experience. The day after Attorney General Edwin Meese testified, the *Wall Street Journal* ran a summary of his remarks, which contained a sentence claiming that Meese had said that I had gone to him in November 1986, to encourage him to support another arms shipment to Iran. This irritated me for two reasons: first, I had not done it (indeed, my opposition to the arms-for-hostages policy is well documented on the public record); second, Meese had not said it. I asked my lawyers to bring this to the attention of the *Journal*'s editors. They wrote back arguing that it was reasonable for their journalists to conclude from Meese's remarks (which mentioned only that I felt the "first channel," including Manucher Ghorbanifar, might still be useful) that I was talking about an arms shipment. No correction, and no apology. By the time you read these words, perhaps the *Journal*'s editors will have settled for the simple truth: Meese didn't say it, and the *Journal* was wrong to say he said it.

Glasnost and Disinformation

"Iron Mike" Gorbachev certainly gets away with murder, but it's only a matter of time before we come sadly to the

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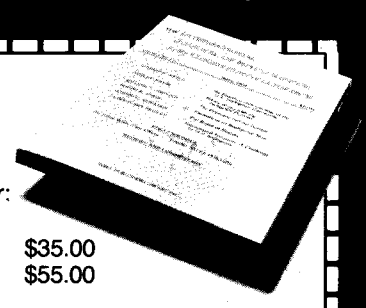

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conclusion that he's been doing it with mirrors. Remember all the stories that followed the sensational flight of a West German boy into Red Square in his little airplane? Within a couple of days, the Soviets had put out the story that the pilot, Mathias Rust, would be released, and the whole prank would be quickly forgotten. Valentin Falin, the official spokesman for the Kremlin, told the world on July 8 that Rust would be freed "within a few hours or a few days." He's still in the slammer, and his trial will probably start in the autumn. But we haven't heard any protests, either, about the treatment of Rust or about the lies put out by the Kremlin.

Interestingly enough, at the same time that Comrade Falin was lying about the Rust affair, the Soviet press—deep in the throes of *Glasnost*-ization—was censoring remarks by the German president, Richard von Weizsaecker, who had the temerity to quote Karl Marx to the Russians: "No person opposes freedom; he at most opposes the freedom of others," adding, "but freedom is the freedom of people with other views." This would seem to have been a perfect slogan for Gorbachev's people to use in their campaign for the liberalization of the Soviet Union; instead it fell under the censor's scalpel.

Glasnost has kicked off all manner of debate inside the Soviet Union, some positive (the economy is a disaster, and everyone now says so), some awful (there is a new wave of anti-Semitism). But it has not put an end to a mounting campaign of anti-American disinformation. Early in August, for example, a forgery of a letter allegedly sent from the late CIA Director William Casey to Heritage Foundation President Edwin Feulner emerged in India. As you might imagine, the forgery had Casey congratulating Heritage for their study on "how to destabilize India." There were quick results: the Indians rioted, smashing an American cultural center.

Next month, I shall examine in detail a fascinating Greek disinformation campaign, which is particularly interesting in light of the libel trial in London this past spring, in which *Ethnos*, the most popular Greek daily, failed to convince a British jury that the *Economist*'s "Foreign Report" had wrongfully accused *Ethnos* of being a mouthpiece of Soviet propaganda. In the course of that trial, the *Economist* called a KGB defector, Ilya Dzhirkvelov, to testify for the defense. Dzhirkvelov had some interesting things to say about the purpose of Soviet propaganda efforts in Greece—especially those aimed at the creation of a KGB-controlled newspaper there:

Q: What were you trying to achieve in relation to Greece in particular?
A: The Central Committee was—apart from Austria, which was neutral and apart from Finland, up in the north of Europe, we needed to have a non-socialist country which would be a very close ally of ours in our attempts to break up the North Atlantic Alliance and get rid of American bases and at the same time drive a wedge between relations in the Western European countries and the United States of America.

As will be seen, this was precisely what *Ethnos*—and several other Greek newspapers—were aiming at in July and August 1986, when they published a truly remarkable series of lies about American policy in Greece. But that's a long story.

Outstanding Achievements

A few months ago, when I wrote about the coverage of the spectacular diversion of submarine technology from Japan and Norway to the Soviet Union ("Exposing a Disaster," *TAS*, July 1987), I praised the *Detroit News* and its crack Washington correspondent, John Peterson. This was the first American publication to give proper treatment to the story, which by now has erupted into one of the major international scandals of the decade. There has been a lot of press and congressional comment on the affair, and there is a mood to punish the Japanese and the Norwegians for their treachery, perhaps banning imports from the two companies involved (Toshiba and Kongsberg). Once again, the *Detroit News* has thought more deeply about the matter than have the more glamorous publications, and has suggested that the proper course of action is to insist that these two countries spend substantially more on defense, and tighten up their espionage laws and their enforcement. I offer you this excerpt from a beautifully reasoned editorial on July 7:

> At the bottom of the propeller fiasco is defense "free-riding" by our allies. They have grown so accustomed to America bearing the burden of common defense that their citizens seem to think little of doing business with the enemy. The objective of Congress should be to reverse that trend, thus strengthening the defense of all. Trade bashing is negative, counterproductive, and adds nothing to defense.

Isn't that right? Join me, dear readers, in cancelling our subscriptions to the *Washington Post* (which blew the whole story) and subscribing to the splendid *Detroit News*.

Blowing Sources

Just a short note on *Newsweek*'s decision to identify Ollie North as the source of a story on the *Achille Lauro* incident. There is a mini-debate raging on this matter, with journalists, editors, and publishers taking sides on the propriety of exposing a source. We will do well to keep our eye on the ball: the media consider themselves to be the rightful heirs of the secret intelligence service. Once upon a time, the CIA—and its cousins in the executive branch—believed they had an absolute right to maintain the secrecy of their sources and methods. This pretension was destroyed in the seventies, and the media have claimed these prerogatives for themselves. Having the power to keep secrets, the media also decide when to "burn" one of their agents if the agent behaves in a manner the media don't like. Hence the treatment of North. It has nothing to do with ethics; it is a way of serving notice on the world. *Newsweek* is simply saying, "We want leaks, but if a leaker does something we don't like, we will not hesitate to burn him." That accomplishes a double objective: it reasserts the power of the media, and introduces a code of political behavior into the relationship. *Newsweek* decided it didn't like North (and, after all, having left government, he couldn't serve *Newsweek* any longer, could he?), so it did away with his cover.

It was, no doubt, the politicization of the question that led to the exposure of Senator Patrick Leahy as the source of the leaked copy of the Senate Select Intelligence Committee report. Since a conservative leaker was identified by *Newsweek*, retribution was taken out on a liberal source (again, someone who, having left his post on the Intelligence Committee, was no longer in a position to provide such juicy leaks).

This will not last long, however; the media have every interest in protecting at least some of their moles in the government. Otherwise, journalists might have to go out there and work hard for their stories. □

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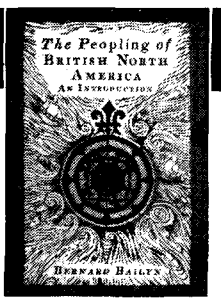

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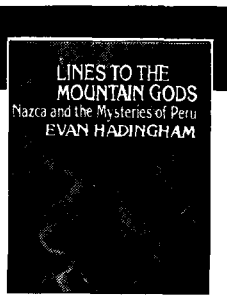

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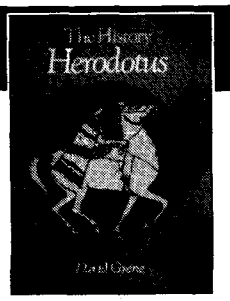

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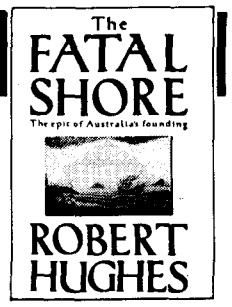

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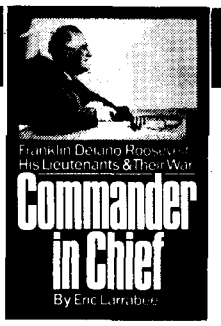

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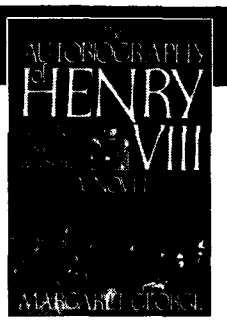

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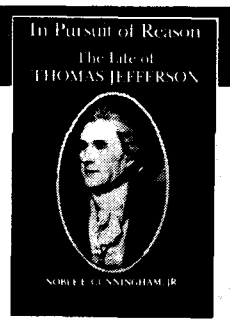

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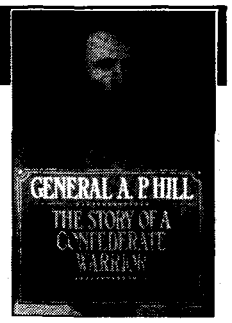

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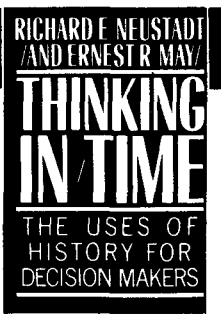

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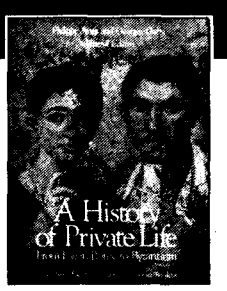

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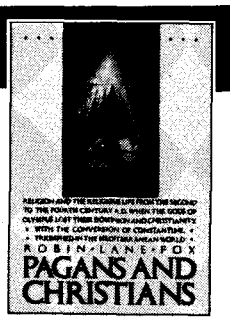

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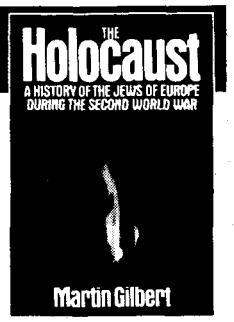

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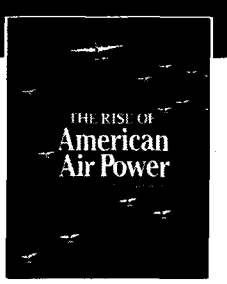

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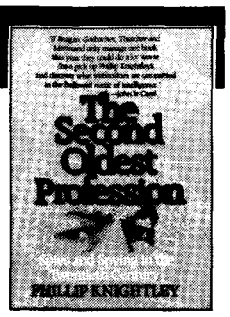

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SHALL WE REGISTER YOUTH?

by Doug Bandow

When Jimmy Carter reimposed draft registration following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Ronald Reagan was one of the program's severest critics. Candidate Reagan argued that the sign-up would "do little to enhance our military preparedness" and would run counter to "the very values that our society is committed to defending." A brief two years later, however, after his election and a bitter internal Administration fight, President Reagan decided to retain registration. The program stands today as one of Jimmy Carter's enduring legacies.

Some supporters of the sign-up view it as a symbol of military toughness and resolve; others argue, more abstractly, that the program enforces a basic civic obligation. But the most serious justification for registration—the one the present Administration clings to—is that it will speed up the induction of young men for active service; that it is the best method to ensure our preparedness in the event of an emergency mobilization.

To determine the impact of peacetime registration on America's military preparedness one must ask four different questions:

- Are current manpower requirements exaggerated?
- Would enough people be available without registration?
- Is it possible to accelerate a post-mobilization sign-up?
- Is the current program more efficient than its alternatives?

Unless the answer to all four questions is "no," the draft sign-up does not advance America's security.

It is extremely difficult to project wartime manpower needs—an estimate which drives the entire registration program—because it's never apparent ahead of time what the casualty rate in the prospective conflict will be. What is clear, however, is that the Pentagon's official manpower requirements have been based on its training capacity, not on some measure of combat necessity. That is, the Defense Department has historically asked Selective Service to provide more draftees more quickly simply because, first, space was available to train them, and second, because more draftees were available.

Indeed, in November 1980 the Defense Department (DOD) accelerated the induction schedule for the third time in three years, based on the improved ability of Selective Service to deliver draftees—because of registration. At the time Director Bernard Rostker told Congress, "Defense imposed this more demanding delivery schedule because peacetime registration makes earlier induction possible." In short, peacetime registration is now deemed necessary because we have peacetime registration.

But even assuming that DOD's requirements actually reflect America's security needs, advanced registration has value only if it provides manpower that would otherwise be unavailable. Official army figures demonstrate that this is not the case.

There are two issues: how many men could the army train, and are other sources of manpower available? Training capacity is critical because advanced registration saves time only if early inductees can be drilled immediately. Yet when Reagan agreed to retain the registration program in early 1982, he relied on wildly inflated Pentagon estimates of future training capacities, which were expected to double by 1986. In fact, these have grown only slightly; those alarming projections of thousands of wasted training slots, which pre-registration was designed to fill, were a mirage.

According to Pentagon specialists, the Army's current emergency training capacity is about 81,000 people within thirty days after the day of mobilization (M-plus-30) and 153,000 total by M-plus-60; another 18,000 men would be required for reception centers in order to maintain a constant troop flow. Many observers question whether the Army can handle so many people, but even if these figures are accurate, registration isn't required.

Before registration was instituted in 1980, DOD did not want the first draftee *until* M-plus-30. Richard Danzig, then Principal Duty Assistant Secretary of Defense, testified in 1979: "We have lots of uses for a training base before we would be terribly interested in raw recruits." That remains the case today. Four major categories of personnel would be available for training immediately after mobilization: Delayed Entry Program (DEP) participants, who have agreed to enter the service within a year but who could be called up immediately; reservists awaiting training (RAT), most of whom have just joined the reserves; Individual Ready Reserve (IRR) members, who must be retrained before being sent into combat; and volunteers.

The DEP program annually attracts about 40,500 recruits, but the Pentagon counts only 12,500 of these toward filling the training base. DOD excludes all 25,300 18-year-olds still in high school, because it is "army policy" not to take young men out of school. In an emergency, however, the military should rely first on individuals who have volunteered to serve; schools could give DEP members their diplomas as a matter of course. The Defense Department also does not count the 7,200 women in the DEP, even though it expects to enlist 80,000 women during the first six months after a mobilization. These female DEP volunteers could be quickly and usefully trained and deployed. So too with the pool of 22,000 RAT members: roughly 6,500 are in high school and 1,200 of the remainder are women, leaving the Pentagon estimate at just 14,300 "male availables."

Further, the Army estimates that 15,000 IRR members would have to be retrained, but this number is probably low. Just six years ago the official Army forecast was 21,000, and some DOD officials say privately that as many as 100,000 reservists would need refresher training.

Thus, if all available military personnel were called up, at least 77,500 training spaces would be filled; that total could hit 162,500, depending upon how many IRR members required retraining. Assuming a need for 99,000 inductees by M-plus-30 and 171,000 by M-plus-60, the maximum number of available spots would be 21,500 and 93,500, respectively.

Could America count on enough volunteers to fill such a gap? In the first thirty days after the attack on Pearl Harbor, approximately 42,000 men volunteered for regular army service; 49,000 joined during the second month. These figures actually understate the current volunteer potential because the number of young males has increased sharply. The equivalent

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number of volunteers today would be roughly 72,500 and 84,600, or a two-month total of 157,100.

In any case, there is good evidence that we wouldn't even need such a surge in enlistment. The Selective Service now estimates that with a peacetime sign-up it could deliver the first inductee for training on M-plus-13. Without pre-registration, it figures on M-plus-69. But in 1980, the Service developed a sophisticated post-mobilization sign-up under which the first draftee would arrive at camp on M-plus-17. Though the Carter Administration rejected this plan as overly optimistic, the Selective Service director nevertheless conceded that his agency could still meet DOD's requirements without advanced registration.

And a report by Reagan's Military Manpower Task Force, published in 1982, included as an option an accelerated program that expedited the handling of the names of those who faced early induction. In fact, this schedule—which would have provided the first draftee within thirty-six days—could have been advanced even further by, for example, storing registration materials in individual post offices and nearby postal centers rather than trucking them in after mobilization.

Moreover, the experience with previous mass registrations demonstrates that Selective Service could provide the first inductee earlier than M-plus-69 with a post-mobilization system. Congress authorized the draft on May 18, 1917; the first soldier was inducted on July 30, only seventy-three days later. In World War II the first inductee reported for duty sixty-three days after he had registered, earlier than the Selective Service System says a post-M-day plan would take today, despite the current system's vastly superior technology.

Selective Service also argues that the ongoing program would result in a total "yield"—compliance rate multiplied by data accuracy—far greater than would a post-M-day plan. But it is unclear how reliable the current list is. Though additional young men sign up over time, the peacetime data deteriorates rapidly as registrants move. A highly critical GAO report in 1982 estimated that 85 percent of young men did not notify Selective Service of their new addresses: "As a result, address information for between one-fifth and two-fifths of the registrants in the prime induction group . . . could be outdated. At the end of eight years (the end of draft eligibility), almost three-fourths of the addresses could be outdated."

Selective Service established a verification program in response to the GAO study, but the changes have never been officially tested. In 1985 Rep. Les Aspin revealed that of the 183 men then threatened with prosecution for failure to register, only 95 had actually been contacted by Selective Service. The sample may not be representative, but it's hard to have confidence in a system that reached barely half of those it intended to prosecute.

Government programs, once started, are hard to dismantle. In particular, Pentagon planners like the illusion of security that peacetime registration provides. So what is needed is a registration analogue of the All-Volunteer Force, something that provides a sure source of emergency manpower but is simultaneously consistent with America's tradition of individual liberty.

Consider a Reserve Volunteer Force (RVF), a pool of untrained volunteers who would be subject to immediate call-up upon mobilization. Using the Pentagon's highly pessimistic estimates, roughly 130,000 men are needed to guarantee sufficient manpower for two months. An additional, say, 20,000 members could be recruited to meet any unexpected contingencies.

RVF volunteers would sign up for a set term, during which they would be

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obligated to enter the military if activated during a national emergency. Members would receive a modest financial stipend, perhaps $100 annually, and would be invited to become part of the "military family" through involvement with the active forces, reserves, and service associations.

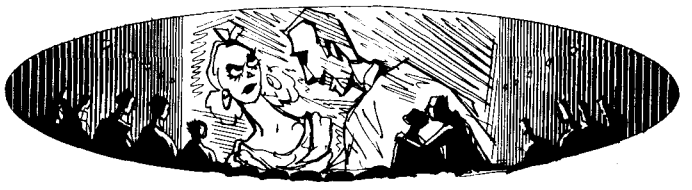
The RVF could provide an initial screening of volunteers' skills—such as knowledge of a foreign language or experience as a mechanic—to allow earlier induction of individuals who might meet a special need of the services. After developing a post-M-day registration plan to meet the Army's manpower requirements once the RVF is exhausted, the Selective Service would be placed in "deep standby," with only enough employees necessary to administer the RVF. Much of the Service's budget ($26.1 million in 1986) could be eliminated.

An RVF would offer the military a better source of emergency manpower than does the current system. Not only could RVF members help fill unique mobilization shortages, but these soldiers would automatically report once called up. Today potential draftees have to be classified and their claims for exemptions and "conscientious objector" status heard; Selective Service would have to issue 600,000 draft notices to assure 100,000 inductions.

Are there 150,000 young men ready to serve in the event of an emergency? Almost certainly yes. Not only did the number of recruits jump sharply after the bombing of the Marine barracks in Lebanon, but draft registrations also rose. Indeed, more young men also signed up after the invasion of Grenada and the Soviet downing of the Korean airliner. This phenomenon, said former Selective Service Director Thomas Turnage, "tells me that the young men of today love their country. They want to do their part in preserving their society."

With leading Democrats calling for a return to the draft, there would be no better way for the Administration to demonstrate its commitment to the volunteer military than to abolish registration. It's time to raise America's entire armed forces in a manner consistent with our fundamental principles of freedom, which the military is charged with defending. □

THE TALKIES



KUBRICK GOES TO WAR

by Bruce Bawer

No main title, no establishing shot: at the beginning of *Full Metal Jacket* Stanley Kubrick takes us straight from a dark screen into the stunningly bright interior of a Marine Corps boot camp barracks on Parris Island, South Carolina, where a steely-eyed drill instructor—seen in frightening close-up—is busy delivering a blistering welcoming address to his newly arrived young charges. What Kubrick's doing to us here is essentially equivalent to what the D.I. is doing to his soldiers: he's attempting to shock us into paying attention to him, into heeding with awe and humility his view of the world. One's reaction to this opening sequence—which is succeeded by a number of episodes that further illustrate the D.I.'s tyranny over his men—embodies an interesting contradiction. On the one hand, the sequence has a very realistic feel; on the other, the only reason one knows immediately what's happening here is that one has seen other military movies, and the part where the cold-blooded, insulting boot-camp D.I. introduces himself to the new men is of course one of the all-time military-movie cliches.

This sort of thing happens throughout *Full Metal Jacket*. In sequence after sequence, Kubrick combines graphic realism—and a masterly sense of pacing (within the sequence, at any rate)—with motifs that were already old hat when Kubrick made *Paths of Glory* in 1958. For example, when a squad of Marines, picking its way through the ruins of a Vietnamese city, finds itself being shot at by a sniper, the viewer knows immediately that the sniper will turn out to be either a woman or a child; similarly, when one of those Marines, in the course of inspecting a bombed-out building, happens upon a child's doll, one knows that he will touch the doll, and that it will explode.

The movie divides—somewhat before the halfway point—into two sections, each of which is structured in the manner of a short story and, accordingly, builds to its own climax. The first is set entirely on Parris Island; it is concerned with the effects of the D.I.'s rhetoric upon platoon number 3092, in particular upon a soldier named Lawrence, whom the D.I. singles out for special abuse. The second is set in Nam at the time of the Tet offensive. The two sections are bound together not by plot but, principally, by the fact that in both

of them the point-of-view figure—who now and again provides bits of mostly gratuitous narration—is a soldier known as Private Joker (Matthew Modine). Though he is the central character in this film, we don't get to know Joker very well; all we know, really, is that he is a decent person, a writer, and a wise guy—a rather cocky sort who manifestly fancies himself an intellectual. In Nam—where he works as a reporter for *Stars and Stripes*—Joker habitually wears both a peace button and a helmet on which he has scrawled the slogan "BORN TO KILL." When an officer notices the contradiction and asks him to explain, Joker replies, "I think I was trying to suggest something about the duality of man—the Jungian thing, sir."

Joker is not the only person in the movie who is profoundly cognizant of the duality of man. On the contrary, if there is anything original about Kubrick's characterization of the D.I., it resides in the emphasis that he places upon the D.I.'s intuitive awareness of this duality, of man's innate capacity to make both love and war. For it seems to be the D.I.'s goal, during the eight weeks of training at Parris Island, to convert (as fully as possible) his charges' hunger for love into a thirst for blood. Hence he continually compares killing to sexual intercourse, and likens rifles to male members or to women. Holding up a rifle, the D.I. tells his men, "You're married to this piece—this weapon of iron and wood"; he teaches them to chant: "I don't want no teenage queen; I just want my M-14."

The D.I.'s speeches are obsessively sexual. He taunts his men by calling them women or implying that they are homosexuals or masturbators; the last thing he says to them at bedtime is "Good night, ladies," and the first thing he says in the morning is "Drop your cocks and grab your socks." (One is frequently reminded, by the way, of the D.I. portrayed by Louis Gossett in *An Officer and a Gentleman*—and indeed, one of Gossett's lines reappears in this film's opening sequence. When the D.I. asks a soldier where he's from, the answer is Texas, and the D.I. says, "Only queers and steers come from Texas.") He tries to tap not only his soldiers' sex drives, furthermore, but also their religious instincts, telling them that "God has a hard-on for Marines because we kill everything we see. . . . We keep Heaven packed with fresh souls." In short, the D.I. tries to turn the platoon into a collection of murderers. The Marine Corps, he informs them, "does not want robots—the Marine Corps wants killers." He declares that Lee Harvey Oswald and Charles Whitman (of the University of Texas massacre), who were both Marines, "showed what a motivated Marine and his rifle can do." He trains his men to answer the question "What do we do for a living, ladies?" with the words, "Kill kill kill, sir."

If the D.I. bears down particularly

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hard on Private Lawrence—a corpulent, simple-minded soldier whom he dubs "Gomer Pyle"—it is because Lawrence seems to be the member of the platoon least likely to turn into an effective killer. He's a wimp: he can't get through the obstacle courses, he hides doughnuts in his footlocker. Yet after he has been tormented enough by the D.I.—and by his fellow privates as well, who resent the punishments that the D.I. inflicts upon them on account of Lawrence's failings—the fat, pathetic isolato develops a pathological attachment to his rifle (which he talks to, and names Charlene), eventually becoming the best shot in the platoon. The D.I. congratulates Lawrence for his turnaround. But on the night before the platoon is to leave Parris Island, Lawrence—with a frightfully insane look in his eye—picks up Charlene, blasts a huge hole through the D.I.'s midriff, then shoves the gun's barrel in his own mouth and blows off the top of his head. So ends the first section of the film.

It is a breathtaking fade-out, but it is also decidedly melodramatic, and—in the final analysis—not only dramatically unnecessary but actually harmful to Kubrick's thematic intention, which apparently is, in part, to convince us that we live in "a world of shit." Kubrick plainly wants it to be assumed that the story he tells of these particular Marines is in some way representative of the military experience; for him to conclude the first section of the film the way he does, however, is to suggest that his film presents an exaggerated, even a romantic, view of its subject. How many Marines, after all, kill their drill instructors and then commit suicide?

The more one thinks about it, in fact, the less plausible the whole story of Lawrence and the D.I. begins to seem. For one thing, would a young man who was this fat, this slow-witted, and this psychologically disturbed be admitted into the Marines in the first place? Was any D.I., moreover, ever as thoroughly inhuman as this one? For Kubrick doesn't show us any side of the man other than his kill-kill-kill persona. Though he is one of the film's major characters, we don't know where he is from, how he became this way, what his personal life consists of (but then, this is more or less true of Joker as well); he comes across less as a human being than as a conception of evil in the shape of a man, a symbolically charged Kubrickian variation on a military-movie stereotype.

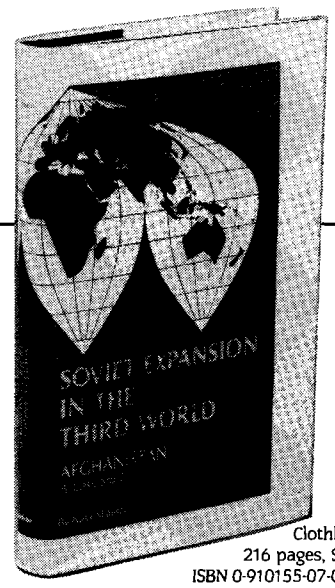
The second section of the film finds Joker in different surroundings and with a different supporting cast (the two main members of the previous supporting cast having been dispatched through the agency of Charlene). He and his photographer sidekick "Rafterman" are preparing to cover Ann-Margret's forthcoming visit to Nam when the Tet Offensive takes place. The results of the offensive are devastating. "It's a huge shit sandwich," Joker's editor tells a meeting of his staff, "and we're all gonna have to take a bite." (Joker's typically sardonic response: "Does this mean Ann-Margret's not coming?") Joker and Rafterman are sent to cover the fighting, and much of the rest of the movie consists of a sort of filmic equivalent of the article that one might imagine Joker writing. We are shown the bodies of a score of Vietnamese civilians murdered by North Vietnamese soldiers, shown a whore plying her wares among the American soldiery ("Sucky sucky?") and a thief snatching Rafterman's camera.

But mostly we're presented with vignettes of various types of American soldiers: the complacent, the thoughtful, the committed, the angry, the jaded. One soldier explains that "we are here to help the Vietnamese because inside every gook is an American trying to get out." Another says, "You think we waste gooks for freedom? If I'm gonna [kill] for a word, my word is poontang." And yet another complains, "We're supposed to be helping these people and they shit on us every chance they get." Every so often we come across a Xerox copy of Lawrence or the D.I. For instance, there's a soldier who brags about killing women and children, laughs crazily, and screams, "Ain't war hell?" all the while emptying his machine gun into a jungle from a speeding helicopter. And there's an officer who, after a skirmish with the VC, announces in a tone eerily reminiscent of the D.I. that "these people we wasted here today are the finest human beings in the world."

In order to provide a believable context for some of this speechifying, Kubrick shows a number of soldiers being interviewed by TV news reporters; it's a weak device, and Kubrick doesn't bring enough fresh insight to it to justify its employment here. He merely has the soldiers talk into the camera, each of them offering a different view of the war. ("I wanted to be the first kid on my block with a confirmed kill," says Joker, a smirk on his face.) Some of this material is effective, but much of it is familiar, and the fake-documentary style is unsatisfying.

Much of the latter section of the film, in fact, is unsatisfying. We're constantly waiting for a plot to develop, and waiting as well for some indication of how the second part of the movie is supposed to tie in with the first part. (We might as well be waiting for Godot.) We're constantly aware, too, of Kubrick sitting by the camera and pulling the strings. The ironies are invariably heavyhanded and unoriginal: for example, a soldier is killed while waiting for his discharge papers to come through. And Joker's somber narration (e.g., "The dead only know one thing: it is better to be alive") is often as facile and tired as his jokes. The last sequence in the film—in which a squad of soldiers, Joker among them, is attacked by a lone sniper—is perhaps the strongest; it is splendidly photographed and paced. But even this sequence—down to the last moments with the dying sniper ("What's she saying?" "She's praying")—is too familiar, too reminiscent of a hundred other war movies, and not especially good ones, either.

What is really missing from *Full Metal Jacket*—for all the grandeur of Kubrick's directorial style, in particular those blatantly symmetrical, eerily serene shots of barracks and corridors and such—is a strong shaping vision. There is, to be sure, something of a resolution at the end of the film; Joker is finally presented with a situation that he cannot bring himself to joke about, and is forced to become the killer that the facetiously inscribed slogan on his helmet proclaims him to be. But since one does not identify with this one-dimensional smart aleck anyway, the crisis that he undergoes—the "lesson," as it were, that he learns—has very little resonance. So uncertainly shaped is the film, in fact, that on the night I saw it, the audience began murmuring with surprise when the closing credits began rolling. "Is that it?" one voice cried out. In a way, I suppose it was a tribute to Kubrick's artistry that they wanted *more*; the film had, after all, been visually striking, and at times quite gripping. But in the end it added up to little more than an assortment of memorable images and forgettable platitudes. □



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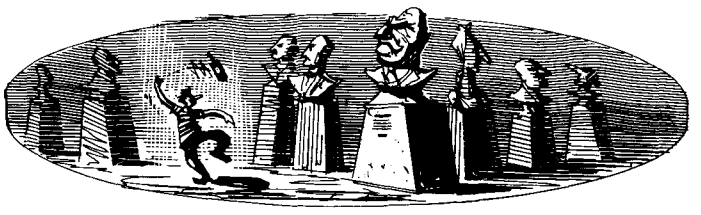


ROMANCING THE SELF: AYN RAND

by Kent Owen

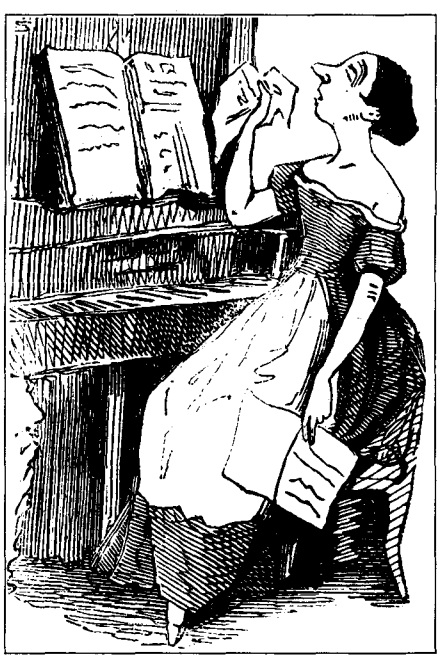
Five years after her death, Ayn Rand's shadow still falls across the landscape of American semi-popular culture—perhaps beyond the length her height commands. It's hard to gauge her influence because that terrain is uneven and spooked by mirages. What looks firm and sturdy is often porous and flimsy. Spanning big-sellers, trendy movies, wellness regimens, money-making schemes, spirituose enthusiasms, and a range of self-propelled velleities, the semi-popular world is what self-improving, leisurely mental Americans go for. Like semi-classical music, it is rarely fatal, but does tend to stunt one's growth.

Rand's books, particularly *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*, startle readers bolt-upright: See here, they declare, the gifted and the talented, the brightest and the best are held hostage by cunning mediocrities, woolly-witted sentimentalists, and bogus humanitarians. Though life be unfair, it's rendered even unfairer by envious utopianeers who contrive to handicap every able-minded creator and producer for the sake of the poor, luckless, and afflicted. Through the exploitation of the losers, the malevolent bring down the winners, redistributing whatever goods society has to offer. Thus are vital juices sapped and sucked away through the leechery of entitlements. All in the name of justice and humanity, of course. All through the overthrow of man's greatest faculty, Reason. All because the manipulating self-haters cannot stand to live in a world uplifted by proud, independent, useful creators and producers who revel in the glory of rational self-interest.

Bully for Ayn Rand, you say. Thank heavens, she's got the gumption to say loud and clear what needs to be said. She's right, you know: here are crypto-collectivists with their bowels in an uproar at the mere mention of bankrupt farmers, laid-off factory workers, "out-placed" employees, hooligans, welfare mothers, and whole shelters full of the misbegotten and misfitted. How delightful to have your meanest prejudices justified so lucidly. Doesn't it feel terrific to confess that Ayn Rand gives a lift to anyone who is sick and tired of coerced compassion and compulsory charity? Could it be that *Schadenfreude* is the source of her persisting appeal?

Yes, her clear, bitter words lend themselves, like collaborators, to extreme constructions. But there is something other than deep-rooted selfishness that holds her readers—something like the self's struggle to summon its powers against the evils that challenge its advance. For despite her intention to make novels of ideas, Ayn Rand reworked the literary tradition of the Romantic Hero, the modern Prometheus confronting his destiny. But in place of invincible will and passion, *The Fountainhead*'s Howard Roark and *Atlas Shrugged*'s Hank Reardon draw their masterful force from Reason, that Randian philosopher's stone supercharged beyond the sanest dreams of Bertrand Russell.

Thrilling stuff, this recounting of the solitary, accursed hero's exploits; through it all his stainless integrity gives off an undimming gleam, by which lesser men may someday find their own way. Come to think of it, these are the same makings that novelists have stuffed into their wares since the days of Ann Radcliffe and the Bronte sisters down to the Harlequinistes. Reason be hanged: what Ayn Rand uses to ensorcel is nothing less than Gothicism, that fictive architecture of haunted castles, ruined monasteries, and moonstruck manors. Presto chango: they are rebuilt as skyscrapers, corporate cantonments, public housing projects, urban sprawlings ridden by terror. And instead of the stock company of demonic monks, mad alchemists, tormented princes, and damsels at risk, she substitutes megalomaniacal tycoons, epicene intellectuals, blasé playboys, and uppity heiresses. The fate-stricken heroes of Byron and Hugo give way to Rand's engineers, entrepreneurs, and technocrats.



Infra dig as this bag of tricks may be, that old Gothic magic is hard to ward off. When the rationalism of the Enlightenment became stuffy and acrid, bored readers sought the shuddersome pleasures roused by spectral romances. Nowadays it works much the same, whether in the incessant productions of Joyce Carol Oates or the ejaculations of Stephen, Sidney, Jackie, Harold, and Barbara What're-Their-Names. But it's more than passing strange that the one writer who styled herself high priestess to the Cult of Reason should have trafficked so wantonly with the enemy.

However else one may regard Ayn Rand, there's no denying that she was mad about Reason. At least she thought she was. Few *philosophers* were so smitten by the mechanics of ratiocination. Or bothered to expend so many caressing words on the subject. The former Alice Rosenbaum, late of St. Petersburg, devoted herself to the construction of "objectivism," her own philosophy of rational self-interest. Since 1943 when *The Fountainhead* was published by Bobbs-Merrill of Indianapolis, twenty million copies of her books have been sold throughout the world, making her one of the century's better vended thinkers. Beyond the fact of sheer numbers she has attracted legions of loyal readers who cherish the books as the authoritative and definitive source of economic, social, political, moral, and psychological wisdom. To this day, there are Ayn Rand study groups who gloss the sacred texts to discern innermost meanings; Ayn Rand essay contests for high school pupils who aspire to explain the cosmic significance of objectivism to those without the law; and for all one knows, Ayn Rand investment clubs, chain-letters, real estate seminars, singles bars, and self-realization retreats. In sum, Ayn Rand has become in death larger than life through the American gift for commercial aggrandizement.

Over the last forty years, one could count on flushing a covey of Randians from any high school or college debating team, sci-fi club, junior over-achievement society, or claque of the self-consciously bright such as *MENSA* or The Baker Street Irregulars. (By the way, Sherlock Holmes with his deductive faculties grinding away could be the prototypical Randian hero, except for the spells of moodiness and a cocaine habit.) Today's bumper crop of gifted and talented must regard her as a tutelary goddess, as do the self-absorbed careerists whose ambitions and desires propel them upward, if not onward. In particular, those glib antinomians who follow the libertarian gleam are usually sent off in that direction by the Sphinx's riddle, "Who is John Galt?"

One suspects that among the ranks of the LaRouchies are cadres of one-time Randians, who view American society as a gigantic conspiracy run by irrationalists, plutocratic fops, and mystagogues. If one extends the logic of objectivism to the nearest extreme, one is bound to conclude that statism, collectivism, and altruism are all attached to the same Hydra. There is a palpable pattern here to a grand design that can mean only one thing: The goblins will get you if you don't watch out. Who, indeed, is John Galt?

No doubt Ayn Rand would have been appalled by such goings on.

Kent Owen is Indiana editor of The American Spectator.

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Rightly so. But when it comes to semi-popular thought, the chances of having things go haywire increase exponentially. Even during her lifetime, she was hardly able to monitor the purposes her ideas were made to serve, whether by ideologues, free-market speculators, political operators, or sub-literary sycophants. It is, after all, beyond the power of the originator to do much about what happens to his ideas at the hands of others. In the marketplace of ideas, like that of goods and services, the customary advice is *caveat emptor.* Accordingly, those who choose to stock their minds with Randian notions will have to accept the consequences, if and when anything goes wrong. Ayn Rand herself would have called that a fair bargain.

Putting aside the grosser exaggerations, one must respect the stoical nobility of her conception of man. Her ideal of an autonomous person true to his own integrity does possess a grandeur. Once again, the genre that she called "Romantic Realism" is a throwback to the massively proportioned nineteenth-century novel, but with a difference. Few, maybe none, of her characters can be described as richly imagined, thickly textured, complexly realized; each is an allegorical figure used to represent, more or less, a trait, type, or general tendency. As a result, the episodes of the carpentered plots are, in the main, more engaging than the salient qualities of the main characters.

In effect, the novels are not novels at all but "romances" that center on conflicting ideas or themes, ideologies, and personality types. Hence, a considerable irony in the flat characters is that although they talk constantly about freedom in one form or another, they are not themselves "free" to grow inner lives in a spontaneous, resonant way. Moreover, allegorical conventions convert them into the monumental figures that bedeck the public works murals in American courthouses and post offices—and, more ironically, in Soviet representations of brawny men and buxom women strenuously at work in factories, farm fields, construction sites, all under the aesthetic aegis of Socialist Realism. The static quality of her prose also calls up images of municipal statuary, pompous and weighty, but too apt a target for pigeons.

While Ayn Rand proclaimed herself "a radical for capitalism," she declined to invest in the stock market, preferring to squirrel away her money in a savings account. Scarcely the affirmation of the free market one would expect of so eminent a proponent. By no means was this the only contradiction in Ayn Rand's private life. So one learns from Barbara Branden's biography, *The Passion of Ayn Rand,* published last year by Doubleday. It should sate the cravings of detractors and idolators alike for a thorough narrative of the life and career as well as a closely observed account of the personality and character. Given the fact that the biographer was once married to Nathaniel Branden, Rand's chief acolyte and quondam lover, the book is remarkable for its generosity (more even than that, its magnanimity) toward a difficult, often impossible subject. Whatever its value as a study of a curious yet marginal cultural phenomenon, the biography deserves to be read as a cautionary tale about the grotesque excesses that the single-minded pursuit of Reason can cause.

The last irony of Mrs. Branden's book is that it manifests the spirit of altruism Ayn Rand despised. Nothing in her several dogmas so rankles would-be allies and outright opponents as the adamant rejection of one person's selfless concern for another. While Rand herself, on the evidence of Mrs. Branden, was often attentive to the needs of others, she refused to countenance altruism as a legitimate principle of human conduct. Anyone with the temerity to attack the prevailing hypocrisies must be ready to catch hell from all and sundry. For the real meaning of prophesy is not to foretell the future, but to tell the truth about the present. Bitterly candid as she was, Ayn Rand had no reluctance about stripping away the wrappings from cant and sham though that put her at odds with those who believe in the ultimate truth of the Judeo-Christian ethic or even with the devotees of secular humanism, whose main premises hers seem to resemble, if one makes allowances for economic heresies.

Compromise was always beneath her even when the point at issue was incidental. Almost every matter had to be raised to the level of moral abstraction and taken with the utmost seriousness. To do less would have insulted her dignity as a thinker who had to be respected as very, very serious. No matter what one thinks of national characteristics, Ayn Rand could only have been Russian. If one cares to probe the strangeness of Solzhenitsyn, Lenin, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, or the current Kremlin roster, attention must be paid to her contrarieties. She may have embodied more of Mother Russia than anyone wants to admit.

From first to last, her intention was to state the reality of the human condition as clearly and courageously as she could. From the fall of Czarist Russia to her own end, she believed she had learned the whole truth about reason, freedom, the nature of man, and his ultimate destiny. It was then up to her, often to her alone, to instruct mankind about what it had to know. Somehow she couldn't get it straight that one man's reality is never wholly and exactly congruent with any other's. Nabokov said that the word, reality, should always be italicized, but because absolutes were the need of her nature, that wouldn't have done her much good.

In a way it's a pity she didn't live to write the script for the television series, "Amerika." Whether she would have called it "Dr. Zhivago in America" or "Beyond the Yankee Gulag," Ayn Rand might have created a Neo-Gothic ideodrama replete with orations and noble struggles. Better yet, people would have watched and people would have listened. Then again, she probably would have insisted that it be titled "Gone With the Mind." □

You deserve a factual look at. . .

Israel's Borders

Are they "legitimate"? Should they be changed?

Many in the Arab world insist that the State of Israel is "illegitimate" and that, in order to be considered for "recognition", it must, at the very least, "adjust" its borders. In order to justify that insistent demand, Arab propaganda has created many myths. By dint of constant repetition, some of these myths have come to be accepted as reality.

What are some of these myths, and what are the facts?

Myth: The establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 changed border arrangements that had existed for centuries.
Fact: The borders in the Middle East were drawn arbitrarily after World War I, by Britain and France. In the spoils, Britain got Iraq and Palestine. In 1922, contrary to its mandate from the League of Nations, Britain gave the area east of the Jordan River (77% of Palestine) to the Hashemite tribes.

Myth: Israel has been expansionist since its establishment.
Fact: In 1974, Israel returned to Syria territories captured in the 1967 and 1973 defensive wars. In exchange for a peace treaty, Israel returned the vast Sinai area to Egypt, with all of its settlements, strategic installations, and economic assets. Thus, Israel proved conclusively that peace and security—not extra land—are its top priorities.

Myth: Judea and Samaria (also called "the West Bank") are part of Jordan.
Fact: The British allocated the area east of the Jordan river to the Hashemite tribes. These tribes founded a kingdom and called it Transjordan. In 1948, after the declaration of Israel's independence, the British-led Transjordanians attacked the newly-founded Jewish state and were able to occupy Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem. They renamed themselves "Jordan" and stayed in that occupation for 19 years, until they were defeated and driven out by Israel in the 1967 Six Day War.

Myth: Israeli settlements in Judea and Samaria ("West Bank") are illegal, an obstacle to peace.
Fact: Contrary to what Arab propaganda suggests, Jordan was never sovereign in Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank"). Thus, the constantly-repeated accusation of "Israeli occupation" is pointless. Numerous international legal authorities, among them Eugene Rostow, have shown conclusively that Israel's rights in Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") are based on international law and are further affirmed by U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338. President Reagan concluded that Jewish settlements are not illegal and that ". . . all people—Moslems, Jews, and Christians—are entitled to live in the West Bank."

Myth: Israel annexed the Golan Heights illegally and has no right to hold onto them.
Fact: The Golan Heights is a desolate area the size of Queens, NY. The arbitrary boundary lines drawn after World War II did place the Golan Heights in Syria. It put Israel at an impossible military disadvantage. From 1948 until Israel captured the Heights in the 1967 Six-Day War, Syria subjected Israeli settlements in the plains below to constant bombardment. Israel has been prepared to negotiate *all* issues with Syria, including the status of the Golan Heights.

Myth: Israel's insistence on defensible borders is unrealistic in this age of missiles and long-range bombers.
Fact: Israel, *including* Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") has an area about half the size of San Bernardino County in California. In contrast, the land area of the Arab nations is twice that of the U.S.! If Israel were to give up Judea and Samaria, it would only be nine miles (!) wide between the Arab military machine and the Mediterranean Sea. That narrow waist contains 75% of Israel's population and most of its industrial installations. Missile and bombers would not be needed. In case of attack, Israel could not mobilize and its principal population centers would be reduced to rubble within a matter of minutes.

Israel is the only victorious country in recorded history that, in quest for peace and acceptance, has surrendered vast territories to the vanquished. Still, Israel is not prepared to commit suicide by yielding to propaganda and myth and by adjusting its boundaries to suit the purposes of its implacable enemies. The insistence on "adjustment" of borders is one step in the plan for its destruction. The solution? Sit down at the negotiating table and work out an agreement on borders, just as Israel did with Egypt. Israel has been ready for such talks for 20 years. So far, only Egypt has finally agreed to sit down and talk to Israel. All other countries concerned consider themselves in a state of war with Israel, deny its "existence", and will not consider any talks or negotiations.

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BOOK REVIEWS

KATHARINE THE GREAT: KATHARINE GRAHAM AND THE WASHINGTON POST

Deborah Davis/National Press (Bethesda, MD)/$17.95

Dave Shiflett

Some people make great sacrifices to kick the *Washington Post*. Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew got in their licks, and look what happened to them. Others have turned themselves into carping retromingent skunks in the commission of their anti-*Post* duties. Who knows what other calamities have been privately suffered in this patriotic cause.

Attacking the *Post* in Washington is like throwing a stone at a Soviet tank in Kabul: it won't damage the target, but it is symbolically significant. Denounce the *Post* in the morning and drink free that night. Indeed, the challenge for the professional *Post*-basher is to find new sins to denounce. Think up a new angle, and you'll never have another sober day.

Deborah Davis found a new angle, and, unlike conservative *Post* critics, she drew return fire. *Katharine the Great*, her 1979 biography of Katharine Graham, the *Post*'s owner, was so despised by Mrs. Graham and *Post* editor Ben Bradlee that they convinced Harcourt Brace Jovanovich to feed all 25,000 copies to the shredder—eight years before Ollie North made the appliance respectable. The book has recently been republished by National Press of Bethesda, Maryland.

At this point, conservative *Post*-bashers scratch their heads. What could she have said that they haven't? Following the KAL 007 shoot-down, they denounced the *Post*'s coverage with such fury that you'd have thought that Bradlee piloted the Soviet attack plane. He's been accused of publishing state secrets, giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and running a protection racket for the ghost of JFK. And as if there weren't enough junkies around already, one of his reporters went out and invented another one.

Davis, however, made a charge that conservatives would never think to make, even if they had the goods. She said that Bradlee, as a press attaché for the American embassy in Paris during the early 1950s, had bashed Commies for the CIA. She didn't accuse him of actually having been on the CIA payroll, but said only that he had produced various materials on the agency's behalf.

That got Bradlee steamed. On December 1, 1979, he sent a sharp letter to Gene Stone, Davis's editor at Harcourt Brace:

Dear Mr. Stone:

You were quoted in Friday's *Wall Street Journal* as saying that Harcourt Brace Jovanovich "did everything we could to make it as accurate as possible." The "it" referred to the book you have recently published called "Katharine The Great."

That is one of those lies that should make it difficult for you to sleep at night. And it seems elementary to me that editors should not be liars.

Far from doing everything you could do to make the book as accurate as possible in matters that concerned me, you must have done nothing, absolutely nothing, for the book is riddled with reckless disregard of facts about me.

Anyone with casual acquaintance with me knows that Miss Davis is lying. Of course she did not even try to check anything with me. She boasts about not calling me in the same *Wall Street Journal* article.

This may seem of small consequence to you—the casual libeling of someone who has spent more than 30 years as a journalist. I am told I should sue you, although, as an editor, libel suits are an anathema to me.

What I can do, however, is to brand you as completely irresponsible, to tell author friends to steer clear of you as though you had the plague, to brand Miss Davis as a fool, and to put your company in that special little group of publishers who don't give a shit for the truth.

I am enclosing a partial list of the inaccuracies that deal only with me . . . 39 factual errors in the 39 pages where my name appears.

Sincerely,
Benjamin C. Bradlee

Many of the inaccuracies were trivial, some more important; but only the CIA accusation seemed important enough to draw the libel charge. Davis admitted that she was wrong on eight counts, failed to answer two charges, and held her ground on the rest—especially her contention that Bradlee had served the CIA.

Unpleasantries ensued. About a week after the Bradlee letter, a reporter from the *Post* called Stone asking if he'd been fired for working on the book. Sometime that December, the shredding began.

On January 10, 1980, Katharine Graham wrote a letter to William Jovanovich, chairman and president of Harcourt Brace, thanking him for "looking into the inaccuracies in the book" and questioning Davis's mental state—and more. "Just for starters," she wrote, "the total professional credentials coming in were a very few freelance articles." Jovanovich responded on January 15, including everything in his letter save a proposal of marriage:

Dear Kay:

You are generous to write to me as you have. I cannot tell you how pained I am by the circumstances which have caused you, quite unnecessarily, distress and concern. If ever we should meet again, I would like to tell you some of my thoughts on what I have come to recognize as a kind of "editorial blackmail," in which persons say that if you reject a work or demand meticulous documentation you are repressing free expression and limiting the truth. The fact is that a publisher does select, does make choices, does take the financial and other risks of his own judgments. It has been a bitter lesson for me, but even so, your feelings in this matter are not to be compared with my own.

I send you good wishes,

Yours,
Bill

P.S. Tell Donny, if you will, that Stephan (who was at Harvard and in Vietnam with him) is now a lawyer in California; and Peter, who came to your house that day of your birthday with me and my wife, is now himself a publisher, President of Peter Jovanovich & Christopher Morris, Inc. The generations follow fast, don't they?

Following this goodwill exchange, Bradlee asked Jovanovich to write a piece on "editorial blackmail" for the *Post*'s Outlook section.

Davis, meanwhile, was having her hide tanned. "After talking with most of the principals," wrote David Ignatius in the *Wall Street Journal*, "this reporter offers this judgment: the book and its tortured thesis are total rubbish." Ignatius's father had been president of the Washington Post Company, so he might know. (Ignatius is now at the paper himself.) Other disinterested parties were to join in later, including *Post* columnist Richard Cohen, who wrote in the *Nation* that *KTG* was a "fat, dumb book" whose destruction was not an act of violence against its author. "The victims here are Graham and Bradlee, not Davis," he said. Philip Nobile, formerly of *New York* magazine and now editor of *Penthouse Forum*, said Davis "is simply shameless, an embarrassment to her profession."

Who is this woman? As I grilled her

Dave Shiflett is a writer living in Virginia.

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over lunch at the posh Hamburger Hamlet, Davis gave a clue by letting fly this beatitude: "If everyone on all sides were honest all the time there wouldn't be much need for wars." She says many other notable things, and it's hard not to be charmed by her, even though parts of her book read like they were written by the late Mikhail Suslov, especially her rants about class and money. She also seems to have an unhealthy attitude toward the CIA. When scolded on these points, she shrugs and smiles. "The book's an analysis from the left."

Other problems with *KTG* include unsourced allegations, drawing conclusions without facts, and antic observations: "The mysterious ways that men, particularly newsmen, cement their friendships, helped along by Scotch, cigarettes, and girlie pictures coming in over the wire, produced a vision that allowed them to mistake femininity and shyness for weakness." Many might write such a sentence, but few would allow someone to publish it. She also described a farm as being equipped with "shotguns for hunting deer and rifles for quail-shooting parties," which must have made things easy when it came time for cleaning the birds.

Davis points out that this was her first book, and that her editor was even younger than she. "I made mistakes," she says. "I wasn't as good a writer as I am now. But the usual practice is to correct mistakes, not shred the book." She also says her original manuscript contained footnotes, but her publisher wanted the book to be more of a page-turner and so dropped them. Even critics of the book have pointed out that Davis was not well served by Harcourt Brace—which ended up settling out of court for $100,000 after she rolled out a breach of contract suit.

These shortcomings aside, the book reads well, especially if you like the Fawn Brodie school of writing. The portrait Davis draws of Mrs. Graham is not the work of an amateur, and a source at the *Post* says it hurt the famous publisher. That could be because Davis calls Mrs. Graham her husband's "stooge," for instance, and complains about her "bitchy" and "irrational" behavior. Davis also makes it obvious that she thinks Mrs. Graham was monstrous in her treatment of striking *Post* pressmen.

In the book it sometimes appears that Davis takes pleasure in Mrs. Graham's distress, which I said I thought was rotten of her. It was unclear at first if Davis was going to cry or come at me with her thumbnails. She makes clear that she does not want a charge of malice on her rap sheet. She responds that while writing the book she had dreams in which she sat around and talked with members of the Graham family, and actually felt pretty close to them. She also identified with Mrs. Graham because both had somewhat distant relationships with their mothers. "I know what it's like to want approval from somebody and not get it," Davis says. She and Graham might even get along if they met, though Graham refused her requests for an interview. Who can say?

When National Press brought the book out May 30, it had been cleansed of many errors. Its republication represented a victory for Davis. "It took me a couple of years after the book was killed to regain my equilibrium," she says. "I thought I might republish in maybe twenty years. That's how demoralized I was. I knew it would be an uphill battle, and I didn't know if I had the strength to fight it."

Joel Joseph, president of the three-year-old company, offered $25,000 for the book. After thinking it over a couple of months, Davis decided to bite. From an initial printing of 10,000, 8,000 have been sold, and there's another printing planned. Why'd Joseph do it? "I thought it was an important book and I thought killing it was absurd. There was nothing substantially inaccurate about it." →

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Since republication, Joseph says, he hasn't heard a peep out of Bradlee, even though Davis has included new information on the CIA allegations. The juiciest is a memo, obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, written December 13, 1952 by a prosecutor in the Rosenberg case. The memo said Bradlee had called to say he'd just flown in from Paris and wanted "to look at the Rosenberg file in order to answer the Communist propaganda about the Rosenberg case in the Paris newspapers." It also said that Bradlee "further advised that he was sent here by Robert Thayer, who is the head of the CIA in Paris. . . . He stated that he was supposed to have been met by a representative of the CIA at the airport but missed connections. He has been trying to get in touch with Allen Dulles but has been unable to do so." (Dulles was deputy director of the agency at the time.)

This is far from an airtight case, of course. But if the *Post* were doing a story on, say, Pat Buchanan, and found a similar memo, it would surely use it. It's also possible that the memo was all wrong, and one wonders what the accused has to say about this latest assault. These things should be checked out, as Bradlee pointed out in his letter to Davis's editor in 1979. So I rang him up.

"Mr. Bradlee is not commenting," said a spokeswoman, "but if he were, he would say that it is all untrue." Bradlee did tell UPI that Thayer was CIA station chief in Paris when he was working in the embassy. He also said he had not worked for or with the CIA, and that neither Thayer nor the CIA was involved in countering propaganda about the Rosenberg prosecution.

So what are we to think? Davis, for one thing, is a pretty tough number, and held up pretty well when the dragon cut loose. By republishing, she has overcome a strong challenge to her reputation at a critical point in her career. And even though her book might not get quoted in the Encyclopedia Brittanica, she has succeeded in sinking a tooth through the legendary hide of Ben Bradlee. Unless it turns out that the new evidence was faked, which no one has claimed, there's at least some reason to believe that Ben really was a 1950s Commie-basher for the CIA. That will cause many a conservative to tip his hat toward the *Post* building at 15th and L in downtown D.C. Then again, if it is true, Bradlee's assault on Deborah Davis represented the attempted infanticide of a young writer's career in order to save himself some "embarrassment." But that's probably a charge he wouldn't mind. □

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NIXON: THE EDUCATION OF A POLITICIAN, 1913-1962
Stephen E. Ambrose/Simon and Schuster/$22.95

Alonzo L. Hamby

Why did we hate him so?

It is a question that in retrospect many thoughtful people must ask themselves about Richard Nixon. However one feels about his presidency—and I confess to a mixed evaluation—it is undeniable that in sheer personal competence he far surpasses his successors. Had he not allowed himself to get caught up in the Watergate scandal, he surely would be remembered as one of the more talented and effective chief executives of this century. His foreign policies were far more subtle, intelligent, and flexible than his opposition's. When he became President, he had no choice but to extricate the United States from Vietnam; it is hard to imagine how anyone could have done it with less damage. His domestic policies—among them revenue-sharing and the aborted Family Assistance Plan—were at times bold and innovative. He brought to the presidency qualities central to the textbook conception of the office—a sense of policy direction, political realism, pragmatic opportunism, and a remarkable talent for political and diplomatic strategy.

Yet I could never bring myself to vote for him. (I would have done so in 1972 if I had thought there was any real prospect of a McGovern presidency; instead I indulged in the luxury of leaving the presidential portion of my ballot blank.) Like others in broad sympathy with many of his policies, I found myself so lacking in sympathy for the man that I cheered his resignation in 1974 even as I was dismayed at the prospect of a successor obviously inferior in ability. Many among my family and acquaintances, quite a few of them considerably more conservative than I, felt the same way.

Why did so many Americans hate him? His newest and, to date, best biographer, Stephen Ambrose, poses the question a bit better than he answers it. Clearly, however, he thinks that Nixon's problems stemmed not from what he stood for but simply from the sort of man he was. In covering Nixon's career through his ill-fated race for governor of California in 1962, Ambrose gives us a picture of a man who uniquely polarized the electorate, had a way of appearing devious, and (the author hints) may have possessed some self-destructive impulses.

In the externals of his life, Nixon seems like someone who should have won the admiration of most Americans. He lived the American Dream; he was a poor (or at least near poor) boy who not only made good but achieved the highest office in the land. Is it possible, then, that for all the lip service we give the American Dream, Americans do not much like the qualities it instills in those who achieve it?

No one can read of Nixon's childhood and his life as a young adult without feeling sympathetic. His mother was kind and concerned, but his father was difficult, temperamental, and quick to take a ruler or a razor strap to a disobedient child. (Ambrose does his best to soften Frank Nixon's image, but he is not very persuasive.) Two of his brothers died young, one of them unexpectedly, the other slowly and tragically. (Inevitably, the one who survived became a personal and political liability, a kind of Republican Billy Carter.) The family survived only through ceaseless work.

Unable to afford Harvard, even with the aid of a full scholarship, Richard opted for Whittier College. He made his way through Duke Law School with a scholarship, money borrowed from his father, part-time jobs, and unremitting study; all the while, he lived in conditions that would horrify a case-hardened social worker today. Throughout his youth, he rarely had fun of any sort. American mythology tells us that this builds character; Nixon's story suggests that it can also pass a point of diminishing returns, where it grinds one down and closes one off from the world.

Ambrose does not explicitly analyze the development of Nixon's personality, but he finds in the young Nixon an insatiable thirst for achievement and recognition alongside a profound disregard for others. Among his many accomplishments, he was a star debater in high school and college; Ambrose suggests he well learned that debating, far from being a search for truth, is an exercise in persuasion and, often, in the manipulation of facts. He cites the comment of a Duke Law School acquaintance that Nixon was "not unmoral, just amoral." Many people respected him; no one, it seems, loved him. He was too detached, too tightly self-controlled, too single-minded. Above all, he appears early on to have come to the conclusion that life was a struggle in which Marquis of Queensberry Rules were irrelevant.

One detects also traces of self-doubt, possibly self-destructiveness, that the author does not probe. It seems certain that Nixon wanted to break out of his provincial environment, that, as he would say many years later, he listened to the sound of train whistles in the night. Yet there is evidence that young Nixon was equally frightened of the larger world. Did he really turn down a full scholarship to Harvard because of money problems? Four years later, he made it through Duke Law School under similar conditions, and his younger brother was able to attend a nearby private prep school. Was he really compelled to return to Whittier because he was "only third" in his class at Duke? It is true that Duke Law School's reputation was then relatively unproved; but Nixon did not try terribly hard to establish himself on the East Coast.

Two things appear to have changed Nixon's life—his marriage and his military service. Ambrose's treatment of the marriage is intriguing, and satis-

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factory, given the difficulties of researching living subjects who value their privacy. Pat Nixon, he tells us, is an exceptional woman whose toughness and ambition matched her husband's. He summarily dismisses the media image of her as "plastic Pat." Yet his treatment of her is mostly within the confines of that very image; he depicts her as always dutiful, devoted to her husband's career, and largely responsible for rearing their two daughters. Nixon, by contrast, is pictured as almost callously neglectful of his wife, even indifferent to her physical safety, and usually out of contact with their children.

Perhaps it is none of our business; perhaps it is impossible to get at the full truth. One instinctively believes, however, that their marriage was more complicated than Ambrose makes it out to be. If Nixon, like most politicians, spent more time away from home than men in other occupations, he also was faithful to his wife and won the devotion of his daughters. He presumably played some part in their development into two of the more exemplary presidential offspring of recent generations. In short, by most standards, Richard Nixon seems to have been a quite successful husband and father, much more so than the narrative leads one to believe.

The impact of Nixon's tour of duty in the Navy during World War II is much easier to deal with. It took him around much of America and into the South Pacific, taught him to deal with all types of men, and to manage new challenges. Nixon was a first-rate officer who was liked and respected by the men who served under him. Certainly his experiences in the military widened his horizons.

With that in mind, does the author have to put so much emphasis on the fact that during the war Nixon learned how to play a mean game of poker? His point is that poker taught Nixon to sense a bluff and to call it, as he did later, most notably, in the case of Alger Hiss. Well, possibly. But Nixon's instincts were not so solid in dealing with Communist-led Latin American demonstrators who, hardly bluffing, came close to killing him and his wife during a state visit to South America in 1958. Nor was he himself very good at bluffing when he was away from the card table; few politicians have been so inept at concealing emotion.

In dealing with Nixon's early political career, Ambrose works hard to give him every benefit of the doubt. Still, he cannot find a redeeming excuse for the character of Nixon's 1946 congressional campaign against Jerry Voorhis or for the rhetorical excess he showed following his 1962 loss to Pat Brown. The author's explanations are not terribly convincing: Truman's campaigning was as outrageous (HST was never known to use the word "treason" against his opponents), Helen Gahagan Douglas started the mudslinging in the 1950 campaign, American politics (or California politics) was a dirty business during these years, and so on. In fact, the young Richard Nixon was ambitious, highly partisan, instinctively combative, and only a bit more scrupulous than Joe McCarthy.

Ambrose is more convincing when he examines the positive side of Nixon's career. He was a constructive internationalist who not only defied the isolationist-minded businessmen who launched him into politics but educated them and made them like the world. He was right on Alger Hiss, whether by virtue of his poker experience or some other instinct. (My own guess is that he reacted out of a revulsion against Hiss's patrician smugness.) And he was from time to time the victim of cheap shots himself, most notably the "secret fund" issue of 1952, a pseudo-scandal that nearly destroyed him.

As one might expect, Ambrose—the major biographer of Dwight D. Eisenhower—is at his best in examining the frequently difficult relationship between the hero-President and his Vice President. Ike does not come out well. Caring little for the Republican party and unwilling to sully his image with partisan campaigning, he used Nixon primarily as an effective Democrat-basher. Time and again, he sent the younger man out on search-and-destroy missions, then privately deplored his rough tactics.

Ambrose leaves no doubt that the Old Hero wanted Nixon off the ticket in 1956, but could not bring himself to issue a direct order. At no point did he give the Vice President any truly significant responsibility. Consequently, Nixon had little choice but to seek out opportunities for unsubstantial but noticeable diplomatic trips and to act as the Administration's chief campaigner. In the latter role, he too often threw large chunks of raw (and frequently rancid) political meat to the party regulars. He won their devotion, and an eventual presidential nomination, at the cost of irrevocably alienating most Democrats and many independents.

Perhaps, as Ambrose believes, Ike was just insensitive in Nixon's case, but such would be amazing in a man justly renowned for his skill in personal relations. Eisenhower had established his career on his reputation as a consensus builder; Nixon was a polarizer. It is more conceivable that Ike saw him as he did George Patton—a combat leader of the first order with a temperament that disqualified him for the top job. At one point, Ambrose suggests that Ike treated Nixon no worse than he treated his own son. Possibly so, but with a father-substitute like this, who could blame Nixon if he became a bit paranoid?

In the end, what brought Nixon down was his own personality. If he had possessed half of Eisenhower's charm (or that of his old adversary Hiss), he would be remembered as one of the great politicians of this century. Instead, he had a way of appearing devious even when he was not. As Ike's secretary Ann Whitman put it, "the Vice President sometimes seems like a man who is acting like a nice man rather than being one." The word "sometimes" could have been replaced by "usually." Nixon was no more insincere than most politicians, but I suspect that he was more prone than most to doubt his credibility. The result was an extra effort to appear "nice" or "sincere" that more often than not came across as phony.

A shrewd political tactician, Nixon made critical mistakes in his 1960 presidential and 1962 gubernatorial campaigns. Perhaps they were the result of his customary overwork and inability to delegate responsibility; perhaps they were the outgrowth of a political death-wish that only a therapist could explain. In 1960, for example, he fully understood the importance of television but nevertheless agreed to go on the air with Kennedy and did so with insufficient preparation and inadequate attention to his physical appearance. His 1962 campaign against Pat Brown with its references to "the mess in Sacramento" and Brown's alleged softness on Communism was ludicrous. (One can only say in exculpation that it was not yet possible to attack Brown for one of the graver political sins of the last generation, his role in rearing his son Jerry.)

Still, Ambrose does not quite develop a full answer to the problem of why so many hated Nixon. My hunch is that he displayed too many of the rough edges of the American success myth. Overachievers who fight their way to the top are frequently unattractive. They tend to be tense, insecure, aggressive. Those born at the top, like John F. Kennedy, often radiate a charm that comes easily to those who feel they have nothing to prove. Kennedy, as Ambrose points out, was no better, intellectually or morally, than Nixon; on television there seemed no comparison.

This book ends at the nadir of Nixon's political life—just after he has told California reporters that they won't have him to kick around anymore. Of course they would, and I hope Ambrose will recount the second phase of the Nixon saga as well as he has recounted the first. If he does, I suspect he will leave us feeling that Nixon was a more impressive President than many people like to admit. Indeed, as one surveys the various faceless dwarfs, Snow Whites, wimps, and assorted gnomes aspiring to the office today, one is compelled to feel that in 1988 we could do worse—and probably will. □

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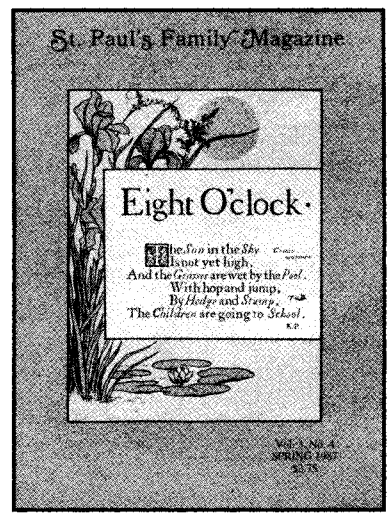

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OUT OF EGYPT: SCENES AND ARGUMENTS OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Ihab Hassan/Southern Illinois University Press/$15.95

Mark Falcoff

Ihab Hassan is a distinguished literary critic of American and comparative literature at the Milwaukee campus of the University of Wisconsin. Born in Egypt in 1925, he thought or spoke, until well into his adolescence, in either Arabic or French; in 1946 he left his native country on a scholarship to study electrical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. Somewhere along the way he shifted his focus of academic interests, achieved an astounding mastery of English, and became an American citizen. He has had two American wives, fathered an American son with the first of them, and has never returned to the land of his birth. His *Radical Innocence* and *The Literature of Silence* are familiar to all serious students of literature; *Out of Egypt* now reveals the man behind them.

As the subtitle indicates, this is not really an autobiography, but rather a series of sketches and reflections. They do, however, reveal much about a reticent, almost painfully discreet academic. (One can imagine many of his closest American colleagues and friends learning of these episodes from his past only by reading them here!) What is more to the point, they address in a deeply personal way some of the central issues of the post-colonial era. Thus *Out of Egypt* is at once a contribution to belles-lettres, sociology, and historical commentary—all in hardly more than a hundred pages! It is also an utterly delightful read.

The principal theme of this book is one which most Western liberals who speak so wistfully about the "Third World" cannot even grasp—namely, that most intellectuals and people of "modern" outlook in such countries are trapped in a cosmopolitan no-man's-land. This was certainly the case in pre-Nasser Egypt, where the language of the cultured classes was French, and the tastes and life-styles evocative of Southern or even Central Europe. One did not need to ascend to the top of the social pyramid to observe this: Hassan's father was a lawyer who eventually became a governor of several provinces under the fraudulent monarchy of King Fuad, and therefore a member of the professional upper-middle class. While his parents could never enter the British clubs in Cairo, they lived at a certain level of comfort and refinement; their friends were not merely Egyptian, but French, Italian, Greek. They accepted European domination of their country as in some ways regrettable, but saw no reason not to enjoy its better aspects. In some ways, this made them foreigners in their own country; small wonder that when the nationalist banners they waved as students became the standards of a new state, so many emigrated, or wished to.

Prewar Egypt has disappeared forever, a victim of decolonization and a spurious "Arab Socialism," which now in turn is threatened by Muslim fundamentalism. Though Hassan has no illusions about the *ancien regime*, he manages to evoke it with charm and nostalgia. "The story of the royal family," he writes, "encapsulates that of Egypt itself: prodigal, corrupt, cruel sometimes, flashing in rare moments of splendor." And then he adds, "In my day, nothing flashed brighter than the 'King's Crimson,' a vibrant orange-red paint that marked the royal fleet of Rolls-Royces and Cadillacs, before which Cairo traffic opened like the Red Sea."

Here is his description of the arrival of a royal party to one of the provincial capitals where his father served as governor:

> King Fuad came up the Nile in his brilliant white yacht *El Mahroussa* (The Protected One). The ship glowed at night like a floating galaxy, outshining the spangled, colored bulbs and floodlights on each shore. The next morning, brass bands struck up as the yacht began to dock. Mounted police, their lances trimmed with green and white streamers, lined the embankment, while their officers pranced their horses back and forth, swords at rest, glinting in the sun. Headed by my father, the reception party stood nervously waiting on a pier swatched with vast oriental carpets while the ship churned the muddy water, nosing into place.
>
> Finally, the portly king, clad in a tight pearl-grey *redingote*, stepped down at the gangplank on small, elegant feet. I felt a quiet push at my back, and walked up to him, beribboned bouquet in my hand and rubber in my knees. Somehow, I managed to bow from my small height—I had rehearsed this with my mother endlessly—bow without sweeping the ground with white roses. In a whisper, I welcomed the king to Sohag [the town]. With the flicker of a smile, he received the bouquet, said, "*Mutashakereen*" (we thank you), and passed on. Suddenly, after weeks of timorous expectation, I found myself standing on the pier, free and unburdened, alone.

Shortly after that Hassan's father fell afoul of the ascendant party in the palace, and was dismissed from royal service. They lived thereafter, as he says, "in reduced circumstances," though not, it would seem, unbearably so. By that time Hassan was entering school in Cairo, and subject to all of the ideological trends which swept Egypt towards the end of the Second World War. When he finished high school he wanted to enter the Royal Military School (Egypt's Sandhurst), his only dream—as that of all his class and generation—to expel the British from Egypt. (As he wryly observes, had he done so he might have ended up in Nasser's Free Officer Movement, or in a Sinai grave in 1947.) His parents would hear none of it, so instead he enrolled in the Engineering School of the University of Cairo.

The description of university life will do for any "developing" country (mercifully, Hassan himself always uses the quotation marks). The quality of instruction was indifferent; there were few opportunities for extra-curricular activity; except for athletics, there was no place for the university population to develop a sense of community. "Indeed," he acutely observes, "the notorious student riots of Egypt may have been sparked less by political events than the need of fervent youths to meet one another in common hope." In the case of one occupation of a building, he writes,

> our families fretted; the deans chafed; *el bolice* [the police] lolled outside, yawning beneath their steel helmets. They could have flushed us out easily with their cudgels and canes; but too many students there came from "good families," and the governor of Giza counselled restraint. Time took their side, entropy ours. They made a few "concessions," rescinded them quietly later. We came out on the third day, claiming *nasr* (victory).

Shortly thereafter, Hassan won a scholarship to the United States, and left, never to return—never, indeed, intending to do so. (Just why is not explained.) The two sentiments—the nationalist effervescence combined with a strong will to exile—so neatly coupled, so inextricably linked, one following the other without even a pause, without embarrassment or self-consciousness—does this not suggest how thin is the veneer of "nationalism" of Third World countries, the same phantasm we are constantly urged to take seriously, to conciliate, even to appease? Of course, Hassan does not say this, since he is no V. S. Naipaul, but then he is not Edward Said either. ("Had Britain brought illiteracy and disease to Egypt in the first place?" he asks doubtfully. "Did it impose poverty on the fellah for millennia? Who makes imperialism possible? And how healthy, free, or affluent are Egyptians thirty years after liberation?")

One would have expected Hassan, having lived for so many years in the United States, to say a bit more

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about this country. What there is, however, is highly evocative. Although the ship which bore him here in 1946 was originally scheduled to dock in New York, bad weather forced it to divert course to New Orleans.

> I had entered America, it seems, from its secret, gloomy underside. . . . Yes, I had read the boys' books *Deerslayer, Tom Sawyer, Atala*, but had never really believed that modern America could be anything but a romance of Europe, El Dorado civilized.

Instead, he found, sailing up the Mississippi,

> hidden luxuriance and menace. . . . The air was humid as I had never known it in Egypt, the sky low. I had not sailed farther up the Nile than Abu Simbel, and so never felt the wild pulse of Africa. Yet, knowing Conrad, I now imagined myself, like Marlowe, pushing into the heart of darkness. Blacks began to appear in curious skiffs around Old Abe. And how odd! These blacks spoke English, a kind of English, wore European trousers, shirts, hats. . . .
>
> I felt now, exhilaration contending with dread, that I had come to a land more extravagant than any of my recent dreams. A country younger than Egypt, but also older, claiming the precedence of a primeval jungle over the most archaic temple. Here I was on my own at last.

A quarter of a century later, he is "at home" in Milwaukee. "I like this spacious Midwestern city," he writes, "except in the reluctant spring." And what, precisely, does he like about it? "I like its candid cityscape, spare population, fitful lake, forever changing colors from tan to blue-green through a spectrum of fluid shades. I like even its cold climate—let others seek the Sun Belt." How much more American can he now be?

The one point that hovers over this book—at least for this reader—is that there can be no Third World without a First, indeed, the very ideas of human dignity, "liberation," nationalism, are and must remain Western, even when used against the West by others, or even by the West against itself. Those in the "developing" countries (which, as Hassan quite rightly says, are not developing at all) who take seriously the promise of modern liberal civilization have no choice but to quit their countries and move to its genuine locus. This is, of course, as a practical matter a technical impossibility for all but a few, which goes a long way towards explaining the recurrent instability in Latin America, Africa, and the Middle East. Where would the brightest young men and women of two-thirds of the countries around the globe be without a West, and particularly a United States, to resent, envy, fear, and ultimately to join or hope to join? We can be glad that Ihab Hassan managed to be one of them. □

THE U.N.: IN OR OUT?
Ernest van den Haag and John P. Conrad/Plenum /$19.95

John R. Dunlap

Since roughly 1975, when the General Assembly passed its resolution equating Zionism with racism, the United Nations has seemed to exhaust itself as an ideological symbol. Most conservatives, out of disgust, have lost interest in bashing the U.N., while liberals merely avert their eyes in silent embarrassment.

Not so Ernest van den Haag and John P. Conrad. After an earlier skirmish on another symbolic issue (*The Death Penalty: A Debate*[1]) they are at it again, and the focus of their new debate is instructive. Twenty years ago, it would have turned on how the U.S. should conduct itself at the U.N., or how the U.N. could be improved, or even *whether* the U.N. could be improved. Now, however, the issue is treated only in absolute terms, as the title of this book suggests: *The U.N.: In or Out?* Should the U.S. withdraw from the United Nations?

The book is a transcontinental exchange of essays between Davis, California (where Conrad, a semi-retired criminologist, lives) and Manhattan (where van den Haag, who should never retire, still teaches at Fordham University). Although each contender is allowed exactly twenty-three opportunities to hold forth, Conrad takes up the lion's share of the book: a total of 210 pages against van den Haag's ninety-four. One reason for the imbalance is that Conrad consumes most of two hefty chapters on the history and functions of the U.N., the first of which he gets all to himself, with the odd title "The Undebatable Facts and Events"—a chapter studded, by the way, with very debatable remarks: "At a time when the urgency of international cooperation to rehabilitate shattered continents was obvious, the United Nations was the appropriate vehicle to bring it about."

Another reason is Conrad's long-windedness. What he can't achieve by argument Conrad attempts through endless exposition, cliché (he is addicted to the expression "the good offices of the U.N."), simple assertion ("If we were not wasting so much money on munitions, if we were not preparing so avidly for war, we could prepare more easily and more effectively for peace"), and all of the above inflated with steamy exhortation: "The world is too small, and our own need for interdependence is too great. We have to share in the building of peace."

To be sure, Conrad occasionally provides examples to bolster his case for the U.N. Greek and Turkish Cypriots are not currently at one another's throats, thanks largely to "the good offices of the U.N." Smallpox has all but disappeared owing to the work of the World Health Organization. And the United Nations High Commission for Refugees has done much good since 1949—principally, by default, ministering to victims of Communist states.

But as often as not, Conrad puts his foot in it. His baby-talk aside (Marxist atrocities in Ethiopia are "mistakes"; the Iron Curtain is "unnecessary"; Communism is a "distortion of the socialist ideal"), Conrad frequently misconstrues objections raised by van den Haag and then takes up a few pages attacking a straw man. In one convoluted instance, Conrad dismisses van den Haag as an "unreconstructable

[1]Plenum, 1983. Reviewed by Jeremy Rabkin in the May 1984 *TAS*.

John R. Dunlap teaches English at Santa Clara University.

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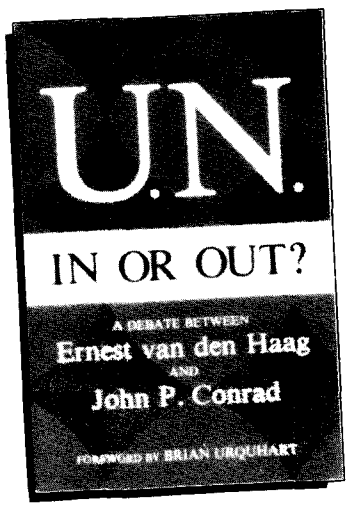

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Benthamite" after van den Haag quotes approvingly Jeremy Bentham's famous dismissal of "natural rights" as "simple nonsense." Earlier, Conrad teases him with the advice that van den Haag should read more from conservative journals in order to ponder "the sanctimonious preachiness of American conservatives who have nothing more to offer than the Invisible Hand of Adam Smith." But Conrad should take his own advice. If he had known of van den Haag's lengthy essay "Against Natural Rights" in the Winter 1983 issue of the Heritage Foundation's *Policy Review*, he might not have attached a "Benthamite utilitarianism" to van den Haag's moral views—which are expressly opposed to utilitarianism.

Thus the pattern of the debate emerges: Conrad schmoozes about "natural rights" and how they are served by the U.N.; van den Haag dismisses "natural rights" as a fiction; Conrad waxes indignant; van den Haag lapses into smug silence, refusing even to recapitulate his earlier points; Conrad then accuses van den Haag of being "flippant" and "simplistic" and taken with a "querulous negativism"; van den Haag shrugs off the accusation and invites Conrad to "descend from the clouds."

The pattern can be entertaining, but it would be more satisfying were van den Haag not so content with his briefs against the U.N. Much of his argument rests on Jean Bodin's definition of sovereignty, *potestas legibus absoluta*: the nature of sovereignty ("power unabridged by laws") makes the U.N. unworkable in the pursuit of its stated purpose of preventing wars. War as a possibility is inherent in national sovereignty, which no nation is going to relinquish in a world lacking any common vision of the good. Furthermore, according to van den Haag, those U.N. agencies which are truly useful—Conrad touts *all* the agencies as more important than the General Assembly and the Security Council—perform no service that could not be performed more efficiently by, for example, the International Red Cross. The U.N., in short, is useless—and harmful "in morally misleading people and in confusing issues," particularly through monstrosities like UNESCO and the Law of the Sea Treaty. We should, in other words, get the hell out—being careful, of course, "not to upset too much the deluded idealists such as Professor Conrad."

Now, van den Haag may perhaps be forgiven if he doesn't feel moved by the strength of Conrad's prolixity to argue at any length; but through most of this debate he seems downright lackadaisical, self-defeatingly so. Among his few references, for example, he warmly endorses Shirley Hazzard's *Defeat of an Ideal* (1973), urging readers to dip into that book. Earlier in the debate, Conrad footnotes Hazzard's book for his own purposes, referring to Hazzard's first sixty-nine pages, which detail an agreement between Trygve Lie (the first U.N. Secretary General) and the U.S. government to install an FBI office at U.N. headquarters for monitoring the political desirability of American nationals working at the U.N. The office was closed in 1953, but Hazzard's voluminous treatment of the affair is marked by what Sir Arnold Lunn once called "selective indignation," balanced by no more than token reference to the routine Soviet practice of using the U.N. as a center of espionage.

To van den Haag, apparently, the importance of Hazzard's book is what follows those first sixty-nine pages: a bitter critique of the careerism, corruption, paper-shuffling, and bureaucratic wrangling which, by 1973, characterized the U.N. and most of its agencies. Perhaps van den Haag's endorsement of Hazzard's book is intended to show that his own charges against the U.N. have already been detailed by a certified "liberal internationalist" of Conrad's stripe. But if you bother to read the book van den Haag recommends (in place of expanding on his own case), you will find Hazzard's energetic argument to be exactly counter to his contention that the U.N. is misconceived in principle. Hazzard, although an infinitely better writer than Conrad, understands even less than he the complexities of national interests.

In fact, Shirley Hazzard's *Defeat of an Ideal* is a glib, hugely tendentious panegyric to one-worldism. Van den Haag could have been consistent as well as clever (and still appropriately deadpan in the face of Conrad's windy enthusiasm) if he had urged readers to peruse, for example, Daniel Patrick Moynihan's *A Dangerous Place*. And even so, the key trouble would persist: If Conrad is long on exposition and short on argument, van den Haag is precise (albeit repetitious) on argument but short on exposition.

It is with heavy heart, therefore, that I declare John P. Conrad the winner of this debate, sort of. If, among Conrad's many recommendations for improving the U.N., American support of the U.N. budget is reduced to 10 percent (from a current 25 percent and from an original 40 percent), and if U.N. headquarters are moved from New York to Oslo or Geneva (or maybe Antarctica, where the KGB would feel more at home), then we may as well stay in. Though not always harmless, the U.N. is surely not useless, even in its present condition.

For one thing, the U.N.'s purported ideals can be used by genuine human rights organizations like the Puebla Institute and Helsinki Watch to show up the hypocrisy of the world's tyrants, most of whom today are Leninists. For another, U.S. membership in the U.N. does not preclude a line-item rejection by the United States of obvious follies like UNESCO. The U.N. can sometimes be a convenient stage for dramatizing Western resolve (such as there is) against the anti-Western hostility to which van den Haag rightly objects—and not merely a gas-valve for releasing the Western idealism to which Conrad tediously subscribes. □

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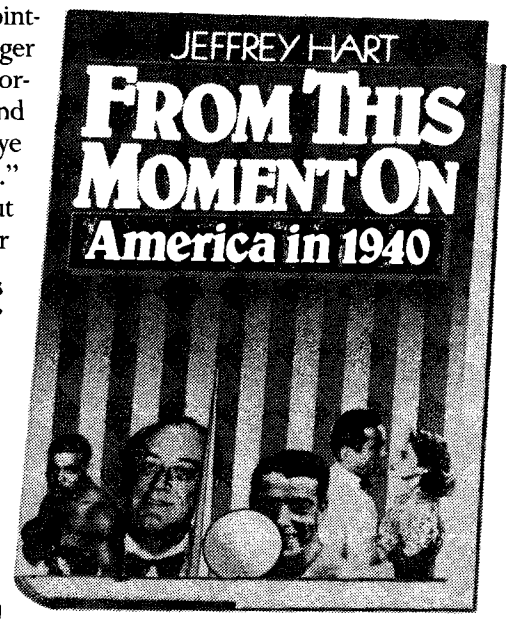

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IN SEARCH OF MELANCHOLY BABY

Vassily Aksyonov/Random House/$15.95

Stephen Chapman

All of us long to know how others see us, and Alexis de Tocqueville showed that outsiders are sometimes the most perceptive interpreters of American society. The special attraction of Vassily Aksyonov's book is that it reveals how America looks to a native of our most powerful enemy. His purposes differ from Tocqueville's. Aksyonov writes not as a visitor trying to capture the essence of a new country on a brief visit, but as an émigré who is established here, intends to stay, and has come to regard himself as an American. The book's second attraction is the glimpse it offers of the Soviet Union, as seen by a Russian whose liberal ideas made him intolerable to the Kremlin. *In Search of Melancholy Baby* is almost as much about the Soviet Union as it is about America. Beneath its bouncy charm, the reader detects the author's palpable devotion to his adopted country and a surprising lack of nostalgia for his native land.

Aksyonov is a highly regarded Russian novelist who came here in 1980 after being expelled for his dissident writings. From his account, there was never any doubt where he would go. Since his youth, he and his closest friends had been enchanted by everything American. The romance began in World War II, when "bags of yellow egg powder and containers of condensed milk and cured ham saved hundreds of thousands of Soviet children from starving to death." Wartime contacts left the average Russian with an image of the United States as "a country of fabled riches and munificence" and with an enduring affection. "Strange as it may seem," he writes, "the Russians still think of Americans as close relations. The Chinese, on the other hand, they think of as being from outer space." Aksyonov recalls a visit to Kazakhstan on which he met a drunken military officer weeping in the hotel restaurant. It turned out the soldier had just spent several years' savings on a new motorcycle and was afraid the Chinese would invade and take it away. "What about the Americans, Lieutenant?" asked Aksyonov. "Are you scared of them?" Came the firm reply: "Americans respect private property."

In Aksyonov's case, the affection for America was deepened by his discovery of jazz. He and his friends cherished it for "its refusal to be pinned down, its improvisatory nature. Living as we did in a totalitarian society, we needed relief from the structures of our minutely controlled everyday lives. . . . Jazz became more than music; it took on an ideology, or, rather, an anti-ideology. Jazz was a platonic rendezvous with freedom." He and his friends wore American clothes, read American novels, and devoured American movies, which were shown with new titles: *Stagecoach*, for example, became *The Journey Will Be Dangerous*, and an introductory statement said the movie "treats the heroic struggle of the Indians against Yankee imperialism." The Americanophilia was taken to comical lengths. In his college circle, Aksyonov recalls, "wearing a shirt with buttons that had two or three holes instead of the requisite American four, for example, was considered a disgrace." But the magnetic pull didn't derive from mere style: "America rose up out of the mist as an alternative to the outdated and nauseating belief in Socialist revolution; that is, the revolt of the slaves against their masters."

One habit Aksyonov acquired early was disbelieving everything the Soviet propaganda organs reported about the United States. As a result, he has often found American reality jarring, as on a subway ride through one of the nation's worst slums: "Picture a Soviet who has never believed a word of that [Soviet] propaganda set down by some miracle in the South Bronx and told, 'Welcome to America!' The first thing he would do is cover his eyes and moan, 'So *they* weren't lying.'" Poverty, crime, and unemployment all come as an unpleasant surprise to Russian émigrés. But in many ways his new country exceeds even what he had dreamed—in its dizzying abundance, its natural beauty, and its openness to outsiders, whose numbers and diversity make the newcomer feel welcome. "If nothing else," writes Aksyonov, "the variety helps to remind us that we are not the only ones to have washed up onto these shores, that we are not alone but part of a community." By contrast, he finds Europe xenophobic and monotonously homogeneous.

By now, though, Aksyonov feels no hesitation about offering criticism. Most vexing is American provinciality, which takes both trivial and serious forms. The former is illustrated by his apartment manager's well-meaning explanation of the automatic elevator: "Don't panic now," he says as they ascend. "The cabin will deliver you safely to the floor of your choice, where the doors will open automatically." The latter is illustrated by an acquaintance who announces that he will soon be off to Europe to protest the deployment of the Pershing II, and who is surprised to learn that the Soviet Union's "peace movement" is a creation and instrument of the state.

Everywhere he turns, Aksyonov is perplexed by Americans' ignorance of their rival superpower. At a Texas truckstop, a waitress shyly approaches him: "The fellows say that Russia has the type of government that doesn't permit you to write the books you want. Is that so?" On assorted matters, he writes, "the American public cultivates a curious kind of snobbery. Prove it ignorant of something and it will counter by asserting that your 'something' is simply not worth its attention. Not only did my students feel no shame at their ignorance of contemporary Russian literature; they felt that contemporary Russian literature had to be flawed because they were ignorant of it."

More often, Aksyonov finds his original attraction to America fully confirmed by experience. Unlike some émigrés who are appalled by the apparent chaos and undiscipline of Western life, he understands the value of freedom: "What the Soviets cannot fathom is that America's 'fragmentation' (in other words, its diversity) is the source of its magnetic strength. If America was unified along Soviet or Iranian lines, it would no longer be America.

Stephen Chapman is a syndicated columnist for the Chicago Tribune.

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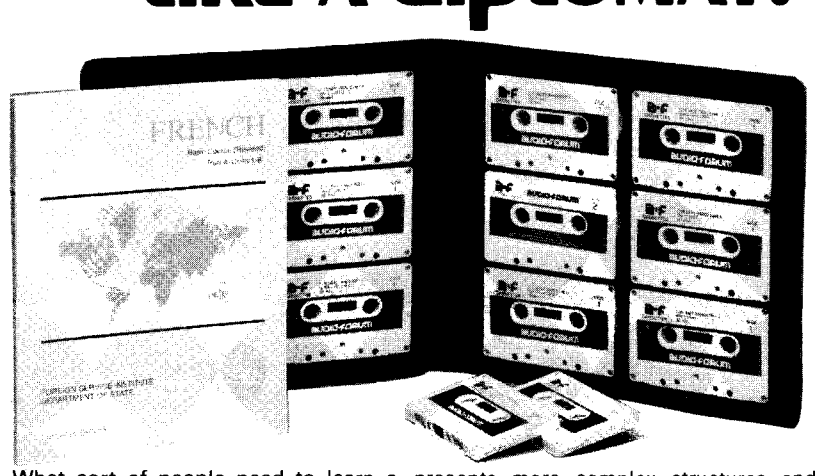

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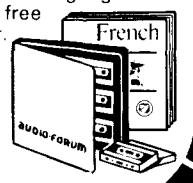

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It must therefore instill in its population a passionate desire to defend its multiplicity, its ferment, its intellectual and aesthetic waverings, its hedonism, its morality, its ecumenism, its ethnic variety, its Anglo-Saxon foundations, its generosity. . . . The paradox is that to remain what it is, America must defend even its own anti-Americans."

Although he would like to see more comprehensive social welfare programs, Aksyonov praises inequality. "Equality is static; it squelches all hope for a new and different life," he writes. "In the Soviet Union you are doomed to the life of a state employee, and unless you turn thief, nothing in your life will change. After all, everyone is equal (except, of course, for those who are more equal). In America, the land of inequality, your chance—the chance for you to change your life—is waiting for you somewhere in the chaos of economic freedom. You may never find it, but the fact that it is there gives your life an entirely different perspective."

That is the kind of insight that can come only from an outsider, who is endlessly surprised by things that natives either take for granted or fail to notice. *In Search of Melancholy Baby* suffers from numerous flaws—haphazard organization, a penchant for meandering, and a baffling recurrent feature called "Sketches for a Novel to Be." But it is redeemed by the author's indomitable good humor, his flair for the off-beat, and, not least, his clear-headed patriotism. That America could produce a memoir like this is a validation of his allegiance. □

TALKING ABOUT GOD IS DANGEROUS: THE DIARY OF A RUSSIAN DISSIDENT

Tatiana Goricheva/Crossroad Publishing (New York, NY)/$11.95

Herbert Schlossberg

Reading the accounts of life in a totalitarian society, you sometimes get the impression—in between bouts of terror—that it's all surrealistic madness. Armando Valladares in *Against All Hope*[1] describes an event in which, exhausted and half-starved, Cuban political prisoners march so rapidly, with a kind of inhuman psychic energy, that their frantic guards cannot keep pace with them. In the scene with which Tatiana Goricheva opens these memoirs, the KGB officer who has come to take her away is being placated by Tatiana's mother, who is ashamed of her daughter and clucks nervously about how absurd it is for the girl—a philosopher speaking three languages—to be working as an elevator operator. The KGB man responds mildly that that's the young woman's own business. Miss Goricheva ponders the significance of this scene: "Just imagine that, the KGB acting as my moral advocate!"

Incongruities abound in *Talking About God is Dangerous*, and that's one reason it is so gripping. Here is a society in which, after seventy years of relentless religious persecution and the propagation of official atheism with all the organs of the state, the intellectuals —*mirabile dictu*—are turning to religious faith, and doing so with great courage and the determination not to allow the regime to manage them. Miss Goricheva is astonished to learn after emigrating that in the Soviet Union, where believers are hounded, tortured, and imprisoned, they are actually freer than in the West because of this inner strength developed through adversity.

In place of the stereotype—the few remaining churches half-filled with ancient *babushkas* while the educated young feed on science and atheism—Miss Goricheva here gives an entirely different picture. What is happening now in the Soviet Union seems to validate Chesterton's comment that when people depart from religious faith they don't thereby believe in nothing; rather, they believe in anything. Thus the occult flourishes in the Soviet Union; in fact Miss Goricheva was converted to Christianity in the midst of a Yoga session through the misguided inclusion of a New Testament passage for the mantra. The trend validates the predictions of both Oswald Spengler and Max Weber some seventy-five years ago. They foresaw that the scientistic mania for the phenomenal which had captured the intellectual classes of their day would eventuate in a revolt against reason and the flowering of weird cults and noumenal fantasies. Gilbert Murray's interpretation of the degeneration of Hellenistic philosophy and society was essentially the same.

Seeking something other than the gray aridity of official Marxist materialism and the madness of the cults, Miss Goricheva and her friends for a time sought solace in Western existentialism. Nietzsche, Sartre, Heidegger, and Camus made the rounds in translation, and for those who would later come to the church these philosophers provided a useful way station—despair. But many never got past that grim destination alive: suicide was rampant among the young intellectuals imbibing forbidden poisons from the West.

The doubter who smiles skeptically at this memoir of the revival of religion among Soviet intellectuals ought to choose as a companion volume *The Russian Orthodox Church: A Contemporary History*, by Jane Ellis of Keston College in England. This massive work, published last year by Indiana University Press, documents in great detail the revival of Russian Orthodoxy, of which *Talking About God is Dangerous* is an important source document. The Ellis work substantiates that Miss Goricheva was one of the founders of the Leningrad seminar—called the 37 Group, from the number of the apartment in which it met.

The revival of religion among the intellectuals began in earnest in the mid-seventies. The Leningrad seminar started meeting about that time, and, although at the core it was composed of Orthodox Christians, it also included atheists, cultists, a few Baptists—and a coterie of KGB agents. One of the jokes making the rounds had it that on nights when the seminar was in session it was safe to have meetings anywhere you wanted because the KGB was fully occupied over at 37. This seminar reminds me of the Socratic Club that C. S. Lewis founded at Oxford around the beginning of World War II and presided over until his departure for Cambridge in 1954. In both cases believer and atheist slugged it out in

[1]Reviewed by Vladimir Bukovsky in the December 1986 *TAS*.

Herbert Schlossberg is directing a project on worldwide religious persecution.

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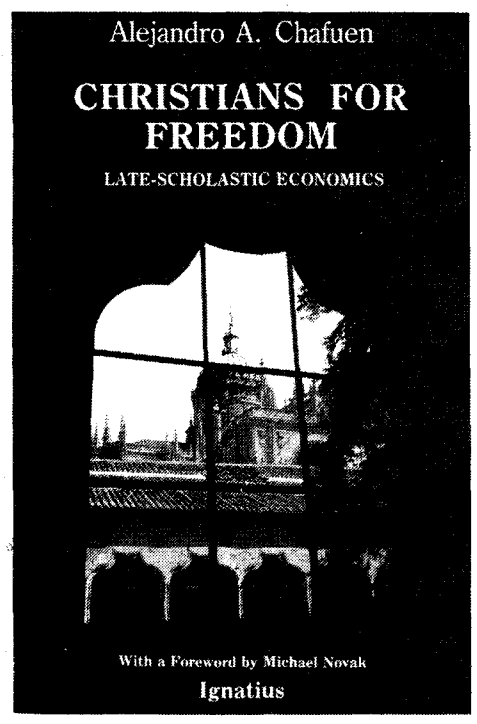

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mind-to-mind combat with no holds barred, although the Soviet version must have been far more exhilarating for the participants because such events were illegal. Later on Miss Goricheva learned that a similar group functioned in Moscow, although it was composed entirely of members of the Russian Orthodox Church. That such groups could continue in Soviet society is astonishing, given the energy with which the authorities repress unofficial thinking. I have recently learned on good authority that numerous similar groups have sprung up in the Soviet Union since Miss Goricheva left.

Yet the Soviet leaders have not suddenly turned soft or decided to honor their constitution. All the members of the Moscow seminar are in prison. The secret police are just as swinish as Solzhenitsyn revealed them to be in *The Oak and the Calf.* The Mutt and Jeff act is still playing in the interrogation rooms. Dissidents are threatened with "treatment" in psychiatric hospitals. Still, there is a subtlety to the Soviet method that is likely to get the better of those who think it is all truncheons and labor camps. Rather than just moving in with handcuffs, the KGB may attack the living organism of dissent from within. "Their existence," says Miss Goricheva, "is based on the exploitation of the lower human feelings: anxiety, envy, vanity, mistrust." They tell the Baptists that the Orthodox are drunkards and perverts. To the Orthodox they speak of Baptist fanaticism. Everyone has his weakness, and the creatures of the regime are trained to exploit them all. Miss Goricheva found that the disciplines of the ancient faith preserved her fortitude against the wiles of the enemy, and she quotes approvingly Solzhenitsyn's strategy for dealing with the authorities: "Believe nothing, be afraid of nothing, ask for nothing."

The disquieting part of this book is not the life of Christians under persecution—that is the exhilarating part. What is disquieting is the palpable disappointment its author felt with the spiritual life of Western Europe. She left the USSR because she had started a women's movement called Mary (the name was no coincidence), and the authorities gave her the choice of emigrating or going to prison. This was in 1980 when the regime was trying to rid the country of troublemakers in time for the Olympics. When she reached the West, instead of being met by Christians, which she hoped for, she was greeted by air-headed feminists breathlessly asking if Russian women desired to be priests.

Her scathing description of a television preacher is only too familiar to Americans, and her sadness at the desiccated appearance of religious life in the West echoes all the lamentations about post-Christian Europe. Surprisingly, the title of the book refers not to the Soviet Union but to the scarecrows that pass for clergymen in the West, those who are afraid to talk about God to people who don't want to listen.

By and large people in the West are ignorant of the nature of religious persecution in totalitarian countries. That is starting to change, partly because of the maturity and volume of materials on the Soviet Union coming out of Keston College, and partly because of a number of small but increasingly vocal organizations calling attention to the suffering of the victims. Solzhenitsyn, of course, made the breakthrough, but his work was blunted partially by the complicity and disinformation of the World Council of Churches and some of its member organizations. Valladares's *Against All Hope* lifted the veil from the horror of Castro's Cuba, and now Tatiana Goricheva enables us to see more of the Soviet Union's beleaguered religious life. May we have an increase in this kind of literature. □

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THE SOUTHERN ESSAYS OF RICHARD M. WEAVER

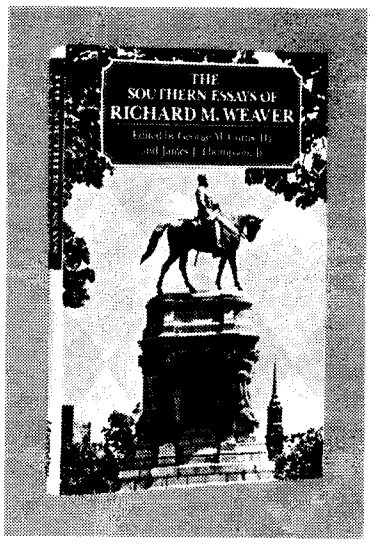
Foreword by George Core
Edited with Preface by George M. Curtis, III and James J. Thompson, Jr.

Richard M. Weaver (1910-1963) was one of the leading figures in the post World War II development of an intellectual, self-conscious conservatism. Yet following his untimely death his work, for the most part, faded from view, though his most important and widely cited book, *Ideas Have Consequences* (Chicago, 1948), still is in print.

Weaver's appreciation of civility, honor and liberty were rooted in his understanding of Southern history. He discovered in his native land the evolution of a "social bond individualism" very different from the better known "anarchic individualism" of Thoreau. This collection of fourteen of Weaver's essays demonstrates George Core's point that "few critics of the South rival Richard Weaver in comprehensiveness of vision and depth of thought...."

Among the essays included are "Lee the Philosopher" (1948), "Agrarianism in Exile" (1950), "The Tennessee Agrarians" (1952), and "Two Types of Individualism" (1963).

George M. Curtis, III is Professor of History at Hanover College and James J. Thompson, Jr., is Book Review Editor of *The New Oxford Review.*



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STORM OVER BIOLOGY: ESSAYS ON SCIENCE, SENTIMENT, AND PUBLIC POLICY

Bernard D. Davis/Prometheus Books (Buffalo, NY)/$22.95

Rael Jean Isaac

On April 24, 1987 in Brentwood, California, genetically altered bacteria were released outdoors for the first time. The 2,300 strawberry plants on which they were sprayed had been hastily replanted the night before, after protesters had cut through a six-foot chain-link fence surrounding the site and uprooted the original plants. The point of the experiment was to combat the frost damage that costs U.S. agriculture an estimated $1.6 billion a year. The point of the protesters was to continue, by "other means," their four-year battle, waged in the courts and the press, to stop all work in genetic engineering on the grounds of the peril posed to public health.

Yet as Bernard Davis emphasizes in his careful analysis of the balance between risks and benefits in recombinant DNA research, the real danger lies in the demand "for virtually absolute freedom from risk." Davis points out that if the study of infectious diseases had faced similar demands, "we might still be losing one-quarter of our children to communicable diseases." At stake in "the storm over biology," whether the target is recombinant DNA or a wide range of studies focusing on the role of heredity in human behavior, is nothing less than the integrity of science.

Although Davis dedicates the book "to a multitude of friends, torn by tensions between the heart and the head," his own work is testimony enough that heart and head can work together. The essays, speeches, editorials, book reviews, and letters to the editor drawn together in this volume, written over a period of seventeen years and published in journals ranging from *Science* and *Chemical and Engineering News* to the *New York Times* and *Harvard Magazine*, bear witness not only to Davis's literary and intellectual abilities, but also to his generous spirit, civility, and courage—qualities in far shorter supply in the academy.

As Edward Shils points out in his introductory essay, the number of scientists involved in what he calls the "anti-science movement" is not large, but their impact is heightened by the support they receive from the *publicists* of science. While Davis expresses considerable sympathy for the egalitarian goals of the movement (he is a political liberal, and was active in the movement against the Vietnam war), he refuses to make scientific truth subservient to ideology. Thus Davis decries what he calls the "moralistic fallacy"; the notion that one can derive an "is" from an "ought."

Many of the essays defend evolutionary theory.[1] Despite the quasi-religious fervor with which the left defends Darwinian theory against creationists, it is unwilling, as Davis notes, to accept the implications of biological diversity, even though this is central to Darwin's theory. Diversity conflicts with the left's ideal of human equality. Fearful that studies in behavioral genetics will contradict their extreme environmentalist assumptions, this determined band denies the validity of studies documenting human diversity and seeks to discourage (and even outlaw) further study in this area. Davis reports that Harvard geneticist Richard Lewontin, on a "Nova" program on public television, went so far as to scorn the belief that musical talent was inherited, to minimize the contribution of genetics to agricultural production, and to deny the legitimacy of human behavioral genetics. Little wonder that Davis refers to "neo-Lysenkoism."

Davis zeroes in on the politically sensitive area of genetically determined intellectual differences, defending the validity of intelligence tests against the likes of Stephen Jay Gould, also a professor at Harvard, who has attacked the whole concept of measurable intelligence as meaningless, presumably because it would then follow that the disturbing data on group differences are meaningless as well. The taboo on discussion in this area is so strong that even Edward O. Wilson, in his path-breaking *Sociobiology*, sidesteps the influence of genes on mental ability. Wilson, whose work is the subject of several essays in this book, is of course anathema to left-wing ideologues intent on giving science political shape: as Davis notes, "their utopias are built on assumptions of human malleability and perfectibility, and a socio-biological perspective does threaten these assumptions."

Nowhere is Davis's courage more evident than in the stand he took against the excesses of affirmative action at Harvard Medical School. Davis's bruising experiences are the subject of the only essay in the collection not published previously. He describes the development of the program into a quota system setting aside 20 percent of the entering class for black students. (Not infrequently, in a pattern followed by a number of elite colleges, better qualified black applicants from the middle class were rejected in favor of those less qualified from suitably "disadvantaged" backgrounds.) As faculty became ever more reluctant to fail black students, they fell back on a requirement that students pass the National Board exam—and even that exam they could take five times.

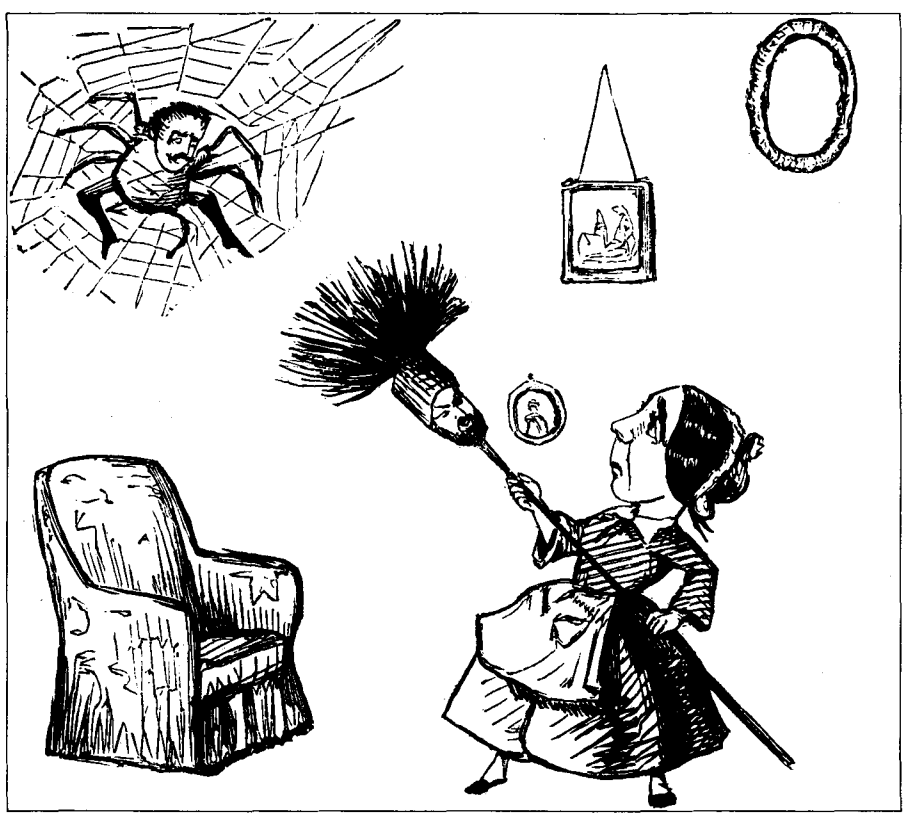
For Davis the final straw came when the medical school's dean won approval to waive the National Board requirement for a student who *had* failed its basic science examination five times! Davis wrote a guest editorial in the *New England Journal of Medicine* arguing that given the power the M.D. degree bestowed to make life and death judgments, medical faculties had a grave responsibility to make sure they produced reasonably competent physicians.

Although the editorial made no mention of Harvard and even advocated stretching admissions criteria to help disadvantaged groups, Davis was accused of racism, picketed by students who demanded his dismissal, vilified on national television, denounced by his dean, censured by the faculty council, and told he could not become, as had been planned, director of the college's Center for Human Genetics. His colleagues at Harvard? Davis received "private messages of support" from over a hundred of them. Publicly he stood alone.

If Davis can be faulted, it is for giving the activists of the anti-science movement too much credit for good intentions. For example, in characterizing Science for the People, he says, "there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of this group of critics." He calls the American Friends Service Committee "highly responsible." To be sure, even Davis's forbearance is taxed by Jeremy Rifkin, whom he describes as "the professional opponent of genetic engineering." While Davis refers to "ideological convictions" taking precedence over "considerations of scientific validity" in all these cases, he does not seem to be aware of the full scope of those "ideological convictions" and the ways in which they are expressed.

Science for the People, for instance, has declared that its goals include "exposing the class control of science and technology" and helping scientists "ally with other progressive forces in society" in "opposing the ideologies of sexism, racism, elitism and their practice." As for its methods, Jon Franklin describes in *Molecules of the Mind* how, in the late 1960s, members would disrupt scientific meetings of molecular biologists, who were beginning to un-

[1]Davis himself strongly defends a neo-Darwinian view, arguing that molecular genetics lends it new support. For a good discussion of growing criticism, especially from paleontologists, see Tom Bethell's "Agnostic Evolutionists," *Harper's*, February 1985.



Rael Jean Isaac's most recent book (with Erich Isaac) is The Coercive Utopians *(Regnery Gateway).*

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fold the mysteries of brain function (with the immense promise of relieving mental illness), with chants of "Nazi! Nazi!" Meanwhile, the "highly responsible" American Friends Service Committee has become a chief apologist for the PLO. As for Jeremy Rifkin, he started his career in 1971 as director of something called the "People's Bicentennial Commission." Apparently the brainchild of John Rossen, a one-time U.S. Communist Party organizer, Rifkin's "Commission" used the occasion of the Bicentennial to call for a new American revolution based on Marxist principles. Later, Rifkin formed a "People's Business Commission" as a device for anti-corporation propaganda, and then turned to his present crusade to halt research in genetic engineering. That a man with Rifkin's credentials (none of them scientific) has been able almost singlehandedly (with foundation support, to be sure) to set back an entire area of vital research by five years—with the outcome still uncertain—is a tribute to the weak-kneed vulnerability of our scientific institutions. While Davis does say that exposure seems "more important than legitimation," it is disappointing to find him pulling his punches.

Davis also strikes me as overly optimistic in his claim that we have weathered the storm created by Darwin when he struck down the doctrine of special creation, and thus shattered the supernatural basis for moral consensus. Have we really compensated, as Davis says, by developing a radically increased sensitivity to the problems of human rights? Human rights may be used more frequently as a political weapon, but there is little in the record of this century to suggest great devotion to their substance. And while he criticizes Edward O. Wilson for his failure to recognize that "the values that guide social behavior within a group will continue basically to be derived by a political process" (Wilson argues that evolution can become the presiding myth of a universal new religion), he too believes evolution can provide an alternative foundation for a variety of value systems, "for the deep-seated drive for perpetuation of one's genes, and the inescapably social nature of the species, places boundaries on the range of viable ethical principles." But if a man is born with a need for religion and for an ethical system, knowledge that he has such needs tends to erode his faith rather than provide a foundation for it. Recognition that our genes program us to develop moral and religious systems is no substitute for belief in a transcendental deity who demands obedience to His law.

But these are quibbles. Davis is a genuine hero of modern science, standard bearer for a faith that truth is a supreme end that cannot be held hostage to the intellectual fashions of the day, that science is a methodology for seeking universal, objective truths about nature, that progress in science is good for society, and that the scientific community can be trusted with a high degree of autonomy. Most scientists probably continue to share this faith, but they are intimidated and therefore silent.

Davis writes that he has often been asked why he took upon himself the task of calling attention "to extremely touchy problems that were well known to a great many people, and that our society was bound to correct eventually." He notes that "the best answer I could give was the story of the old lady, gently awakened by an usher closing up a theater, who looked around at the empty seats and said, 'This is what comes of my following the theory that if everyone waited for everyone else there would be no rushing.'" The story is typically self-deprecating, but if our society does indeed correct these problems, it will be thanks in no small measure to rare individuals like Bernard Davis. □

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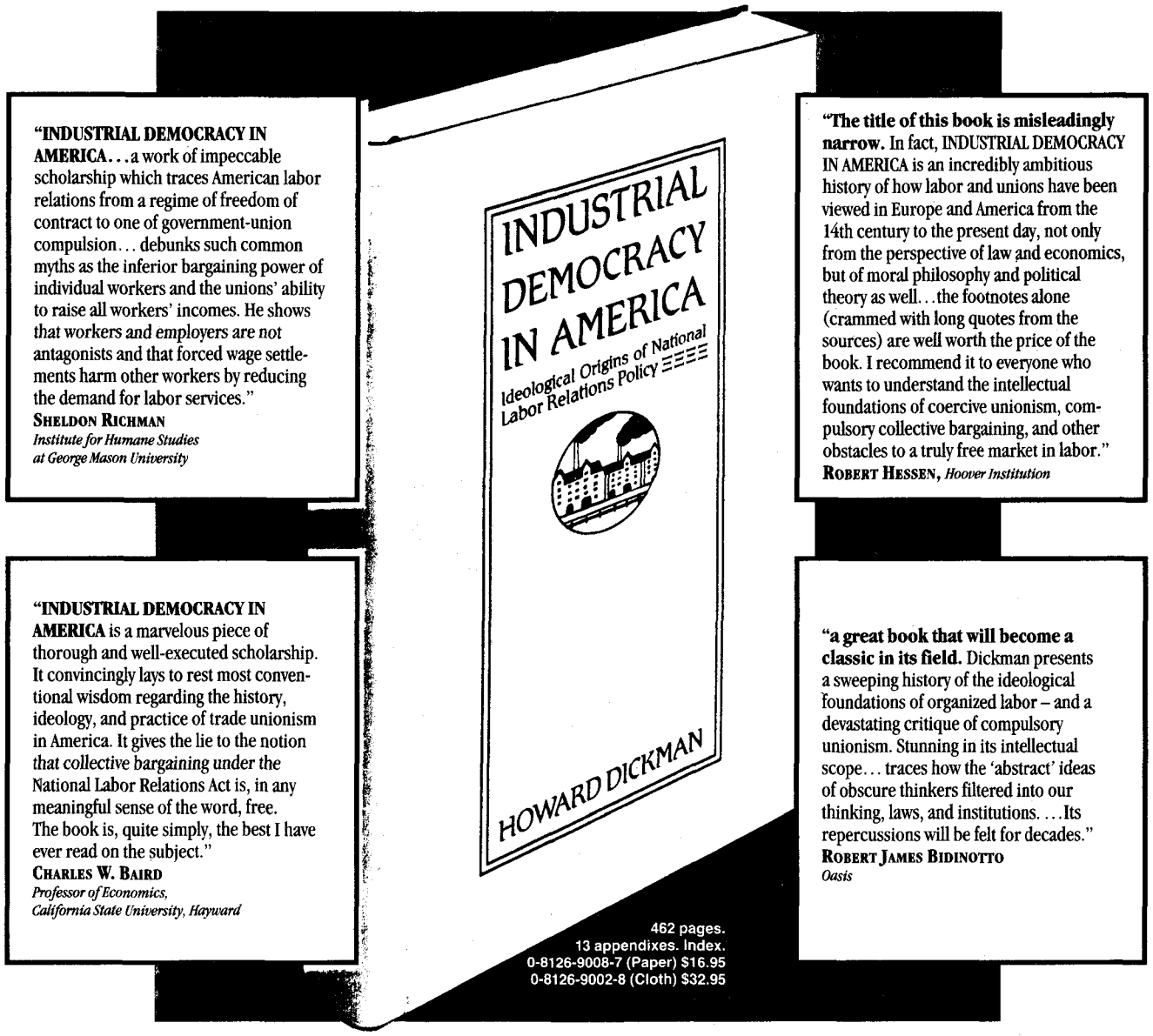

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THE WANING OF HUMANENESS

Konrad Lorenz/Little, Brown/$17.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

You have to give Konrad Lorenz one thing: He doesn't believe in beating around the bush. The first sentence—and it is a sentence in more ways than one—in his foreword to *The Waning of Humaneness* starkly declares that "now, as never before, the prospects for a human future are exceptionally dismal. Most probably the human race will soon and swiftly, but certainly not painlessly, be committed to suicide through the use of extant nuclear weaponry." But that is not the worst of it since, "even if this does not happen, every human being remains in peril of a slow death through poisoning and desiccating the environment in which he lives and by which he is sustained."

Had enough? Well, there is more, for "even if, just in time, humans should somehow impose a check on their blind and unbelievably stupid conduct, they still remain threatened by a progressive decline of all those attributes and attainments that constitute their humanity."

Up to a point, Lord Konrad. There *is* something to be said for each of these points, bleak though they are. Unfortunately, Mr. Lorenz has got them backwards, both in order of gravity and order of probability. The primary threat to a civilized future—Mr. Lorenz would probably prefer the word "humane," but it comes to the same thing, since we are talking humanist values here—for mankind is not the existence of a lethal arsenal, which, precisely because of its deadliness, is not likely to be used *en masse*, at a level that would threaten the race as a whole.

Nor are we all that likely to perish from the collective abuse of additives, aerosol cans, and Egg McMuffins, nasty as they may be. The primary threat, and it is one that has faced humanity from the beginning, at every step in the history of mankind (with many individual societies and classes falling casualties along the way), is the decline in civilized, or humane, attitudes and behavior that Mr. Lorenz relegates to third place in the Apocalyptic Hit Parade. Social decay and the degradation of communal and individual values, whether self-inflicted or imposed by conquest or subversion, account for everything from the ruin of ancient Greece and Rome to the current moral and material squalor in totalitarian societies such as the Soviet Union (where the senior management is desperately trying to patch and improvise social correctives to the innate inhumanity of the system), the sinking of societies in many parts of the Third World, and the degradation of "beneficiaries" of welfare-state dependency and other social dropouts in the democratic West.

What makes Konrad Lorenz refreshingly different from most social critics (and, even more so, from most behaviorists) is that, having rightly or wrongly diagnosed the problems facing modern civilization, he proposes to consider them, not as pre-ordained symptoms of irreversible decay, but as components of a social malady capable of diagnosis and cure. In effect, after declaring his rather draconian sentence, he offers the human race the novel prospect of time *on* for good—or, at least, improved—behavior.

"We humans," he concludes, "are only an ephemeral link in the chain of the live and the living; there are good reasons for the assumption that we are but a developmental phase on the way to becoming truly humane beings. We are still allowed a little time to hope that this may be so." Because Mr. Lorenz holds that human behavior and perceptions are capable of creative evolution—and because, presumably, he does not believe in a divinely immutable fate for mankind—he can deny the historical inevitability that is the opiate of utopian and cataclysmic intellectuals alike.

While Mr. Lorenz could well be mistaken, it certainly behooves all decent human beings to proceed on the assumption that he may be right, namely to pray as if everything depended on God . . . and work as if everything depended on us.

Having agreed to this much of his argument, one may still find fault with some of Mr. Lorenz's elaboration of it, and his style of presentation. Although translator Robert Warren Kickert has made heroic efforts to render a readable English version of Mr. Lorenz's original German, he has been sufficiently honest to preserve enough of the Teutonic pomposity and pedantry to give one an idea of how laborious the writings of even Nobel Prize–winning German thinkers tend to be. His is a triumph of integrity over readability; don't take *The Waning of Humaneness* with you to the beach unless you want to sleep through the week-end.

Mr. Lorenz also misses the mark in blaming social deterioration on the "de-humanizing" effect of urban living and working conditions. Like many survivors of the nightmarish goings-on in *Mittel-Europa* in this century, he places an artificially high premium on life close to nature. Any one familiar with the brutality of real, rather than idealized, rustic life must take Mr. Lorenz's sylvan paeans with a grain of salt. The march of civilization has been the march out of relative rural bondage and into relative urban freedom; fleeing back to the forest is no answer to the problems faced by the contemporary West.

Leisure, not labor, is the root of the problem. The kind of aimless materialism and self-indulgence that was once the exclusive (and often self-destructive) preserve of the rich and privileged is now routinely enjoyed, if that is the right word, by the bulk of the population. The anchorless, extended adolescence of Western youth, from those on the dole all the way up to those in graduate school, the universal accessibility of bad drugs and worse social fads, the eroding effect of global, mass-marketed pop culture on traditional values and aesthetic standards, the general failure of family and educational delivery systems of desirable social norms; these are the core problems that must be recognized and overcome.

Mr. Lorenz may also have fallen prey to his own expertise as an animal behaviorist. Just as pet owners should be wary of attributing too many human motivations to Rover and Tabby, animal behaviorists should be leery of assigning too many bestial motivations to human beings; this despite Austrian aphorist Karl Kraus's valid observation that, when people try to excuse a particularly beastly piece of behavior, they invariably fall back on the alibi that they are "only human."

Still, allowing for its occasionally misdirected elaborations and its sometimes oppressive erudition, *The Waning of Humaneness* remains a profoundly important work, its message both a warning and a beacon civilized men can only ignore at their peril. Konrad Lorenz may not believe in angels. Like it or not, however, he is on their side. □

Aram Bakshian, Jr. writes and broadcasts frequently on politics, history, and the arts. He was recently nominated by President Reagan to serve as a member of the National Council on the Humanities.

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MY LIFE IN PICTURES

Malcolm Muggeridge/William Morrow & Co./$22.95

Joe Mysak

No, this is not a collection of outtakes and reminiscences from "Masterpiece Theatre" and the like. *My Life in Pictures* is a photograph album of one of the best-spent lives in British journalism. Indeed, it may be taken as a companion volume to Muggeridge's ongoing autobiography, *Chronicles of Wasted Time*, and the results are as felicitous as if Mencken or Chesterton edited such collections to accompany their own works. For no matter how fine the craftsman is with words, and Muggeridge is one of the best, human nature craves the visual. Unfortunately for those who know no Muggeridge, it is difficult to picture the great liberal death wish, or his dismay at humanity for seeking to create Utopias. But the author has dealt at length with the larger issues before, and here does what he can.

Muggeridge, to be sure, has never been camera-shy, and has ever had a taste for the controversial and for stirring up public comment. He went to see the "Russian experiment" in 1932 as an eager and sympathetic correspondent, and instead observed the famine in the Ukraine, which he wrote about at a time when almost all other enthusiastic left-wing journalists chose to look the other way. His candor did nothing for his popularity with the left.

He went to India to write about the last days of the Raj, and worked in British intelligence, MI6, in World War II. He worked as an editorial writer, gossip columnist, and Washington correspondent at various stages in his career, and in 1953 became editor of *Punch*, where he set about the task of sharpening the magazine and to "spicing it with politics and current affairs." He quickly got into hot water over a cartoon hinting that then Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in his last tour of duty, should step down. In a *Saturday Evening Post* article, he took issue with royalty and created another uproar, although there are indications that press lord Beaverbrook took a big hand in stirring the pot. But Muggeridge got the message: "Being anathema is a chastening experience," he captions one photograph, in which he looks particularly lugubrious.

He may have been chastened, but he never let up. After his stint at *Punch*, Muggeridge embraced television, being one of the first to recognize the possibilities of the broadcast interview. He rapidly achieved the celebrity that only television can provide, becoming not only a journalist but a decidedly puckish "controversialist," as much a subject as any of those he interviewed for BBC. Television became the "dominant motif" (although he has also been its scathing critic) for well over ten years of his life, the period he will presumably treat in the next volume of *Chronicles of Wasted Time*.

Many readers today regard him, if at all, as the venerable St. Mugg, but such was not always the case: he was not born old, as this book shows. He includes a number of shots here from his saucy television days, many with "theatrical" expressions, as he puts it; and there is one picture included here of Muggeridge dancing the Lobster Quadrille with Sir John Gielgud in a production of *Alice in Wonderland*.

The caption form of writing allows only for the barest glosses, but even here, Muggeridge excels. He provides sketches of those luminaries he has known, in a tone mainly friendly, occasionally bittersweet, and sometimes tart. He writes that Evelyn Waugh possessed an "inner quality or generosity of character which was expressed more privately and in a way that would help most." Stalin's daughter Svetlana Alliluyeva, on the other hand, who made a career of defecting to and then leaving the West, is "an utterly tragic person, living a life beyond bearing."

Of Graham Greene, Muggeridge writes: "He is one of England's finest storytellers and novelists. At present his fame stands very high, certainly because of his sheer craftsmanship, ability to entertain at a serious level and his sense of irony, but possibly also, I wonder, because this is a comparatively lean period in this country for literature. I even sometimes suspect that future generations might see him as lightweight and see us as lacking in seriousness, too, for holding him in such high regard, particularly over his later novels."

And so on. He writes, briefly, of William F. Buckley, Jr., Mother Teresa, Kim Philby, Douglas MacArthur, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and numerous others who have crossed his path. He describes his election as rector of Edinburgh University (where the students, who thought they had elected an irreverent agnostic, found someone trying to turn them to thoughts of "the truths of the Christian religion"), his conversion to Christianity and finally to Catholicism, and his life in the countryside of Robertsbridge, Sussex. In *My Life in Pictures* Muggeridge collects impressions and souvenirs of a lifetime in abbreviated style, and with little of the satire to which his readers are accustomed. It is, if there is such a thing, minor Muggeridge, which is still pretty high-grade for anyone else. □

Joe Mysak is assistant managing editor of the daily Bond Buyer.

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 12)

reminded quite often of Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*. In 1971 I wrote a review of that book in which I said: "The book is defective, marred by the exceeding vagueness of its central categories, a confusion of historical perspective, gross generalizations, annoying question-begging, and windy rhetoric." *Mutatis mutandis*, I could use similar language to characterize Bloom's book. His idea of higher education seems to be an erotic tumble in the metaphysical hay for the chosen few who can decode the proper texts in the proper way. But that is not what education in a democracy means. If, as Kesler suggests, Bloom had paid more attention to how political and philosophical principles have become embodied in the American character and in our institutions and more attention to the civic dimension of education he would no doubt have come up with a more positive view of our estate and been more optimistic about the potential of today's students to realize a meaningful life. I fear higher education has not failed democracy so much as Bloom's book has.

It is salutary to remind ourselves in this bicentennial year of the Constitution that one of the principal reasons why it has worked so well and for so long is precisely that the Framers rejected the transcendental ethic of the classical tradition for which Bloom aspires with such heavy breathing. They felt it made unreasonable, indeed impossible, demands upon ordinary people. More than any political thinkers heretofore, they attempted to tame men's passions by giving disciplined rein to his interests. It was a carefully calibrated calculus that has produced many gains in the social order. But Bloom ignores all of this. Of course, democracy isn't as exciting as the alternative he proposes, not as heroic or as erotically charged. There is no doubt democracy tends to be boring. It doesn't produce souls as finely woven or as highly tuned as Bloom

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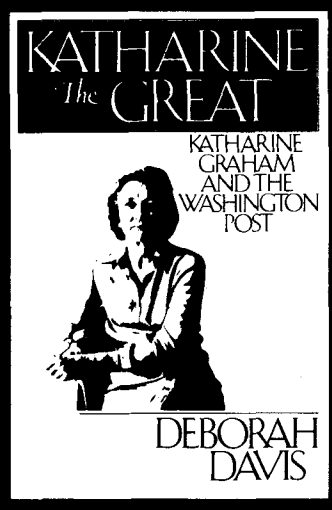

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would like. Democracy, in short, is not the kind of society a Plato or a Rousseau dreamed of in their blueprints. But the way of Plato and Rousseau is not the way of Madison and Jefferson. Kesler caught that point very well in his article.

—Bernard Murchland
Professor of Philosophy
Ohio Wesleyan University
Delaware, Ohio

Porn Padrone

The most telling thing about Ernest van den Haag's smutstomping rant ("Outlaw Porn," *TAS*, July 1987) is that nowhere in the piece does he cite *any* psychologist or social scientist to support his claim that pornography somehow "causes" crime. Whether this is because van den Haag has not read the literature or because he considers his opinions so perfect that they need not be supported by facts is a question readers must answer for themselves.

Van den Haag admits that the Meese Commission couldn't find any conclusive proof that looking at nonviolent pornography causes a viewer to commit violent crimes. . . . Men's magazines like *Penthouse* and novels like *Sweet Sweater Sluts* may be dumb, but they don't cause people to commit crimes.

Conservatives bothered by the size and power of the state should be troubled by van den Haag's proposal to create a new agency (the Federal Sex Regulatory Commission, perhaps?) to decide what Americans will be allowed to read and see. Parents should be bothered by van den Haag's belief that the state is a better authority over children than they are. Critics will puzzle over van den Haag's effortless ability to determine what is and is not a proper subject to criticize.

If pornography must be "fought," the proper way to do it is by local boycotts, not by the iron hand of the Justice Department. If all the "Reagan Revolution" boils down to is howling in ecstasy as the federal sex police (led by Henry Hudson or Andrea Dworkin) kicks down the front doors of America and rips up *Playboy*s, why was Ronald Reagan elected in the first place?

—Martin Morse Wooster
Silver Spring, Maryland

Ernest van den Haag replies:
Perhaps Mr. Wooster should have read what I wrote before attacking it. If he does he will find that I feel that it cannot be proved that pornography causes crime although it is likely that it does so in the same sense in which alcohol may. I suggested that this is not a good argument for prohibiting either.

I did not propose any "new agency" to determine "what Americans will be allowed to read and see." I do understand Mr. Wooster's preference for battling strawmen of his own invention rather than the arguments I presented.

Compliments to the Artist

Elliott Banfield's portraits of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, Arthur Liman, and John W. Nields, Jr. on the September cover are masterpieces! It is amazing that with such simple lines and hatchings the artist was able to present not only the appearance but the characters of those three people. The smirk with which many of the interrogators questioned North was disgusting.

—Edgar Bissantz
Santa Barbara, California

Outrage Express

I am writing to express my outrage at the reference to the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador on page 2 of your August 87 issue. In light of the recent threats and acts of violence against Salvadoran refugees in Los Angeles, a joke which names CISPES as a group with which one does not want to be associated is in very poor taste. Does your advertising department really think rape, torture, and death threats are amusing?

—Pamela Fendt
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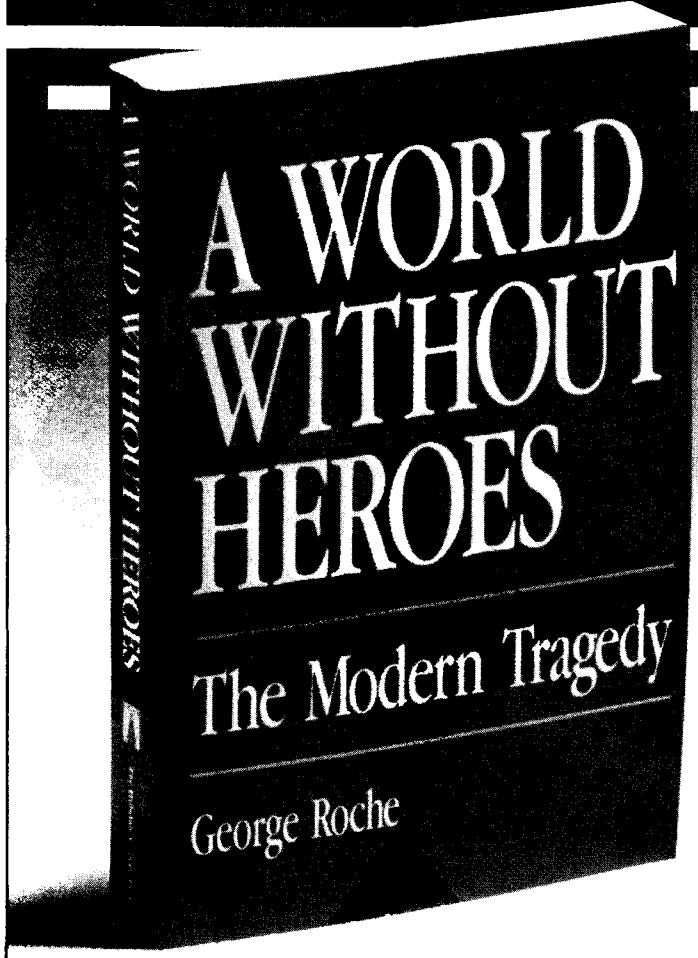

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By George Roche

Foreword By Russell Kirk

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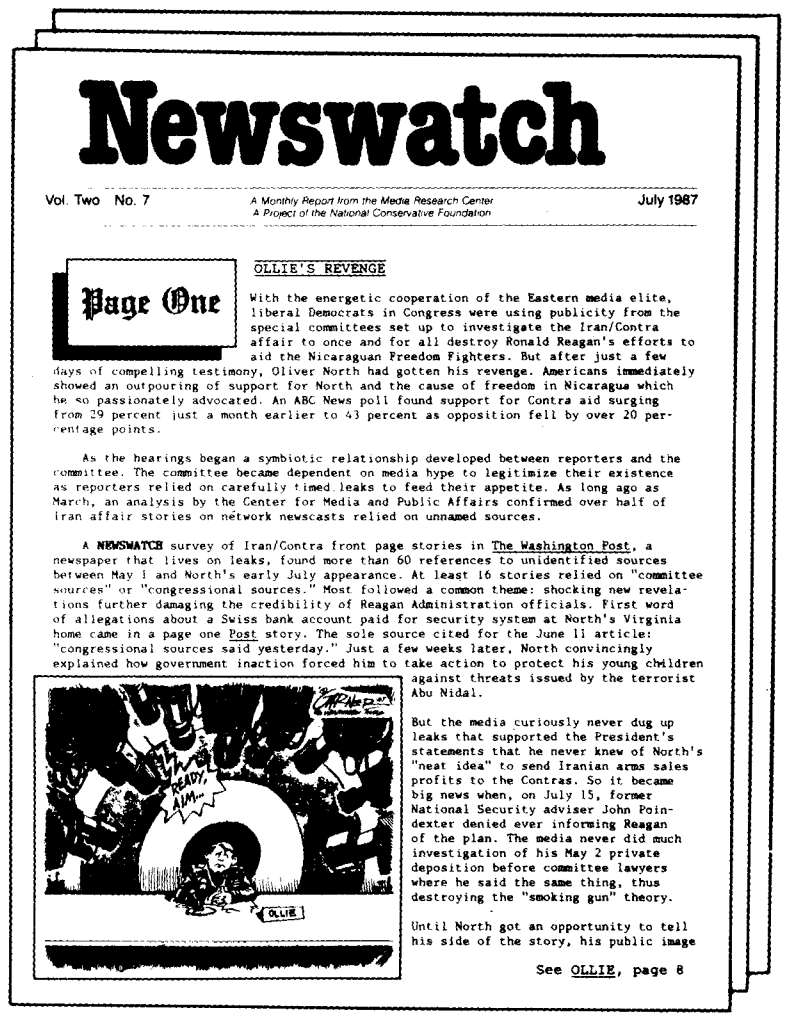

Newswatch

Vol. Two No. 7 — *A Monthly Report from the Media Research Center, A Project of the National Conservative Foundation* — July 1987

Page One

OLLIE'S REVENGE

With the energetic cooperation of the Eastern media elite, liberal Democrats in Congress were using publicity from the special committees set up to investigate the Iran/Contra affair to once and for all destroy Ronald Reagan's efforts to aid the Nicaraguan Freedom Fighters. But after just a few days of compelling testimony, Oliver North had gotten his revenge. Americans immediately showed an outpouring of support for North and the cause of freedom in Nicaragua which he so passionately advocated. An ABC News poll found support for Contra aid surging from 29 percent just a month earlier to 43 percent as opposition fell by over 20 percentage points.

As the hearings began a symbiotic relationship developed between reporters and the committee. The committee became dependent on media hype to legitimize their existence as reporters relied on carefully timed leaks to feed their appetite. As long ago as March, an analysis by the Center for Media and Public Affairs confirmed over half of Iran affair stories on network newscasts relied on unnamed sources.

A NEWSWATCH survey of Iran/Contra front page stories in The Washington Post, a newspaper that lives on leaks, found more than 60 references to unidentified sources between May 1 and North's early July appearance. At least 16 stories relied on "committee sources" or "congressional sources." Most followed a common theme: shocking new revelations further damaging the credibility of Reagan Administration officials. First word of allegations about a Swiss bank account paid for security system at North's Virginia home came in a page one Post story. The sole source cited for the June 11 article: "congressional sources said yesterday." Just a few weeks later, North convincingly explained how government inaction forced him to take action to protect his young children against threats issued by the terrorist Abu Nidal.

But the media curiously never dug up leaks that supported the President's statements that he never knew of North's "neat idea" to send Iranian arms sales profits to the Contras. So it became big news when, on July 15, former National Security adviser John Poindexter denied ever informing Reagan of the plan. The media never did much investigation of his May 2 private deposition before committee lawyers where he said the same thing, thus destroying the "smoking gun" theory.

Until North got an opportunity to tell his side of the story, his public image

See OLLIE, page 8

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—Jeane Kirkpatrick

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MONSTROUS MANNERS

by William Irvine

I've heard a lot of talk lately about something called The Return to Elegance. It also seems to be known variously as The New Conservatism, The New Snobbery, and The Age of Plutocracy. People have developed a new respect for the manners and morals of the pre-1960s generation, we are told. Everyone stays at home now, coos the *New York Times*, giving intimate little dinner parties for their childhood chums. If some of the recent behavior that I have witnessed among Gotham's 10,000 is any indication, the majority of fashionable New Yorkers spent their formative years on a gypsy caravan of pigs and chimps. It is surely no illusion that what used to pass for manners in this town has eroded dramatically as of late, and I shall make a small attempt to mark some of the more offensive trends that are encroaching upon the standards of polite society.

• • •

Once considered an extreme offense to the unsuspecting caller, the answering machine has become as accepted a player in modern life as the telephone itself. As if this alone were not enough, an entire subculture of vexatious techniques has sprouted from the machine, techniques which are not considered the least bit unusual. Many answering machine owners now turn them on while at home, wait for a caller to identify himself, and then, only then, break in on the line, as if running furiously from the bathroom to answer the telephone. The implication here is that the recipient frequently waits until one has left a message before deciding whether or not to talk. This situation is made even more immediate in social intercourse with those who have "call waiting." In this case, the recipient must make an instant judgment about whom he wishes to talk to the most. Owners of answering machines also seem to feel that they are not honor-bound to return messages that are left for them. This seems to me to defeat the whole purpose of the thing. It is best to keep in mind that it is impossible to be rude to a machine, and one should therefore opt for hanging up whenever so inclined.

• • •

People who come in from the provinces are often mystified by the heft of the Manhattanite's social calendar. Although the illusion of frantic popularity can be perpetrated for years, the out-of-towner soon realizes that, like ants in the farm, New Yorkers have little to do except swarm madly about in an extremely small terrain in a quest for food. Most inhabitants of this city have a committed interest in whipping up even the most pathetic imitations of the evening roster of, say, Brooke Astor or Madonna. This obsession results in the making of appointments, just as one would with the dentist, except in this case they are with people you presumably like to spend time with. Because of their sheer multitude, social engagements in New York have become an extremely devalued commodity. A hostess is now enchanted if one RSVPs for a party, because, as it turns out, no one else has bothered. More recently, a new low in social etiquette has been breached: It is no longer considered necessary to give even the slightest pretense of an excuse for canceling an engagement. Thus, a dinner party can be blown off with a simple, "Listen, I just *can't* make it tomorrow night." No questions asked. This does, in turn, reduce one's credibility as a guest to that of a dental patient. It is now not even considered bald to admit to your hostess that another event on the same evening (no matter which invitation was received first) is more enticing, "and so of *course* you must understand if I go to dinner on the Forbes's yacht."

• • •

On a recent afternoon, I was a guest, with three others, of a member of the Knickerbocker Club for lunch. After ordering drinks, the host was handed a menu, at which point one of my fellow guests turned to him and asked, "What's good here?" No one batted an eye.

• • •

Of all the manners that have really fallen by the wayside, by far the largest percentage concerns the eating of food in a public place. Most behavior at New York restaurants these days adds life to the old adage: You can dress them up, but you sure can't take them out. On a recent expedition to a stylish watering hole, I witnessed: a woman combing her hair over the table; a Euro-style youth nonchalantly stealing a chunk of his waiter's tip after the rest of his party left the table; an elegantly dressed J.A.P. filing her nails into her coffee; and extreme amounts of smoking while others at the table were eating. I will not begin to regale you with the tales of burping and sputum. A particularly quaint custom seen quite often involves a host's willingness to use his credit card to pay for the group's dinner. This is certainly a most generous gesture, and should imply that he would pay for everyone. But new levels of the crass have been conquered. It is now proper not only to collect cash from all the guests but to take the receipt for the entire dinner as well, particularly helpful at tax time.

• • •

"How much do *you* weigh?' "What did you pay for that?" "Salarywise, what are you raking in?" Such questions should not be entertained at any cost. My response to an impertinent question is an impertinent answer, usually in the form of a falsehood. But those less offended by such interrogations make their future all the more rosy. Today, there seems to be no conversation topic which, marching under the banner of liberal enlightenment, is unfit for discussion. *Tell* me about your abortion. You *do* have cellulite on your legs. No *wonder* your athletic bra chafes so much. The flame is only fanned by an ever-burgeoning market of self-help and diet books, which are, coincidentally, the most popular reading matter of the most inquisitive minds.

• • •

I am afraid that the homeless have helped in the popularization of a once-taboo activity, public urination. Now, everywhere you turn (taxi drivers, fellow subway riders, drunk stockbrokers wandering around South Street Seaport), there is someone relieving himself in one of the city's many sheltered corners. Make way for street defecation.

• • •

The only appropriate response to "Have a nice day" is "Why don't you let *me* be the judge of that." Niceness is such an easy pablum to wish on anyone that it has become a sort of etiquette insurance for the masses. Again, a disturbing trend in the making. Watch for the latest entries in this field, "Enjoy your meal" and "Thanks for sharing." And be consoled in the knowledge that the New Yorker who sees fit to reprimand *you* for your bad behavior is indisputably the rudest of them all. □

William Irvine's book, Madam I'm Adam, *will be published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

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AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION Jesse Jackson was shouting what sounded to me like BRAINBEAU! BRAINBEAU! That could have been my moment but no—I finally realized he was plugging his own Rainbow coalition which will never get off the ground because it's members don't question winnerless wars, fixed wage inflation, blue-collar work inequity and death of the herenow. Rainbow coalition? I thought black was the ABSENSE of color but I hasten to add that BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL. To end war, inflation, unemployment and death hasten a SASE to: BRAINBEAUISM, Box 2243, Youngstown, OH 44504.

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CURRENT WISDOM

United States Senate

What follow are the contents of a letter that Senator Alan Cranston of the great state of California has been sending with impunity to Kremlinologists through the United States mails:

Dear [Name Withheld]:

I enclose a copy of the most fascinating, encouraging—indeed exciting—analysis I've yet encountered of Gorbachev's "new thinking" and new policies.

Prepared carefully by scholars working under the aegis of the American Committee on United States-Soviet Relations, it presents significant evidence that Gorbachev has departed in word and deed from certain specific traditional Marxist-Leninist doctrines and from the policies of those who preceded him as Soviet leader.

Among other innovations cited, Gorbachev has abandoned the distinction between "just" wars to advance communism and "unjust" wars to advance capitalism, declaring, "The modern world has become too small and fragile for wars."

And he has departed from precedent by refraining from arguing that the solution to every world problem is to strengthen socialism, saying instead, "We must waste no more time trying to outplay each other and to gain unilateral advantages. The stake in such a game is too high—the survival of humanity."

"Man . . . must realize the need to demilitarize the world. We believe it possible to build such a world and we shall do everything to ensure success of what is perhaps the most ambitious social goal ever."

The report cites Soviet actions consistent with these departures in three realms: arms control, the Asian-Pacific Basin, and the Third World.

I hope that you and others concerned about U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations will study this report with the care it deserves. And I hope we can lead our country to proceed with policies designed to test Gorbachev's willingness and capacity to carry out to the fullest extent possible the approaches this study indicates he favors.

Regards to you,
Alan Cranston

[June 29, 1987]

Los Angeles Daily News

From the inerrable Miss Marilyn Beck, more news that Hollywood is still asking us to think real hard:

The inside track: Music producer David Foster (no relation to film-TV producer David Foster) is "calling all sorts of radio stations," asking them to play the new "Love Lights the World" single that he recorded with the Russian Red Army Choir.

Foster says, "I've been making records for 10 years and never, ever called stations before. But this is different." He recognizes, he says, that "people are pretty tired of songs about causes, but when you think about the Russian Army singing about world peace—well, maybe it will make a difference."

[May 4, 1987]

Vegetarian Times

Lungs filling with the fresh air of an America now liberated by the forces of Reaganism, actress Ally Sheedy recollects the oppressive conditions in feminism's Brave New World of the 1970s:

My mother (Manhattan literary agent Charlotte Sheedy) was such a strong adherent of the women's liberation movement. What she absolutely did not want me to do was to wear make-up, wear a bra, wear anything that looked feminine, or anything that might be considered sexy. So when I was growing up, I never really learned how to do those things.

And now, there are things I have to teach myself to do. I really don't know how to cook—at all. And I grew up in that generation of women who never learned to put on make-up.

[June 1987]

News & Courier (Charleston, South Carolina)

Shocking journalistic ethics during America's last days of Empire:

On June 20, there was a disgraceful picture in the newspaper of a chicken that had escaped from an overpacked and stifling hot cage. The truck on which it was traveling was stalled. Next to it was a dead chicken. The caption of this picture was "Poultry in Motion." The caption was, to say the least, ludicrous and in extremely poor taste. Can you tell me the merits of this picture and analogy?

Because the human animal eats other animals does it mean that we should abuse them? Are we so desensitized that we can print such pictures with such captions and not be outraged? Not me! You are what you eat; you are what you print.

—Una Ashcraft

[June 24, 1987]

Ms.

The squash life—Lindsey Van Gelder writes of how two enlightened pederasts and two beauteous lesbians are raising little Sarah to become a genius and a love goddess somewhere in New Mexico before the authorities close in:

One of the questions that outsiders ask the adults most often is whether they want Sarah to grow up gay. (Most people who wouldn't be surprised if Jewish or Amish parents wanted Jewish or Amish children are nonetheless horrified at the possibility that a gay parent might prefer a gay child.) In fact, all four say they don't care if Sarah is heterosexual—not because they think it's better, but because all of them suffered as adolescents who weren't living up to *their* parents' ideas of proper sexual orientation. "The first thing children do without your permission is to pick their sex, and probably the second thing is to pick their sexual preference," says Doug.

[August 1987]

Washington Post

Conceding that her ancestors did indeed make a botch of things, Dr. Ellen Goodman—columnist and anthropologist of the absurd—makes a compelling case for her nonexistence:

Finally, this demographer missed some powerful emotional reasons why Americans are having fewer children. It isn't just money. We see parenting as a much more complex, psychologically significant and demanding role than our grandparents did.

We are more anxious to do this job well. We are not sure if we can fairly distribute ourselves—not just our income, but ourselves, our attention and energy—over three, four or more children. Is there a birth dearth? The real culprit is the time dearth.

[August 7, 1987]

New Woman

Another important revelation from Sally, Ben's wife and a kind of Quixote for Yuppies:

My friend Nora Ephron married and broke our sacred pact to have no children. Ben and I were in Miami, en route to St. Martin, and he told me, "Great news. Nora's pregnant." I felt so betrayed that I got drunk and passed out in the plane's bathroom. I was devastated not because of Nora's news but because it sparked an inner confrontation. I did want a child. I went to a therapist and two years later finally admitted to myself that I wanted marriage and children.

[August 1987]

New Age Journal

From the incomparable world of American belles-lettres, Mr. M. Scott Peck makes the most constructive recommendation for presidential reform since Dr. Leon Czolgosz:

Two changes need to be made. The major one is in the people's expectations of our president. We must come to expect a leader, not a caterer; a real person, not a superman; a spiritual director, not a Big Daddy. We must prepare ourselves to accept—to celebrate—not an imperial presidency but a "poor-in-spirit" presidency.

I look forward to the day when, asked at a press conference something such as "Mr. President [or Ms. President], what do you plan to do in El Salvador?" our Chief Executive will be able to respond: "Frankly, I don't yet know much about El Salvador. I've been studying it for several months, but it's a complicated situation down there. The people have a long history and a culture very different from our own. To the best of my knowledge their situation doesn't seem to be critical, so until we have a more complete understanding of things we don't plan to do anything in El Salvador."

We are not, however, ready for that day. The world is ready, but the American press and the American consciousness are not yet ready. We still want a fantasy Big Daddy in Washington.

[May/June 1987]

Congress of the United States

A concerned subscriber to this journal sends the Hon. Barney Frank *The American Spectator*'s recent scholarly observations about his reckless ballyhooing of a private preference and our subscriber receives this unedifying semblance of jocularity on official stationery—we only tried to be helpful, Congressman Frank:

Dear [Name Withheld]:

I appreciate your sending me that note from *The American Spectator*, which I hadn't previously seen. It is comforting to get this further evidence of the maturity level of the people most opposed to me.

You probably ought to be reading *The National Enquirer* as well, because that will give you even more opportunity to indulge your fascination with other people's sex lives.

BARNEY FRANK

[July 22, 1987]

New York Times

Carefully reasoned elucidations suggesting that the wise investor will look for a company specializing in making black shirts for the American market:

On Oct. 27, 1937—Fascism's 15th anniversary—I had the dubious honor of interviewing Benito Mussolini in his grandiose office in the Pallazzo Venezia. Something he said seems pertinent in the context of the incredible episode that has cast Colonel North as a paladin of democracy's struggle to contain the spread of Communism.

Fifty years later, we appear to be adopting precisely the methods that il Duce del Fascismo and his Nazi master in Berlin used to spread their doctrines throughout Europe before resorting to war. Must we become totalitarian in order to sanitize ourselves against Communism?

I hate to believe that Mussolini, the renegade Socialist, was also a prophet.

—Frank Gervasi
New York, July 17, 1987

[July 31, 1987]

Humanist

An ominous report tendered by Gary K. Griswold in his exigent essay, "Religion: An Obstacle to a Better World":

Christianity today is indeed a powerful force, both socially and politically in the United States and the World, and its views are being quite effectively disseminated. According to an article entitled "Let There Be Books" in the August 5, 1985 issue of *Time* magazine, the Evangelical Christian Publisher's Association claims that well over thirty million people bought at least one "Christian book" in 1984. Gross sales for the Christian Booksellers Association were reported as $1.2 billion. Most alarming is the fact that teenagers account for a large percentage of these figures, second only to married women between the ages of twenty-five and fifty-four.

[March/April 1987]

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ATLAS SHRUGGED

By Ayn Rand

"ATLAS SHRUGGED stands as the most important novel of ideas since WAR AND PEACE."—*George Gilder*

This fall marks the thirtieth anniversary of one of the great novels of our time—Ayn Rand's monumental *Atlas Shrugged*. Denounced by establishment critics when it was first published, it has sold more than five million copies, and has been a powerful force helping to rekindle worldwide interest in the ideals of reason, individualism, and capitalism. It is a mystery story that doubles as a moral defense of capitalism—the astounding story of a man who said he would stop the motor of the world, and did.

Who was Ayn Rand? Here's what George Gilder wrote about her last year in *The Washington Post Book World:*

[Ayn Rand] bore the moral defense of capitalism on her back like Atlas for nearly two decades, and never shrugged....

[B]y relentlessly attacking the 'unspeakable evil' and creative impotence of socialism at the time of its greatest ascendancy and by celebrating the moral and practical imperative of capitalism at its nadir—in books that commanded the fealty of millions—she was one of the great benefactors of the modern world....Her greatness stems from the fact that unlike the scores of other intellectual refugees from the East and defectors from Communism, from George Orwell to Arthur Koestler, she understood from the beginning that the source of the evil was the ideology of socialism itself.... Unlike other defenders of capitalism, she did not indulge the claim that it is somehow amoral and in a sense less idealistic than socialism. She knew that capitalism could not prevail unless its superior morality as well as its efficiency was recognized and acclaimed.

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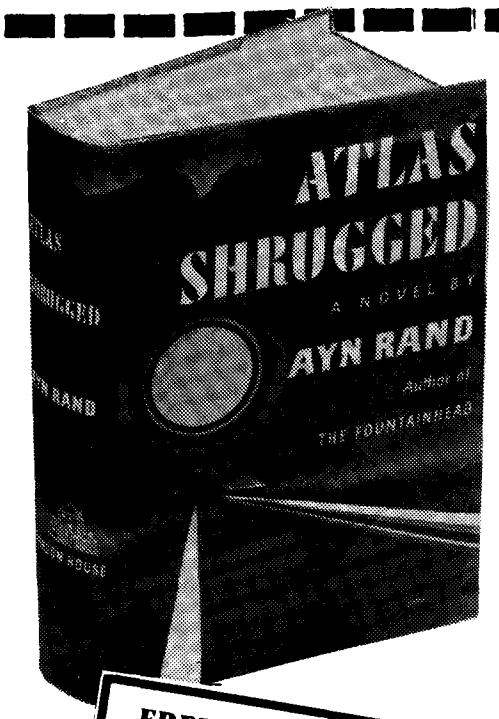

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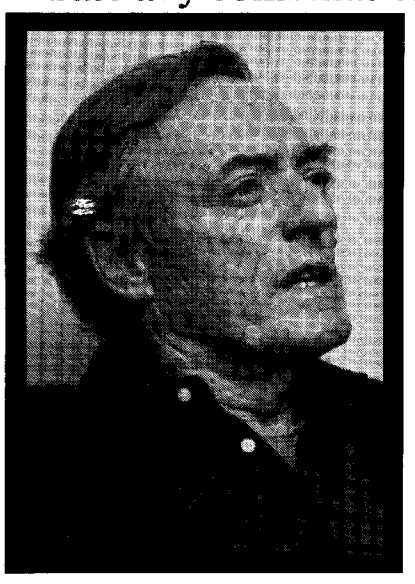

In addition to *National Review*, Mr. Buckley has contributed to the *New York Times*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Life*, *The American Spectator* and many other journals.

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